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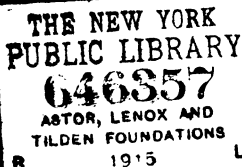
LIBRARY MAGAZINE

OF

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN THOUGHT.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE was originally started as a monthly, at ten cents a number, \$1.00 a year, its contents being limited to choicest selections from English and continental magazines and reviews, thus occupying a field similar to the old and excellent Littell's Living Age and Eclectic Magazine, discarding, however, all fiction and distinctively light literature, and supplying the very best that they contain, at about one fourth their cost.

In consonance with the maxim, "what is worth reading is worth preserving," a form of publication was adopted with a special view to convenience for reference and binding, and beginning with September 1880, each issue forms a complete bound volume. This innovation is recognized as being of very great value to real students of literature.

Beginning with the issue for December, 1880, American topics, treated by American thinkers and writers of established reputation in literature, are introduced. THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE undertakes to occupy so high a stand that it shall be considered an indispensable part of the library of every American who aspires to the broadest culture, and desires to keep fully abreast with the progress of American and transatlantic thought. The contents of any volume will indicate how well it succeeds in this ambitious attempt.

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THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME 8, OCTOBER, 1881.

BEYOND.

Man's senses do not disclose the world to his mind: they only suggest it. The eye is of amazing utility, and yet it sees only a small part of the landscape. Standing on the shore of the deep, man can make a survey of twelve miles of wave and sparkle. The main ocean lies wholly out of reach of his eye and ear and touch. Yet from such an outlook, from a coast, this sensitive creature turns away toward his cottage with his heart full of the thought that it has seen immensity. Perhaps the heart did: the eye did not. This same mortal climbs a hill inland and sees a valley outstretching in all directions, and he once more feels that something awful has just come into his soul through his sight. True enough, but that grand something was not that valley. In both these instances the objects so viewed and admired were greater than those dimensions taken in by the sense. These surveys by the eye only suggested a vast expanse that was not seen. Sense, therefore, suggests rather than reveals. Man is an animal wholly pervaded by the—Beyond. What his sense perceives he at once multiplies by thousands and millions, and thinks not of the unit upon which he began his mathematical operation. His five senses are only the little seeds which, by an instantaneous process, not known to gardeners, rise up into trees and in a second pass to leaf and flower and fruit. In music the ear becomes not a realization but a suggestion, for

no sooner does a performer awaken pleasure than away the mind goes in pursuit of a larger orchestra and a more heavenly music; and when this delighted soul is done with the actual hearing it has been off in the clouds, it has been multiplying its joys by tens and its tens by hundreds. Its original penny is turned into a fortune.

We pity those women of India who pass life in houses which have no outer windows but have only windows that open into an interior court, and who, when transferred from one house to another, are conveyed in close carriages which have a window only in the top. Of these women some reach old age without ever having seen a field or a forest, or even trees and flowers; but these slaves of masculine jealousy are emblems of man were he left to the exact report of only his five senses, for they operate in only a small area, they are windows opening into a limited court. The perceptions of sense are only a basis of subsequent mental action, and it is this subsequent action which gives to man his breadth of knowledge and power of comprehension. Nature really lies beyond the human ken; and when man has eyes only, and no spiritual or mental vision, he is a rather small specimen of animal life. As seen in the science of Darwin or in the account in Genesis, man was a creature of very narrow knowledge and mental power. To Adam's eyes Eve was a greater personage than the Deity, for Eve was a visible, audible object, and that fact gave her a wonderful advantage in this local court. It was when man got away from his physical standards and began to use that faculty which looks into the "beyond," that the universe began to appear and the woman and the apple and the whole Eden affair to assume small proportions in the midst of the vast scene.

The conclusion is therefore gently forced upon us that man possesses a separate faculty called "imagination," or "idealism," which is his real instructor and surveyor. Estimated by his senses, man is remarkable for his poverty; estimated by the treasures his imagination brings he is remarkable for his riches.

From the little visible he proceeds to the immense invisible. Borrowing from Castelar, we affirm that nature gives the toiler only the plain girl Leah at the end of the first service, and then by granting the more beautiful Rachel the toiler is enticed into seven more years of industry. Leah comes as a reward of the first outlook, Rachel as the prize of the imagination. This faculty is the window through which man gazes into eternity. It is the real eye of man. In the physical senses the Creator made only a moderate provision for his rational creature. Those outreachings answer the purpose of the Indian, who desires only plenty of buffalo, and for the Esquimau, who need only seek for the white bear and the walrus; but the moment man would cross the line of barbarism a demand springs up for some new power of acquisition and of happiness. Providence relents, and in the zenana houses and carriages of the imprisoned mortal he cuts large windows which look out upon the boundless. Marching up to these windows, the mind, rising in even rags from a bed of straw, gazes sweetly out into all that is measureless.

To the common, prosy, sleeping eye only a few unimportant things are visible. It stands so close to its candle that it is oblivious of the sun. A few houses, a few feet of railway, a piece of a street, and a few policemen are in sight, but before the spiritual vision there lie empires, arts, governments, industries, wonderful men and women, gold for labor, and laurels for poetry and learning and eloquence. When the physical senses of a humble German cottager fell into a sweet sleep, suddenly the inner faculties of his mind began to multiply the cottage by millions. The thatched roof rose grandly into great slate-covered rafters, the square holes through which a little light had wandered became Gothic openings through which a great flood of glory poured; the chimney widened its base and became a spire in whose far-up height rang softly a chime of bells, his fire-place became an altar, and the steam from his boiling kettle rolled up as delicious incense. Thus the German saw truly and grandly. His dream is a fragment of man's

history, for when the coarse outer sense makes room for the larger perception of the spiritual power the tangible realities become only steps on which the soul ascends to the heights. The ideal is the explanation of life. Man is an animal whose world is not under his feet like the world of the elephant and the ox, but it is far away in the front. The present and near are not his ocean, but only the little water that is under his ship. Hence in journeying man always sits looking forward. Women of gentle intellect and absorbed in fashion can ride backward, for their sweet instinct is to keep dust out of their limited eyes. In the general man moves toward the bow of the vessel, that he may look not at what is behind him, but out toward the untried and unknown. The true human being declines riding backward, not from reasons that are physical, but spiritual. It makes man sick to have his soul reversed.

This strange imaginative property makes ideality the royal faculty of the mind. Without this potency man retreats toward the brute creation, with it he threatens to become angelic. The "ideal" is an advance portrait of destiny. The future partly discounts itself and becomes the now. A curious writer in England committed to the form of a small volume, thirty years ago, his ingenious thought that the past scenes of our earth are still visible somewhere to some persons, to spirits or at least to Deity, for if light journeys only two hundred thousand miles in a second, there are fixed stars so remote that the light flung back from the men building the pyramids, or from the waters which rocked the "happy family" in the ark, is just now reaching those beings gazing down from those orbs. Events present here six thousand years ago are thus just transpiring elsewhere, and from some much nearer star might now be seen the battle of Salamis, or the death of Jesus Christ. From this little essay, out of which Froude perhaps borrowed the fancy, without confession, in his paper on "History as a Science," it may be inferred that as the Creator has made a universe in which the bygone days are following the human race, to be seen again, per-

haps, when the soul can fly from star to star, so it is possible that what is called the ideal is only a gentle smiting, upon the spirit, of light from the infinite future—that other hemisphere of the *now*. At least, the imagination is the one faculty that binds humanity to the future, and which thus widens the little stream of time into an ocean.

In its ardent work this creative energy will often make mistakes. In its childhood its blunders are many, and sometimes serious. The rustle of its own footsteps will often be misunderstood by a child, and will seem the tread of an angry giant, as the noise of one's own blood heard in a shell will seem the old roaring of the sea. A tea-cup held to the ear will dispel the dream forever. Not knowing the habit of the mind to throw itself outward into the beyond, primitive man transformed his sensations into external entities, and out of his longings made incarnations. When the brave men before Homer felt the pulse beat with courage, and their souls to be full of war, they mistook this inner roaring for the sound of a far-off sea, and soon believed in a Hercules catching a wild lion and performing other tremendous labors without fatigue. They expected daily to meet the strong man, or some one of his sons, in some gloomy wood or mountain shadow. When the primitive woman began to believe in physical and spiritual beauty she innocently began to suspect it was beyond and above her particular self and race, and as little children cause their fears to become external, and hear them moving in closets or letting fall mysterious footsteps on the back-stairs, so the early woman created an outer form, and called it Diana, or Venus, and felt that the Vale of Tempe was full of womanly beauty and dance and music far beyond all that was human. The swarm of larger and smaller divinities which fill now the dead books of mythology came from one of the blunders of this telescopic vision of the soul; and after all this error was not very harmful, for it were better for the human race to imagine greatness to be in a Hercules and an Apollo and a Jupiter than not to be fully persuaded of a

merit far beyond that already attained by itself; better for woman to fabricate a Diana and a Venus and a Minerva than not to have dreams of her own sweet and infinite possibilities. Heroism grew as much by the help of Hercules as by the philosophy of Socrates, as long as the man of ten labors was an assumed reality. Mythology was a rather harmless mistake for the times where it dwelt. Had the ancients possessed only one god, he would have been a poor little god after all, for oneness does not involve quality; for were all the reptiles combined into one, that one would not be a dove, nor a nightingale, but only a big snake. It was not the unity of Deity that marked the necessary reform of religion, but the improved quality of the thing unified. The Mohammedans had but one god, but the bones of slaughtered millions remind us that better than that one was that group of celestials which in the age of Pericles sipped ambrosia on Olympus.

The gradual progress of the human mind has corrected many of the errors of this stupendous spiritual vision. Colors are now poured back upon the soul which were once poured out into the woods to make a nymph or an Aphrodite. Society reclaims its stolen goods, and makes a Beatrice or a De Stael or a Recamier. The mythological world is plundered, and out of its marbles we build up Madonnas and Evangelines and Luciles. The Hercules has thrown away his club to be simply a Prince of Orange or a Wellington, and the beautiful Cytherea has come in from the mirror-fountains to dwell henceforth in the spirit of any cultivated and beautiful woman. Thus has the heart of today really overtaken much of the "beyond" of yesterday.

From this inner and powerful sense of sight which has distinguished always man from the kingdom of brutes, and which throws man out of that animal world surveyed by Darwin's school, we seem authorized to feel that there is indeed a beyond for humanity. His development into greatness here so comes from such a gazing far away from his feet, so much of all that is good in his literature and art and personal character comes from

this standing in the bow of the vessel and looking forward and from his deep unwillingness to look back, that the heart with difficulty rejects the conclusion that there must be a God in the advance who is leading along His children by means of an ever-increasing glory-track. As the slow and noiseless flow of deep rivers point out to one far inland the reality of the ocean; so this long and deep flow of the ideal sentiment announces in advance the reality of a Supreme One. The ideal is the wake of a great ship that has gone before. So perfect, indeed, will be the universe if this is true, and so imperfect would it appear if all human longings are to terminate in the grave, that in this emergency, and having a perfect freedom of choice, those may well be pardoned who shall believe that the imagination is a prophet in the bosom, uttering in all times the one rhapsody that man is a true child of destiny—a destiny amazing in its quality and duration—a destiny not for the race only, but for the individual heart.

DAVID SWING.

A VERMONT RUSKIN.

There is a little exhibition of pictures now being held at No. 14 Grafton street, London, which should not be allowed to pass away wholly unnoticed. It represents a portion of the life-work of a man who may be called, with a fair approach to accuracy, the first genuine oil-painter of whom America has been able to boast. It speaks well for his countrymen that they were able to recognize in him the artistic merit which is so rare a gift, and that Mr. William Morris Hunt's art was universally appreciated throughout his native country during his lifetime. The brief record of his life given in the preface to the catalogue of the present exhibition, presents us with a picture of an artist's career as pleasant as it is rare, and while making all allowances for the omission of the darker shades in the pic-

ture, we acknowledge reluctantly that of few painters can it be said that they were, at the same time, highly educated as youths, highly experienced in the world as young men, highly successful in the art they practiced and the friendships they gained, and highly honored at the close of their career for their pictures, their teachings, and their life. Something, we cannot say what, that belongs to the artist temperament is generally found to prevent either the success sought for or the respect that should accompany it; or, if it makes shipwreck of neither fame nor respect, yet forms the cause of disaster still more fatal to happiness, and spreads over reputation and honor a shadow of morbid sadness which admits of little or no alleviation. *Healthy genius* may exist, we believe it *has* existed, but it is certainly the rarest thing in the world, and all the conditions of modern life seem to be against its development. But into this subject we need not enter here. Suffice it to say that Mr. Hunt's genius for art, such as it was, was indubitably healthy and honest to an unusual degree; judging from his pictures and his instructions to his pupils (the latter of which were reviewed two years since in these columns, under the title of "Talks about Art"), no man possessed a saner mind in a saner body, no man knew more clearly that art was not rightly the offspring of diseased imaginations and secluded lives, but a free, healthy growth from the skill and knowledge of free and healthy men. One sentence of his expresses this sentiment as clearly and as concisely as heart could wish, for it could hardly be put into better and clearer words than "Paint firm, and be jolly,"—an aphorism which might be recommended with great advantage, not to the preraphaelites alone, or indeed chiefly, but to that class of young artists who have somehow succeeded the preraphaelites, and arrived on preraphaelite principles at a very unpreraphaelite conclusion. For assuredly, the "worship of sorrow" was never one of the essential motives of the preraphaelitism, which, indeed, consisted in affirming the healthiness and beauty of all things, rather than the doctrine that beauty and disease,

joy and hysteria, were convertible terms. Fancy the result of saying to one of the beardless apostles of this latest artistic cult, "Paint firm, and be jolly;" can you not fancy the look of sad surprise with which the words would be greeted, if, indeed, they did not prove to be altogether too great a trial for the shorn enthusiast, and cause him to fade away slowly and silently, as if in the presence of a veritable "Boojum?"

The great interest that attaches to Mr. Hunt's pictures seems to us to be chiefly due to the fact that they proceeded from one who was practically the first American teacher of art principles,—first, not only in reputation and merit, but absolutely in point of time; for speaking roughly, Mr. Hunt may be said to have had no predecessors. To all intents and purposes, his talks upon art stand in the same relation to American painting as did Reynold's criticisms to English art, and it would be a most interesting thing to compare the refined and somewhat courtly discourse of our own countryman, with the terse, vigorous sentences, half Saxon-English and half New England slang, in which Mr. Hunt expressed his ideas.

But we have to mention the pictures in this exhibition, and to answer the great question which always presents itself in speaking of transatlantic art,—is it original? First, let us say that in all probability (judging by the photographs and the charcoal drawings in this gallery), the finest pictures of Mr. Hunt are not represented here. There are a few photographs and about half-a-dozen charcoal studies of landscape, which seem to show a delicacy of touch and a truth of atmospheric effect which are only to be equalled by such men as Corot and Daubigny. On the other hand, several of the large oil landscapes in the gallery are coarsely and indolently painted, with an amount of hurry and slovenliness very inconsistent with fine art. The work is in many places that of a clever amateur, or, at the best, of an artist who thought anything he did was "good enough." There is (if we may use the expression) too much of the "Paint firm, and be jolly" feeling about the works; and the

painter was too easily "jolly," too carelessly "firm." And for the originality,—well, if truth be strictly told, probably none of the work is original, but reflected from the work of the several French masters whom Mr. Hunt most admired, and with whom he for several years constantly associated. Corot, Daubigny, and Millet are chiefly responsible for what is good in the landscapes; Delacroix and Couture for the style of the figure and genre pictures. Into Couture's studio Mr. Hunt entered about 1846, and he was already famous when the Revolution of 1848 broke out. His acquaintance with Millet dates from 1852, subsequent to which time he worked with that painter at Fontainebleau until his return to America. Without entering too much into technical criticism of Mr. Hunt's landscapes, it may be said broadly that both their faults and merits are due to the influence of the great French artists amongst whom he practically learnt his art. Mr. Hunt's landscapes are painted for the most part in low keys of color, give their chief attention to the preservation of the general tone of the picture, and habitually subordinate form to general effect. Positive color they can hardly be said to deal with at all, their aim is to give truly the relation of tone to tone, the truths of distance, light, and shadow; they are not so much pictures of this or that place, as they are delicate melodies suggested by the place and its appearance at a certain hour, touched off by skillful fingers, and possessing a truth of their own, though not the truth of nature. The real difficulty of criticising them, and of the artists from whose work they had their origin, lies in the fact that not being real in the sense of accurate reproductions of nature, they are still less ideal in the right sense of the word, but are mixtures of certain natural facts arbitrarily selected, and certain dominant ways of regarding these facts. That Mr. Hunt took this method of work from the French artists with whom he associated is only too certain, and so is the fact that he could by no means decide which it was of those artists whom he would make his master. In the landscapes exhibited here we have

now and then one in the style of Troyon; now one in that of Daubigny; here a Corot, there a Millet, and so on to the end of the chapter. It is by no means, therefore, to be understood that the works are deliberate imitations of the above masters; it is quite certain, indeed, that Mr. Hunt was quite unaware of the similarity, and indeed would have denied it, as we may gather from the following sentence from his "Talks:" "When I left it, I thought, 'The first person who comes in will say, "Oh, trying to paint like Corot!"' I wasn't trying to paint like any one; but I know when I look at nature I think of Millet, Corot, Delacroix, and sometimes of Daubigny." This sentence, indeed, lets us into another secret about Mr. Hunt—the secret, namely, that he had no actual method of work; he says so plainly enough, in other parts of the book, and it is pretty clear from the work itself. The last word to apply to it correctly would be "masterly." It is anything but that. Generally interesting, often meritorious, sometimes (as in the large picture of the "Falls of Niagara") simply false and bad, but never masterly—never, that is, approaching a determined end, by perfectly understood and unwasted means.

We have left ourselves scarcely any space to speak of Mr. Hunt's figure-painting and portraiture, both of which are well represented in this exhibition, though the examples are few in number. The portraits are strongly, even roughly, painted, full of vigor, and full of a certain kind of penetration, but hardly satisfactory either as pictures or as *paintings* (we hope our readers will observe the distinction). Flesh-painting proper, as the old masters understood it (or even as it is understood nowadays by Henner, Watts, and Millais), is scarcely attempted; but there is a certain sobriety and even dignity of treatment which is a rare quality in portraiture, and the flesh suffers but little from the cold, gray shadows so common in modern French art. Some of the smaller figures are very charmingly executed, with a rough delicacy (like the way a strong man touches a baby), and show a kindly feeling for simple domes-

ticities, which does not degenerate into twaddle about baby's socks or Master Charles's pony.

In conclusion, we may sum up the exhibition by saying that it perhaps interests us more in the painter who executed the pictures than in the pictures themselves, for it seems to show genuine artistic genius struggling, despite much admiration of other men's work, to beat out an individual path of its own, and only failing because its possessor saw too clearly the merits of too many people. Mr. Hunt wanted to be Couture, Delacroix, and Millet rolled into one, and he ended by being—and it was no small achievement—a Vermont Ruskin.

—*The Spectator.*

ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY.

WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT?

It has often been said that the most important invention ever made is that of alphabetic writing. Before that invention men used to draw pictures for writing, or make other signs of objects or thoughts, and there were as many different signs as there were words in the writing. The learned were all their lives learning to read. It is so now in Chinese. The invention of alphabetic writing consisted in writing signs for the sounds of spoken language. The elementary sounds are few in any language, thirty to fifty at most, and may be learned in a few hours. This saves the labor of a lifetime. In Chinese there are two languages, one spoken and one written, with no helpful connection between them; each has to be learned by itself. Where the writing is alphabetic there is but one language, the spoken language. Writing is only a means of recording and transmitting it, and in a well-spelled language spelling may be learned in a few hours.

In a perfect alphabet there is one sign and only one for each

elementary sound. One who knows it can tel at once from hearing a word exactly how to write it, and from seeing a word exactly how to pronounce it.

Every one knows that the English spelling is not perfect. What with having been mixt up by Saxon, Norman, and the Dane in the first place, and mixt in with Latin, Greek, Welsh, Hebrew, French, and a sprinkling of words from all the rest of mankind, what with having been put in print by Dutch printers, and having been the sport of pedagogs, and professors of Latin and Greek, and printers' boys for generations, while great changes of pronunciation wer taking place all thru it, upsetting the whole gamut of vowel sounds, we hav reacht at last the worst spelling in the world. One can never tel in English how to write a word from hearing it, or how to pronounce a word from seeing it written. The written language is in many respects a different language from the spoken. It represents the language of some past generation, or some foren nation, and must be lernd, each word by itself, with little help from the sounds. We make a very fair approach in complexity and difficulty to the Chinese.

Our people hav been fond of this spelling, or at least proud of it. Is there not something that may wel stimulate honorable pride in having a spelling that cannot be spelt without knowing Latin, Greek and French, and Anglo-Saxon, and a leash of other tungs? But since the science of language has cum into being and the English language has really becum a subject of scientific study, and the lerned spelling is found to be mostly a hubbub of blunders, the time spent in lerning it is seen to be absurd waste for the literary class, and wicked robbery of the scant school time of the people.

Within the last ten years this matter has been very fully shown up. The linguistic scholars in whose specialty our spelling lies hav spoken out very freely in reprobation and objurgation of it. It is in fact, among foren scholars as well as our own, the opprobrium of English scholarship. Illiteracy is also

everywhere recognized as one of the most pressing dangers to free institutions, and to Christian living.

But what can we do about it? The apparatus which is familiar to our generation when any great moral work is to be done has been set in motion. Spelling-reform associations have been formed here and in England. Lecturers are in the field. Conventions, state, national, international, are held. The press is appealed to, and the government. Schemes of reform swarm. But it is evident that if the world moves in the regular grooves and we have no cataclysm, an effectual reform, such as to give us a fairly spelt language like German or Spanish, will take several generations.

When this is said, however, it is not implied that nothing can be done at once. It is not necessary to wait till everybody who reads English is agreed to a complete system before doing anything.

From a publisher's point of view, in the first place, as soon as there are a sufficient number of persons altogether who will buy books in amended spelling, or take a periodical printed in it, to make a substantial and profitable business, the time has come to establish a publishing house to carry on this business, and to establish reformed spelling among these buyers. This time has already come. Isaac Pitman of Bath, England, the famous inventor of fonetic stenography, publishes the *Phonetic Journal*, a weekly paper with a circulation of over 12,000. His subscribers are scattered all over the world, but the *Journal* has been published since 1843, and is steadily, if slowly, increasing its circulation. Mr. Pitman also publishes various books, tracts, charts and the like, and his business is one of the great ones in England. There is also a great fonetic depot in London, kept by Mr. Fred Pitman, which doubtless pays. A business-man will see at once how this business is to spread. As soon as the buyers become numerous enough, new publishing houses will be started, pushing the use of this kind of printing with new vigor, making it familiar to more persons, and so giving rise to still new publishers.

There ar, in fact, alredy many smaller establishments, emulating Mr. Pitman in England, and there can be little dout that the time is fully ripe for the starting of an American publishing house, if any Pitman is redy to man it. Perhaps no town or city would at once support it, but it would rapidly gather its constituency from the whole country.

And one great bizness coud hardly be bilt up before our versatil publishers would all be puting out a book or two in amended spelling.

And now what sort of spelling coud such a publishing house use? What sort of spelling does Mr. Pitman use? The answer to this question indicates that reform must be gradual. Such a publishing house would of course use, as Mr. Pitman does, different kinds of spelling for different purposes; matter intended for enthusiastic reformers is one thing, missionary matter to win over opponents or interest the indifferent is quite another. Looking at the printed matter from another point of view, it may be seen to be of three kinds, for scientific use, for school use, for popular reading. Our dictionaries ar the most familiar examples of the first kind. They undertake to giv the pronunciation, and in order to do it they must hav a fonetic alfabet. They make one by adding diacritical marks to a sufficient number of the letters. Webster, for example, has forty letters markt to indicate their exact pronunciation. These ar printed along the bottom of each pair of pages in the unabridgd dictionary. Many other works besides dictionaries need to giv the pronunciation of occasional words or letters. Books of travel, geographical manuals, essays on language, and the like, ar full of occasions of that kind. Our dictionaries now use different alfabet, Worcester and Webster hav each to be lernt, and so with other books. Taken all together they present such a complication that scholars who use a dictionary a dozen times a day hav to look at the key every time to make out the sound in doubtful cases. It would be a very great immediate gain if some complete fonetic alfabet wer agreed on for such uses.

The National Association of Great Britain for the promotion of Social Science has had this matter before them, and taken action in favor of an established scientific spelling as alternative with and explanatory of the common spelling. No one would object to the use of perfect fonetic spelling for such uses as these. And this spelling is also exactly what the radical reformers want to see used at once in everything they read. Newspapers and other works printed specially for them may at once be printed in this way. The number of readers is now small, but most of them are strong in faith, and believe the only mode of progress is to hold up the perfect standard and rally all men to it. We may be sure when the battle is won they will have no doubt who won it. But perhaps the immediate value of this kind of spelling is to be found in its being a guide and stimulus to partial reform, rather than in its power of commending itself directly to the majority for immediate adoption.

Our present spelling has departed so far from fonetic spelling that very few readers recognize the words in fonetic spelling fast enough to read with pleasure. The improvements of spelling have been gradual heretofore, and they are likely to be so hereafter. The publisher of popular reading, newspapers, or books of general interest must keep within the bounds of what is easily intelligible. In this field, therefore, reform must be gradual, and it seems likely that here the ready reformers will most successfully initiate improvements. The elders of the present generation remember the lively combats over the words ending in *-our* and *-ick* when Webster first gave his authority in favor of *-or* and *-ic*. I remember when the spelling *music* first appeared in the streets of Worcester. A new-comer in that center of Massachusetts, which is the center of the universe, put out a sign, lettered *music-store*. The school-boys used to stop and spell it with derisive shouts, and plaster the sign with mud-balls in summer and snow-balls in winter. But *musick* has now gone after Shakespeare's *musique*, and the *-our* has gone too. Economy backed by etymology seemed to demand these changes. The

school-masters and the literary men, who control the spelling, with the advice and consent of the printers, knew that the Latin *musica* had no *k* in it, and *honor* had no *u* in it.

This may teach us what words are most likely to be changed next. They are words which have useless letters which are wrong in etymology. The greater part of these are Anglo-Saxon. The familiar words from Latin are fairly spelt. But fifty years ago the men who knew Anglo-Saxon could be counted on the fingers. It was studied nowhere in England or America. It was left to our orators and essay-writers to dilate upon the glories of the mother tongue, or grandmother tongue, of which they knew not one word. The lexicographers and professors of language were worse still. They gave currency to imaginary derivations of Anglo-Saxon English words from Latin and Greek, and misspelt them to perpetuate their blunders. Thus the old English *iland* (island), meaning *land in water*, was imagined to be from Latin *insula*, and on that baseless fancy a silent *s* was inserted to preserve the memory of the Latin. The old English *rime* (rhyme) was supposed to be from Greek, like *rhythm*, and so was misspelt into the semblance of a Greek derivative. The old *sithe* (scythe) was thought to be from the root of Latin *scindo*, and was fixed up accordingly, with its luckless companions in blundering, *scissors* and *scimiter* or *scymetar*, or however they choose to spell the old English *cimeter*. *Tung* was a good old English word, but our Latinists thought it was a form of the Latin *lingua*, French *langue*, and they turned it into *tongue*. An Anglo-Saxon scholar cannot write such words as these without a protest. And the Anglo-Saxon scholars are becoming numerous. No branch of study has so grown in favor within the last ten years. There are few, if any, of our well-manned colleges without a course in it, and it is fast spreading in our high-schools and academies. These etymologies are becoming part of the commonplaces of the school-room. They have already reached the popular dictionaries. The new edition of Worcester, our great conservative authority in pronunciation and spelling, has them

faithfully recorded. *Iland*, for example, is down in its proper place, and we are told that it is the correct spelling of *island*; and under *island* the same statement is repeated, with the explanation that the *s* has been ignorantly inserted thru confusing it with *isle*, from *insula*. So with *rime* and *sithe* and others. It seems impossible that these blunders can hold their ground much longer.

The same may be said of similar words, the disguise of which is not to be traced to the Latin etymologist. Thus the *l* of *could* is a modern insertion under the influence of *would* and *should*, the *t*'s of which come from *will* and *shall*. The *w* in *whole* is a pure blunder, void of malice aforethought; but it separates its victim from the kindred *hale*, *heal*, *health*, *holy*, and weakens the significance of the hole family. There is a class of words in which an unphonetic and unetymologic *a* has been inserted; *feather*, from the old *fether*, *leather*, from *lether*, and the like. Webster drew attention to these and spelt them correctly, but there were not ten Anglo-Saxons in America to stand by him. There are some seventy common words in which *ea* has the sound of short *e*, and the spelling reformers might as well reform them all at once. Readers of old English whose eyes are made glad by the pages of Chaucer and Spenser and Shakespeare are now numerous enough to make a fashion. There is another habit of the early writing which may well be more extensively used, that of spelling the past tense and participle of verbs as they are pronounced, writing *t* final when that is the sound. It has always been in use, was once universal, and is now again becoming common; *wisht*, *mixt*, *kist*, *shriekt*, and the like, can be used by any author without embarrassing his readers. The revival of good old spellings commends itself indeed to literary artists and critics of English literature as an attractive trait. There can be no student of Shakespeare who does not find that Mr. Furnival's Introduction to the "Leopold Shakspeare" has a peculiar piquancy and keeping from his frequent happy use of these forms. They are a sauce to his good wit, nor can they be caviare to the general.

The interest in this kind of reform is so great that the Philological Society of London has been induced by many appeals to take up the matter in earnest and appoint a committee to report upon it. Mr. Sweet, the well-known leader of Anglo-Saxon scholarship in England, has lately made the report. The pamphlet containing it is entitled "Partial Corrections of English Spellings recommended by the Philological Society for immediate adoption." There are thirty-three pages of it, made up largely of lists of words to be amended. The great body of the amendments proceed on historical or etymological grounds, such as have been illustrated in this article. Most of them consist in the dropping of silent letters. Silent *e* is the greatest offender. There are something like twenty counts in the indictment against it, twenty lists of specifications, some of them long. The first are words in which *e* is phonetically misleading, as being used after a short vowel and single consonant. It is regularly an orthographic expedient in such a position to denote a long vowel; *have*, for example, ought by good right to rhyme with *slave*, *rave*, *brave*, *grave*, and the like; so *give* should rhyme with *hive*, *strive*, *alive*. The verb *live* is wrong too. There are hosts of such words: *medicin*, *doctrin*, *genuin*, *definit*, *infini*, *granit*, and so on. Then there are lists in which an *e* is simply useless, as the length of the preceding syllable is plain without it, as in *believe*, *grieve*, where the diphthong shows the length; or in *carve*, *nerve*, where the consonants are a sufficient guide. It is advised to change *-re* to *-er*, *centre* to *center*, *theatre* to *theater*. With such backing this improvement will no longer figure as an Americanism or a Websterism. We are to drop the *e* of *-le* in many words, *assembl*, *axl*, *coupl*, *beadl*, and the like, and in the terminations *-able*, *-ible*, and *-icle*, as in *probabl*, *credibl*, *articl*. It will take us a long time to get rid of all these *e*'s.

Meantime we can be going on with other improvements. The philologists, or at least Mr. Sweet, will have it that for *leopard* and *jeopardy* the older spellings *lepard*, *jepardy* shall be restored: *yeoman* should be *yoman*. The unhistorical *i* of *parliament*

should be dropt. The old English and old French *u* should be restord in *guvern* (gubernator), *munkey*, *tung*, *wunder*, *wurm*, and a long list of words now spelt with *o*. The original *i* should be restored in *wimen* (women). A long list of words with a modern *ou* should go back to their historic *u*: *jurny* (journey), *dubl* (double), *cuntry*, *nurish*, and the like; *enough*, *rough*, and *tough* ought to be *enuf*, *ruf*, *tuf*; and *through*, *thruh*, or better *thru*.

After *g*, *u* is wrong in nativ English words like *gard* (guard), *gardian*, *garantee*, and so -*ue* in *catalog* (catalogue), *demagog*, *dialog*, *harang* (harangue), and the like. The report also informs us that words ending in *dubl b*, *d*, *g*, *n*, *r*, *t*, ar wrong; we should write *eb* (not *ebb*), so *ad* (not *add*), *eg* and *pur* for *egg* and *purr*. A great many words derived from old French and Anglo-Saxon ar spelt incorrectly with *dubl* consonants to make them look like Latin: *a front* is spelt into *affront*, *a faire* into *affair*, *a-forthian* into *afford*, *a-cursod* into *accursed*, as tho they wer compounded with Latin *ad*-; and the list is long. A silent *b* has been added without rime or reason to many words: *crumb*, *limb*, *numb*, *thumb*; and for a very bad reason to a good many more; those, namely, in which the Latinists hav in modern times inserted it as a reminder of the Latin word from which it originally came; *dout* (doubt) and *det* (debt), for exampl, had lost the *b* of the Latin *dubit-o* and *debit-* in the French from which the old English came; *doubt* and *debt* ar unhistoric, since they would teach that we took them from the Latin insted of the French. Many times *ch* is wrong thru the blundering of the Greeklings: *ake* is the tru old spelling of *ache*, as Worcester takes care to inform us; *anker* has forgotten its Greek, and maskerades as *anchor*; *c* for *s* is common: in *cinder*, old English *sinder*, fancied to be from French *cedre*; *pence*, where *c* is for the plural sign *s*; *once*, where *c* is for the genitiv *s*, and the like.

Sovereign is another blunder of the Latinists, who imagind it to be a compound of *regn-o*, to *reign*, insted of the adjectiv *superan-us*. Milton's *souvan* has plesant associations, but Mr.

Sweet brands it as "a hybrid Italian spelling." He gives us *sourein*, but that is an anachronism. The words which in erly English wer spelt *-ain* and *-ein* from French *-ain* hav either taken *ain* exclusively, which is the common fact, or *-en*, as *citizen*, *denizen*, *dozen*, *sudden*, or *-an*, as *human*. The best historical spelling is *soveren*. So *foren* (foreign). Another trublsum intruder is *gh*; it is thrust in by pure blunder in *sprightly*, *delight*, and *haughty*, in old times *spritely*, *delite*, and *hauty*; and it is a modern variation of *h* in many words where both ar now useless; *plough*, for example, *though*, *through*, and *thorough*, as well as *daughter*, *straight*, *weight*, and the like. Why should not *receit* be written as it used to be, like *conceit*, *deceit*, and the like? So far as the *p* of *recept-us* is concernd, it is needed in one no more than in the others. In *tch*, *t* is of no use; *which* is as plain as *pitch*, and the *t* is unetymological in all such words.

These ar specimens of the reform demanded if we ar to hav our language accurate in its etymology. Word by word these corrections may all be made in popular print without making it unintelligibl or even embarrassing. It is quite as likely that the next generation will see them generally made as it was that our generation should see so many of Webster's corrections adopted.

But if they wer all adopted, there would stil remain the radical and pervading inconsistencies and complexities which necessarily spring from our imperfect alfabet. Our spelling would stil be a great hindrance to easy lerning to read and write. The English-speaking peopls would stil be hevily handicapt in the race with the Germans and most other nations.

The general adjustment of the alfabet must be made in the schools. It cannot be expected that any generation who hav lernd the present spelling wil adopt a radically reformd one for their own use. But they may be willing to hav it taught to their children.

In this direction also great progress has been made, and more is at hand. The old methods of teaching beginners to read

hav givn place in all our better schools to others, which in one form or another make use of fonetic spelling. Text-books ar prepared with modified letters which complete the a.fabet and serv as go-betweens for the new and the old. Words ar spelt by sounds. Reading matter is prepared in which only those words ar used whose spelling is regular. By these and other helps, half the time is saved which used to be givn to the begin-nings of reading and spelling. The generation taught in this way wil be redy to urge the next to go further. And so, by and by, the good time wil be here when reading and writing English wil almost come by nature.

PROF. F. A. MARCH, LL.D.

ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY.*

I look upon the establishment of this society as a sign that there is in this great town, just as there might be in a capital or a university, a body of historical students in the higher sense, who feel that it will be a help toward their common objects to work in some measure in common, and from time to time to exchange their ideas on their common subjects of study. Now it is no small matter to supply another proof, one among many, that the pursuit of business and the pursuit of knowledge are not inconsistent. In this last union I have never seen the wonder or paradox which some people seem to see in it. It seems to me that we may fairly expect more and better intellectual work from those who have something else to do than from those who have nothing to do. Intellectual work, like all other work, needs effort; it needs self-discipline; it sometimes calls on a man to do one thing when he feels more inclined to do

* This was read at Birmingham, November 18, 1880, as the opening address of the president of the newly formed Historical Society.

another. But surely the man who, in the practice of other work, has gained the habit of doing all these things, must be better able to do them for the sake of a new object than the man who is not in the habit of doing any of them at all. The man who is used to map out his time according to rule, as I suppose every man engaged in active business must do, will be better able to find some time in each day for intellectual employments than the man who has no thought of mapping out his time at all, except according to the frivolous demands of fashion. You may have indeed to overcome a certain temptation to neglect studies which do not at once bring a return in money. That temptation indeed is so low a one that I should hardly have affronted you by speaking of it, if the temptation had not sometimes taken the shape of a kind of philosophical dogma. Men of some reputation in the world have gone about preaching the doctrine that all studies are useless except those which directly tend to fill the pocket. And from this premise they draw the inference—an inference that I must allow follows most logically from the premise—that no studies can be less useful than those which deal with the events and the languages of past times. You have all heard the doctrine that it is loss of time to concern ourselves with such trifling events as the fight of Marathôn, a fight which happened so long ago and in which so few people were killed, when modern science can at a moment's notice provide a good accident in the coal-pit or on the railway which shall slay a much greater number. That doctrine can hardly have an agreeable sound to the votaries of physical science, whom we historical students are not in the habit of looking on as votaries of destruction. Still the doctrine is there, a doctrine put forth in the honor of science by one of no small account in other subjects besides science. I think that your presence here shows that you do not accept that doctrine. It shows, I think, that you cast aside the philosophy which teaches that the various branches of knowledge are to be followed, either according to the number of guineas that they can bring in or according

to the number of men that they can slay. You will, I think, on the other hand, agree with me that it is some comfort that, if our studies are not specially wealth-bringing, they are at least not specially bloodthirsty. We have unluckily a good deal to do with recording death and suffering; but we ourselves, in the course of our own studies, are never tempted to do hurt to man or beast. The accidents of the present time lie as much out of our control as the battles of past times which are so scornfully compared with them. In serious truth, I look on the formation of this society in such a place as Birmingham as one of the best witnesses that historical study, though it may not immediately fill the pocket, is not an unpractical but a practical study, not a dead but a living thing. Your presence here is, I think, a witness that our pursuits are no mere groping into things of distant times which have no reference to present affairs or present duties, but that they are rather a marshaling of events in their due order and relation, an unfolding of effects according to their causes, which at once brings the past to explain the present and the present to explain the past. Your presence is, I think, a witness that you accept what is surely a highly practical truth, that history is simply past politics and that politics are simply present history.

Another thing I think I may take for granted, that we feel sure enough of the intellectual dignity and the practical usefulness of our own subject to feel no need to disparage or to forbid any other subject, or to put on an attitude of the slightest hostility toward any other subject. Our subject is History; but we will not write over our door that no natural science shall be allowed within it. I think we know too well the way in which one branch of knowledge constantly stands in need of some other branch. We venture to think that the study of natural science may sometimes be glad of help from the studies of history, language, and literature. And we know that the studies of history, language, and literature are often glad of help from the study of natural science. I do not think so meanly of

any department of genuine knowledge as to believe that it really cannot set forth its own merits without depreciating the merits of some other department. I cannot believe that it is really impossible to hold up the usefulness of one kind of institution without running down the usefulness of some other. I cannot believe that such an invidious necessity is really involved in the pursuit of any branch of knowledge. If any branch of knowledge can flourish only by depreciating other branches, that would at once prove a weakness, an inferiority, on the part of that branch which I am unwilling to believe on the part of any genuine intellectual pursuit of any kind. The fault must surely lie, not in the cause, but in the champion. The votary of any branch of knowledge who thinks it needful to depreciate any other branch can surely not have grasped the dignity of his own branch. He must think, mistakenly, I doubt not, that his own pursuit has not strength enough, not dignity enough, to stand by itself on its own merits, but that it can flourish only if it

Bears, like the Turk, no brother near its throne.

We, on the other hand, believe in the true brotherhood of sciences. We believe that he who depreciates any one among them does no real honor to the other which he tries to exalt. We believe that there is room for all, side by side, in an equal confederation which admits neither tyrant nor ruling state, a union in which there is no need for Ephraim to envy Judah, nor for Judah to vex Ephraim. As the range of man's knowledge widens, new forms of study will always be arising. Let the old be ready to welcome the new; let the new be ready to respect the old. All men will never have the same tastes, the same kind of intellectual gifts; one will be always drawn to one pursuit, another to another. To each man's mind his own pursuit must seem in some way better,—more attractive, more useful, more strengthening to the mind,—in some way or other better, than any other. To him doubtless it is better; he will do better work by following the pursuit to which he is called than by attempt-

ing any other. But let him remember that it is only to himself that it is better; some other pursuit may, in the same sense, be as clearly better for some other man. Let us demand equality, but not assert superiority. We may be tempted to boast that our study is the study of man, while some other studies deal only with dead matter. But we shall remember that the study of man constantly needs the study of matter as an equal friend and companion. We whose study is political history, the history of mankind as members of civil communities, feel no slight tie of brotherhood toward those who teach us the history of man's home the earth before man arose to take possession. We feel that tie toward those who teach us the history of those earlier forms of animal life which came before man, and against which man had often to struggle. We feel it toward those who teach us the history of the lower forms of man himself, and who put us in the way of tracing the steps by which, out of such rude beginnings, civil society could shape itself into the democracy of Athens, the kingdom of England, the federal commonwealth of America. We will draw no public comparisons between ourselves and any others. We may cherish among ourselves the belief that in the study of man, in his highest form, as the citizen of a free commonwealth, there is something more bracing, more elevating, than in the study of the material universe itself. But we will say so only among ourselves; we will not blurt out the doctrine in any company where an astronomer might be pained by hearing us. And we must never forget that we have our thorn in the flesh, that we have certain difficulties to struggle against which, as far as I can see, do not stand in the way of the votaries of other branches of knowledge. Of course I may mistake our position; I may think that we are persecuted when we are not. I remember some years back how a man eminent in one of the natural sciences described himself and his brethren as an afflicted race, suffering like the Jews in the middle ages. To me the description sounded a little amazing. I had always fancied every professor of any form of natural science as flour-

ishing like a green bay-tree. I wondered where the persecution could lie, till I considered the real position of the Jew of the middle ages. He who compared the professors of natural science to the Jews of the middle ages had clearly risen above the popular view of the Jews of the middle ages. He had gone to original sources, not to romance-writers or romantic historians. He had read the annals of Saint Albans abbey in the Latin text, and he knew that when Aaron the Jew went to the abbey gate it was he who proudly threatened the abbot, not the abbot who proudly threatened him. The professor meant the mediæval Jew as the mediæval Jew is described in the writers of his own time, rich, proud, feared of all, dwelling in houses like the palaces of kings. To be sure these advantages had their drawbacks; a sudden caprice of the king, a sudden outbreak of the people, might break down their palaces, might empty their money-bags, might even drive them homeless out of the land. But all this is no more than the nations of south-eastern Europe have to put up with under that paternal government which British interests call upon us to maintain. One could not therefore decently speak of it as persecution. I was surely right in thinking that the likeness between the natural-science professor and the Jew of the middle ages was to be found in the normal prosperity of the Jew, not in the occasional interferences with that prosperity. But the professors, rich and prosperous as mediæval Jews, still complained of being persecuted. They could hardly mean that they were in disfavor on theological grounds. For a persecution on theological grounds, if it does not go the full length of stake, bonds, or banishment, is surely what every man would wish for. Surely nothing makes a man so run after as to call him a heretic. In our studies we have not that advantage. It can hardly be said that historical study, as such, is of any theological color. This or that historian may, in his own person, be orthodox, or heretical, or anything else, and he may flourish or suffer accordingly. And the man whose convictions lead him to no extreme views in any direction, but who is con-

strained to jog on in a kind of moderate, passive, tolerant orthodoxy, is the most unlucky of all, for he cannot persuade anybody on any side to make a victim of him. Natural science, on the other hand, as such, has sometimes drawn on itself theological censure and even theological persecution. Still I cannot think that it was of censure or persecution of that kind that the prosperous professor complained. For that in our times would doubtless have been matter not of complaint, but of rejoicing. The persecution, as far as I could make out, consisted in the fact that a "vulgar public" insisted on forming its opinion of their doings, and of judging them by the laws by which it judged those who were not professors. Then, at last, I could not keep down a rising feeling of envy, envy perhaps unjust, but certainly natural. I too began to feel persecuted; I began to understand the feelings of a martyr on behalf of myself and of my suffering brethren of my own studies. I began to think that, if the "vulgar public" was a Trajan to our natural-science friends, he was a very Decius to us. I did not feel at all like the Jew of the middle ages, dwelling in palaces and threatening lordly prelates. It seemed to me as if, while our scientific brethren lived a life of alternate prosperity and persecution, it was our lot to share deeply with them in their persecutions, but to have no share in their prosperity.

Now certainly, if the public be vulgar, and if to be subjected to the judgment of a vulgar public be persecution, the votaries of historical knowledge are a sadly persecuted race. It was not I—it was not any historical scholar—who gave the public the epithet of "vulgar;" but, vulgar or not vulgar, the public certainly insists on judging us. And I, for my part, do not repine at our fate. I do not refuse the authority of the judge. I only ask him not to give judgment till he has fairly heard counsel on both sides. I only appeal, I do not say from Philip drunk to Philip sober, but, according to another story of the same king, from Philip in a hurry to Philip when he has really thought matters over. Whether we like it or not, we cannot get rid of the "vulgar public" as the final judge in all matters. We may

repine under his judgments, we may do what we can to lead him to reverse them; but we cannot depose him from his judgment-seat. Whether we deem him a "strong court" or a weak one, we cannot hinder his sentences from being carried out. And this is far more true of us, students of history and of subjects closely connected with history, than it is of the students of most other branches of knowledge. The inevitable judge has a higher sense of his own qualifications in this case than he has in the other. The vulgar public—remember again that the epithet is not of my giving—is ready to believe that the astronomer or the chemist knows more than he does himself about astronomy or chemistry; he is not so ready to believe that the historian or the philologist knows more than he does of history or philology. Now I will not say that this assumption on the part of the vulgar public is true; but I do say that it is really plausible. I believe that the truth lies the other way. I believe that, if we walk out into the road, the first man that we meet is far more likely to have some rudimentary notion, very rudimentary, very inadequate, but still right as far as it goes, of astronomy or some other branch of natural science, than he is to have the same kind of rudimentary knowledge of history or philology. If he has any rudimentary notion of history or philology, it is very likely indeed to be a wrong notion; the chances are not only that he has much to learn, but that he has a good deal to unlearn. But this very fact helps to prove my position. The fact that so many people have some notions, but false notions, on historical and philological matters is itself a proof that the general public—I will drop the unpleasant epithet—does think itself qualified to form judgments in history and philology somewhat more decidedly, perhaps somewhat more rashly, less perhaps under the guidance of competent teachers, than when it forms its judgment in natural science. We see this every day in the fact that while any very wild notion in natural science is laughed to scorn, not only by men of special knowledge but by the public at large, notions equally wild in histori-

cal and philological matters are treated quite gravely, and are called matters of controversy. Those who believe that the sun is only three miles from the earth are a class which may be counted on our fingers, and when they put forth their doctrine they are laughed at, not only by astronomers but by the general public. That is to say, the general public has learned astronomy enough to see the folly of the doctrine that the sun is only three miles from the earth. But there is a large body, which puts forth a large literature, whose members gravely believe the doctrine of Anglo-Israel, the doctrine that the English nation is of Hebrew descent. This doctrine stands exactly on the same scientific level as the doctrine that the sun is three miles from the earth; it is just as little entitled to a serious answer as the other doctrine is. But the doctrine of Anglo-Israel is treated quite gravely; it is looked on as a matter of controversy, a difference of opinion; an attempt to treat the ethnological folly as the astronomical folly is treated would by many be thought cruelly unfair. Has not the Anglo-Israelite as much "right to his own opinion" as a Kemble, a Stubbs, or a Waitz? Thus the general public judges of our subjects, judges often, we think, wrongfully, but still judges, and judges with a fuller conviction of its own fitness to judge than it shows in the case of the natural sciences.

The truth is that he who gives himself to sound historical study, and who tries to make the results of his studies profitable to others, will most likely have to go through a good deal of something which it would be too strong a word to call persecution, but something which is never exactly agreeable, and which, till one gets used to it, is really annoying. To any one here present who is beginning to give himself to real historical work I would say, as the first precept—dare to be accurate. You will be called a pedant for being so; but dare to be accurate all the same. Remember that what he who calls you a pedant really means is this. He feels that you know something which he does not know; he is ashamed of himself for not knowing it,

and he relieves himself by giving you a hard name. To be pedantic in matters of historical research is like being sentimental in matters of politics; it means that you have really gone to the root of the matter, and have not merely skimmed its surface. You must look forward to be perhaps overlooked altogether, perhaps to be criticised, laughed at, made subjects of unfair comparison, by men who have no more claim to judge of your work than I have to judge of the work of the chemist or the astronomer. You will have to grapple with a state of things in which everybody thinks himself qualified to write history, to criticise history, and where there is no security that the competent scholar will win the public ear rather than the empty pretender. You will have to grapple with a state of things in which not a few will deem themselves wronged if you make a single statement which is new to them, or if you utter a word of which they do not in a moment grasp the meaning. You must be prepared for criticism in which your main subjects, your main discoveries, shall be wholly passed by, and in which some trifling peculiarity of which you are perhaps yourself unconscious, to which you are perhaps wholly indifferent, or to which perhaps you are not wholly indifferent, but for which you can give a perfectly good reason, is picked out as if it were your main characteristic, or even your main object. I am here among friends, and I may make confessions. I once saw it said of myself that all that I had ever done was to alter the spelling of the names of the Anglo-Saxon kings. I thought that I had done something else, and I did not think that I had done that. I had always fancied that, in so trifling a matter as spelling, I had taken the safe course of following the scholars who had gone before me. But from this piece of criticism I learned the fact that it was possible that I—that it was possible, therefore, that any other man—might be criticised by one who had neither read the writings which he sat in judgment upon nor the writings of earlier scholars to whom their author looked up as his masters. Now I really think that in all this we have something to go through

which our brethren in other branches of knowledge have not to go through. I have seen it openly said that accuracy in historical statements does not matter, provided only the story is prettily told. I do not think that any one would speak in this way of the truth of statements in geometry. I do not think that a chemist who is careful as to the nomenclature of his science is called a pedant for his pains. In other branches of knowledge it seems to me that the experts judge, and that the unlearned accept their judgment. In history it seems to me that the unlearned insist on judging for themselves. And mind, I do not wholly blame them for so insisting. Personally I might wish that they would let it alone. But I fully admit that they have a plausible excuse for so doing in our case which they have not in the case of our scientific fellows.

Now here I have got on a subject which has been lately dealt with by an eminent historical professor. I read lately in one of our chief periodicals much the same complaint that I make. The professor complained that the general public will judge of historical matters without the knowledge which is needed to qualify it to judge. The general public, he said, has a way of accepting the pretty view rather than the true view. I fully accept his general complaint. Perhaps I might not accept all his particular instances; I certainly cannot accept what he seems to propose as the remedy. I hope I am not misrepresenting the professor; he used several words which I did not understand, and I have perhaps not fully taken in his meaning. But the general conclusion that I drew from his paper was that we ought to defend ourselves against the inroads of the general public in a way which would certainly be self-denying, but which, I could not help fearing, might also prove self-destructive. I took the professor's counsel to be that, in order to make sure of being judged by competent judges only, we ought to make history so dull and unattractive that the general public will not wish to meddle with it. Now this counsel I cannot accept. Certainly, if accuracy and brilliancy are inconsistent, let us have the accu-

racy and not the brilliancy. Let us by all means be dull and accurate rather than brilliant and inaccurate. But surely no such hard necessity is laid upon us. Surely a tale may be vividly told, and at the same time accurately told. Surely the inferences drawn from the tale may be sound in point of argument, and may yet be set forth in language which is pure, clear, and vigorous. Now the general public will come and sit in judgment upon us, whether we wish for him or no. But if we try to drive him away by designed dullness, he will judge us only from without, and not judge us favorably. If we can lead him rather to judge us from within, and to judge us favorably, we shall surely have gained a double point. If we can combine brilliancy with accuracy, we can at once attract him by our brilliancy and instruct him by our accuracy. We shall thus have won over the mind of the judge to our cause, and that without in any way corruptly leading him to swerve at all from the straight course of justice.

We must then submit to be judged by the general public in a way in which the votary of natural science is not judged. The general public will not humbly take things at our hands, as he takes them at the hands of the votaries of natural science. He accepts, in the teeth of what seems to be the evidence of his senses, the teaching of the astronomer which teaches him that the earth goes round the sun. But he will not with the like humility accept the teaching of the historian, even when the evidence of his senses supports it. He is loath to accept the simple truth that Englishmen are Englishmen; every man has a right to his opinion, and he prefers the opinion that we are Romans, that we are Britons, that we are Jews. It is a craze, a whim, a fad, something to be pitied or laughed at, to maintain the plain and obvious doctrine that we are ourselves and not somebody else. It is not a craze, a whim, or a fad, it is an assertion of the gravest scientific truth, to maintain the certainly much less plain and obvious doctrine that the earth goes round the sun. Now the general public does right in listening to the

astronomer; he does wrong in not listening to the historian. He is right in believing that astronomy is a science which a man cannot learn without study; and in which therefore those who have not studied must be satisfied to listen to those who have. He does wrong in his evident belief that history is not a science, and that one man has as much right to be listened to about it as another. But the wrong, though a wrong, is natural and, I think, pardonable. I think that things should be other than they are. I think that the fact that a man, after years of diligent study, has come to a certain conclusion, that he deems it to be an important conclusion, and tries to impress it upon others, should be thought to be at least a presumption in favor of that conclusion. I think it should not be taken for granted, as it often is, that the conclusion is a craze, and he who forms it a dreamer. But I do not ask for the same implicit acceptance of what we say which the astronomer may fairly ask for what he says. The nature of our subject forbids it. Our subject lies open to men in general in a way in which it seems to me that few of the natural sciences lie open. We cannot draw the same sharp line between the learned and the unlearned. Every man knows some history, even if he knows it all wrong; he cannot help, even without any formal study or teaching, knowing a little of something that passes for history. And from such a one up to a Waitz or a Stubbs the degrees are endless; the shading off from ignorance to knowledge, from false knowledge to true knowledge, is gentle and imperceptible. Then the guides are so many and so diverse; the seeming oracles speak with such different voices. It is so hard to tell the true voice from the false. The wolves put on their sheep's clothing so very skillfully that the sheep themselves are sometimes tempted to mistake an enemy for a brother. We can hardly blame the general public if, when those who profess to be experts say such different things, it thinks it can judge as well as the experts about a matter which is as much its own as theirs. For the study of history is in truth the study of ourselves; it is the study

of man. And it is the study of the whole man; it is the study of man in his highest character, as an actor in the moral world. It surely appeals to sympathies more open to the world at large than any that can be awakened by the motions of the moon and the planets, or by the combination of such and such gases and fluids. I fight for a democratic equality among all the sciences; but I do say that our study is more directly human, more directly open to all mankind, than the other studies. Men cannot help wishing to know something, they cannot help knowing or fancying that they know something, about the land in which they live, about the nation to which they belong, about other lands and nations of whose affairs they are getting accustomed to hear more and more constantly every day. The last telegram from Dulcigno, the last telegram from Ireland, are alike parts of history. They are parts of present history, and, as such, they are parts of past history. For the phenomena of the present are the results of causes in the past, and without understanding the causes we cannot understand the results. Now about things like these men will think, they will judge; and, what is more, we wish them to think, we wish them to judge. We do not wish to shut ourselves up in any learned exclusiveness, and we cannot do so if we would. All that we can do is to ask a public that will think and will judge not to be hasty, not to be unfair, in its thinking and judging. We do not ask that public to accept any man as an infallible oracle, but we do ask that a conviction is not to be set down as a craze or a whim merely because it is the result of the devotion of a life to a subject; we do ask that it shall not be looked on as a deadly wrong if things are sometimes said or written on which a sound judgment cannot be passed off-hand, if things are sometimes said which need to be turned over more than once in the mind, which may sometimes even involve the labor of opening more than one book, perhaps of turning to some book written in another land, in a strange tongue, and in a distant age.

That the general public will have some kind of history is

shown, if by nothing else, by the fact that the immediate servant of the general public, the special correspondent, always thinks it his duty to purvey some kind of history. That the history which he purveys is often of a very wonderful kind is another matter. The point is that whenever he goes to any place he must send home the history of the place, and not only that, that he must throw his history into a learned and confident shape, as if he had known it all his life. The historical student smiles grimly, and wonders why a man should go out of his way to proclaim his ignorance when, if he had simply held his tongue, no one would have found it out. If a man sails down the Hadriatic, he must write the history of every island he comes to; if he jumbles together Curzola and Corfu, it does not greatly matter; who will know the difference? So, if he goes to a church congress at Leicester, he must needs write the early history of Leicester; if, instead of this, he gives his readers the early history of Chester, what does it matter? Who will know the difference? Not many perhaps in either case; not so many as there should be, at all events in the second case. Now it is not wonderful if a man who is perhaps as qualified to write the history of either Curzola or Leicester as I am to write a treatise on the properties of nitrogen gives a very strange shape to the history either of the Illyrian island or of the English borough. The thing to be noticed is that he does it at all, that he seems to be expected to do it somehow. It is plain that the general public does expect to have some kind of history served up to it; but it is equally plain that it is not as yet very particular what kind of history it gets. The general public will have some taste in the matter: it will have some voice in the matter. Our business is to improve its taste, to guide its voice, and to teach it to speak the right way. In such a work a society like ours may do much; only we must be prepared to undergo a little persecution in the work. Something of course must be said about Curzola, something about Leicester. But if any man hints that it makes some little difference whether the long his-

tory of Korkyra went on at Curzola or at Corfu, whether the victory of Æthelfrith and the slaughter of the Bangor monks took place at Leicester or at Chester, he must bear the penalty of his rashness. No man need fear to be called a pedant because he distinguishes hydrogen from oxygen, because he distinguishes Saturn's ring from Jupiter's belts. But he who shall venture to distinguish between two English boroughs, between two Hadriatic islands, when the authorized caterer for the public information thinks good to confound them, must be content to bear the terrible name of pedant, even if no worse fate still is in store for him.

I said earlier in this discourse that history was the study of man; I said also that history was past politics, and that politics were present history. We thus claim for our pursuit that it is specially human, specially practical. We claim for it to be looked on as a study by which we learn what are the workings of man's nature as carried out in political society. We study the experience of past times in order to draw from them practical lessons for the present and for the future. We see that the course of human affairs goes on according to general laws—I must use the word *laws*, though the word is both vague and ambiguous, till somebody gives me a better. But we see that those general laws do not act with all the precision and certainty of physical laws. We see that men in certain circumstances have a tendency to act in certain ways; but we see that they do not act in those ways with quite the same regularity with which objects in the physical universe gravitate to their center. We see that those general tendencies are sometimes thwarted, sometimes guided, sometimes turned aside. And we see that these exceptions to the general course come about in more than one way. Sometimes they are what we may call mere physical hindrances, like the coming of some other object in the way which hinders an object from gravitating to its center. Thus we may set it down as an axiom that a young state, a liberated state, a people buoyant with all the energy of a new

life, will seek to extend their borders and to find a wider field for the exercise of the strength which they feel within them. And happy we might deem the state of things in which a young and liberated state can carry out this irresistible tendency of growth without doing wrong to others. Happy we might deem it when such a state has on its border a new and untrodden world, within which each stage of the growth of the new power wins new realms for the higher life of man. Happy, too, we might deem it when, though the growth of the new state is driven to take a less peaceful form, yet every step of its advance carries with it the deliverance of brethren who still remain in bondage. The working of this rule stands forth in the history of states far removed from one another in time and place, but in all of which the same eternal law of human nature is obeyed. When the European Greek had driven back the Persian, he carried deliverance to the Greek of Asia. Liberated Achaia grew into liberated Peloponnesos. The Three Lands grew into the Eight Cantons; the Eight Cantons grew into the Thirteen. The Seven Provinces had not the same field for territorial extension as the earlier federations; but they too grew and waxed mighty in other ways, mighty perhaps beyond their strength, too mighty for a while to keep a lasting place as a great European power. So we may now see with our own eyes a people set free from bondage, eager to extend their boundaries in the best of ways, by receiving enslaved brethren within the area of freedom. But we now see them thwarted, checked, stopped in their natural course, bidden to wait—to wait perhaps till the nature of man shall be other than it is. Here is the natural course of things checked artificially by an external power. A greater force stops for awhile the force of nature, like a mill-wheel or a dam in the natural world. It has often struck me that a great deal of our high diplomacy is very much in the nature of mill-wheels and dams; it is art working against nature. Now art may be stronger than nature; it may be wiser than nature; still it is not nature, but something different. And art

will not be wise if it forgets that, though it may check nature, it cannot destroy nature, and that nature may some day prove itself the stronger. The course of human events, the feelings and the actions of nations, are not changed forever because a dozen Excellencies round a table have set their names to a diplomatic paper.

Thus the natural tendencies of human events may sometimes be artificially thwarted from without. They may also be in some sort either thwarted or led, we might almost say naturally, from within. A sound view of history will keep us on the one hand from what is called hero-worship; it will keep us on the other hand from undervaluing the real effect which a single great man may have on the course of human events. The course of history is not a mere game played by a few great men; nor yet does it run in an inflexible groove which no single man can turn aside. The great man influences his age; but at the same time he is influenced by his age. Some of the greatest of men, as far as their natural gifts went, have been useless or mischievous, because they have been out of gear with their own age. Their own age could not receive them, and they could not make their age other than what it was. The most useful kind of great man is he who is just so far in advance of his age that his age can accept him as its leader and teacher. Men of this kind are themselves part of the course of events; they guide it; they make it go quicker or slower; but they do not thwart it. Can we, for instance, overrate the gain which came to the newborn federation of America by finding such a man as Washington ready made to its hand? Or take men of quite another stamp from the Virginian deliverer. The course of our history for the last eight hundred years has been largely affected by the fact not only that we underwent a foreign conquest, but that we underwent a foreign conquest of a particular kind, such as could be wrought only by a man of a particular kind. The course of our history for the last three hundred years has been largely affected by the fact that, when English freedom was in

the greatest danger, England fell into the hands of a tyrant whose special humor it was to carry on his tyranny under the forms of law. English history could not have been what it has been if William the Conqueror and Henry VIII. had been men other than what they were. One blushes to put the two names together. William was great in himself, and must have been great in any time or place. Henry, a man not without great gifts, but surely not a great man, was made important by circumstances in the time and place in which he lived. But each influenced the course of events by his personal character. But they influenced events only in the sense of guiding, strengthening, and quickening some tendencies, and keeping others back for awhile. Neither of them, nor Washington either, belong to that class of men who, for good or for evil, turn the world upside down, the great destroyers and the great creators of history.

Now when we look in this way on the influence of the man upon his age and of his age upon the man, we shall, I think, be led to be cautious, I might say to be charitable, in our judgment of past men and past generations. There is no such sure sign of ignorance, or rather of something far worse than mere ignorance, of utter shallowness of thought, than that contemptuous sneering at past times which is sometimes thought clever. No rational man will wish to go back to any past time, and it is quite certain that if he wishes to go back he cannot do so. But we should remember that we have received the inheritance of past times and of the men of past times; that if we have advanced beyond them, it is because they had already advanced somewhat; if we see further than they did, it is because we have the advantage of standing on their shoulders. So we hope that future generations may advance further than we have advanced, that they may see further than we see, and yet that they may look back upon us with a remembrance not altogether scornful. Blame any age, blame any man in any age, if it can be shown that such age or such man really and willfully went backward. But blame no age, no man, that really went forward, merely.

because we are tempted to think that the forward course might have been speedier. Blame no age, no man, that really reformed something, merely because something was left for later ages and later men to reform. Such judgments are unfair to the age or the man so judged; for every age must be judged according to its own light and its own opportunities. And such judgments are also shallow in themselves; for the work which is done bit by bit, as each bit is specially needed to be done, will be really stronger and more lasting than the work which is turned out spick and span, according to some preconceived theory. A few anomalies here and there, a few signs that the work was done faster in one part and slower in another, will do no practical harm. The house will not thereby be the worse to live in, and it will better tell the tale of its own building. Here in England, at least, we ought to believe that freedom, civilization, toleration, anything else that we prize, is really all the better and stronger because it has not been cut out all at once, but has grown bit by bit by the struggles of generation after generation.

And if our use of the two guides of our studies, reason and experience, leads us to gentler judgments of the past among our own and other old-standing nations, it may also lead us to gentler judgments of the fresh-born and still struggling nations of our own time. There are those who seem to think that slavery is the best school for freedom, who seem to think that a nation which is just set free may be reasonably expected to show itself not behind, but rather in advance of, those nations which have been working out their freedom for ages. Those who have studied the nature of man in his acts will perhaps judge less harshly if a nation for which the gates of the house of bondage have just been opened does not at once spring to this lofty standard. Those who stop to think before they speak will perhaps see that when a nation which was enslaved in the fourteenth century has been set free in the nineteenth—when a nation has for five hundred years had everything to send it backward, while we have had everything to send us forward—it is really to the credit

of that nation if it comes forth on the level of England five hundred years back. We cannot fairly expect it to come forth on the level of the England of our own day. It is a homely and an obvious doctrine, but one which some minds seem to find it hard to take in, that no man can learn to swim without going into the water. In the like sort, a nation cannot learn the virtues of freedom while it remains in bondage. Set it free, and it may at least begin to try to practice them, and it is not to be harshly judged if it fails to practice them perfectly at first. And even in cases where bondage and slavery would be words far too harsh, our wider experience of mankind will perhaps teach us that men are often better pleased, and that it is often better for them, to manage their own affairs, even if they manage somewhat clumsily, rather than to have them managed for them by others in some far more clever way.

In all these ways we claim that history is a practical science—a science that teaches us lessons which are of constant practical application in the affairs of the present. It is curious to see how this doctrine is practically received. I have often noticed the different ways in which, according to different circumstances, men receive any argument, illustration, or allusion drawn from past history. Such arguments, illustrations, or allusions may be of widely different kinds. One may be of the class of which we have just been speaking; it may be a sound and grave argument, from cause and effect. Under given circumstances a certain result has hitherto commonly happened; it is therefore likely, under like circumstances, to happen again. Another reference may be a mere sportive application of a word or a name, fairly enough brought in to raise a passing smile, but which, on the face of it, proves nothing any way. Now the mere jest is sure to be received with delight by the side for which it tells; the gravest argument is scorned by the side against which it tells. The argument from experience is grandly tossed aside as “sentimentalism” or “antiquarian rubbish.” It is not that any particular fault is found with the argument; it is enough that it is

an argument from fact and experience, if fact and experience happen to tell the wrong way. But an argument of exactly the same kind is cried up to the skies if it happens to tell the right way. The practical argument from experience is, of all arguments, that which is most applauded when it tells on our own side, that which is most scorned when it tells on the other side. I think that this fact, on the whole, tells in favor of arguments from experience and analogy. But it also supplies some warnings. It may teach us not to be too hasty either in catching at an example or at an analogy which seems at first sight to tell for us, or in rejecting one which seems to tell against us. Let us not trumpet forth the argument which seems to tell for us till we have weighed it to see whether it be sound or not. And let us not hastily cast aside as "antiquarian rubbish" every argument which seems to tell against us. Let us rather weigh them too, and see what they too are worth. I have sometimes been able to make good use on my own side of sayings which were hurled at me as arguments for the other side. There are true analogies and false ones, analogies which are of the highest practical value and analogies which may lead us utterly astray. There is often real likeness, instructive, practical likeness, amidst much seeming unlikeness; there is often a seeming likeness where the real state of the two cases is altogether different, and where no practical lesson can be drawn. One who has been deep in controversy for the last five years has seen a good many real analogies scorned, and a good many false analogies blazed abroad as practical arguments. And he may perhaps have been led to the conclusion that those who specially call themselves practical men—that is, those who refuse to hearken to reason and experience; those whose wisdom consists in living from hand to mouth, and refusing to look either behind or before; those who put names and formulæ in the place of facts; those who see in the world only courts and diplomatists, and who shut their eyes to the existence of nations—are exactly the men whose wisest forebodings have the strongest gift of remaining unfulfilled.

And now it may be asked, If we wish to give our studies this practical turn, if we wish our examination of the past to supply us with a real teaching of experience for the present and the future, over what range of time are our researches to be spread? I answer, over the whole range of the history of man as a political being. In other words, we can acknowledge no limit which would shut out any period of the history of Aryan man on European soil. Let Birmingham set the example which is so deeply needed in older seats of historical study. Let there be one spot where history shall be studied, but where the delusive words "ancient" and "modern" shall never be heard. You are not far from Rugby; some echoes of the voice of Arnold may have reached you. You may have picked up some fragments of the teaching which that great master put forth with so clear a voice, but in which he has found so few disciples. To some he lives in his personal memory; to me he lives only in his writings. But it was from those writings that I first learned that history was one, that it could be rightly learned only by casting aside artificial and unnatural distinctions, and by grasping the great though simple truth that the history of European man is one unbroken tale. That history is one unbroken series of cause and effect, no part of which can be rightly understood if any other part is wholly shut out from the survey. Let there be one spot where the vain formulæ of "ancient" and "modern" history, of "dead" and "living" languages, shall be forever unknown. Take in the simple fact that the so-called "ancients" were not beings of some other order—perhaps demi-gods surrounded by superhuman mystery, perhaps benighted savages who knew not the art of getting up good colliery accidents, perhaps mere names which seem to lie beyond the range of human interest of any kind—but that they were men, men of like passions with ourselves, capable of the same faults and the same virtues; men, too, of kindred speech, of kindred blood; kinsmen simply further removed in time and place than some other kinsmen, but whose deeds and sayings and writings are as full

of practical teaching for us as the deeds and sayings and writings of the men who trod our own soil. Before the great discoveries of modern science—before that greatest of all its discoveries which has revealed to us the unity of Aryan speech, Aryan religion, and Aryan political life—the worn-out superstitions about “ancient” and “modern” ought to pass by like the specters of darkness. Does any of you specially give his mind to so-called “ancient” studies, to the study of old Greece or of old Italy? Does any man reproach such a one with wasting his time on studies which are unpractical because they are “ancient”? Let him answer, in the spirit of Arnold, that his studies are pre-eminently practical because they are pre-eminently modern. Does any man give his mind specially to the tongues of old Greece and of old Italy? Does any man reproach him with devoting himself to the study of tongues which are dead? Let him answer in the same spirit, but with a depth of life and knowledge on which men in Arnold’s day had hardly entered, that he gives his mind to those tongues because they are of all tongues the most truly living. Grasp well the truth that the history of old Greece, of old Italy, is simply an earlier part of the same tale as the history of our own island. Grasp well the truth that the worthies of those older times, the men who strove for freedom at Athens, in Achaia, and at Rome, were forerunners and fellow-workers of the men who have fought, and who are still fighting, the same battle among ourselves. The *Acta Sanctorum* of political progress is imperfect if we leave out its earliest chapters. We must remember Periklês and Titmoleôn, Aratos and Philopoimên, Caius Licinius and Tiberius Gracchus, alongside of our Godwines and our Simons, our Hampdens and our Chathams, our Washingtons and our Hamiltons, and their compeers of our own day whom I will not name. But some one will say, What can great kingdoms, great confederations, under a northern sky, learn from small city commonwealths under a southern sky? Much every way; if only this, that we may learn how many different shapes that which is

essentially the same may take under varying circumstances of time and place. No fact, no period, in history can exactly reproduce any earlier fact or period, if only because that fact or period has already gone before it. Between a great kingdom under a northern sky and a small commonwealth under a southern sky there are many and important differences. But there may be none the less much essential likeness, and it is the business of historical science at once to note the differences, and to dig through to the likeness that underlies them. The range of our political vision becomes wider when the application of the comparative method sets before us the *ekklesia* of Athens, the *comitia* of Rome, as institutions not merely analogous, but absolutely the same thing, parts of the same common Aryan heritage, as the ancient assemblies of our own land. We carry on the tale as we see that it is out of those assemblies that our modern parliaments, our modern courts of justice, our modern public gatherings of every kind have grown. And we feel yet more the unbroken tie when we mark that they have all grown by constant and endless changes of detail, but with no break in the long succession, no moment when, as in some other lands, one kind of assembly was consciously set aside and another kind of assembly consciously established in its place. Our very local nomenclature puts on a new life if here in Birmingham, the home of the Beormingas, a spot of conquered British soil bearing the name of the Teutonic gens which won it, we remember that we brought with us from our old homes a system of political and family life essentially the same as that of Athens and of Rome. We had our *gentes*, our *curiæ*, our tribes; and they have, like those of the elder nations, left their names on the soil which we made our own. As a portion of old Roman soil took the name of the great gens of the *Claudii*, so a portion of Anglian, of Mercian, soil took the name of the gens of the Beormingas. Only, while the Claudian gens, as a gens, remained far more famous than the local division which bore the Claudian name,

the home of the Beormingas has certainly become far more famous than the Beormingas themselves.

But some will say, Can a man learn all history, from the first glimmerings of political history in old Greece to the last political question in our own day? I trow not, if by learning is meant mastering thoroughly in detail from original sources. Life is too short for any such universal mastery, even if a man gives his whole life to studying history and nothing else. Still less can those do so who have many other things to do besides studying history. But, on the other hand, when I speak of learning, I do not mean the getting up a mere smattering of the whole story and knowing no part thoroughly in detail. I say this: Let each historical student choose for minute study some period or periods, according as his taste or his objects may lead him. Let those periods be late, let them be early; let them be the very earliest or the very latest; best of all, perhaps, let there be one early and one late. Let him master such period or periods thoroughly, minutely, from original sources. But let him, besides this special knowledge of a part, know well the general outline of the whole. Let him learn enough of those parts of history which lie outside his own special subject to put periods and events in their true relation to one another. By learning some periods of history thoroughly, minutely, from original sources, he will gain a power which will stand him in good stead even in those periods which he is driven to learn more slightly from secondary sources. He will gain a kind of tact which will enable him to judge which secondary sources may be trusted and which may not.

Let us for a moment apply these doctrines to the great question of the day, the question of the fate of south-eastern Europe, the question whether the New Rome shall be European or Asiatic, whether the church of Justinian shall be a temple of Christendom or of Islam. It is not my business here to decide for either side. Those are questions on which it would be

unbecoming in the president of your Historical Society to do more than point out facts, and to leave others to draw inferences. I say only that, in order to form an opinion either way, a man must have some general notion of the facts of the case, and that the facts of the case go back a good many centuries. I do not set much store by the opinion of the man who asked whether there were any Christians in south-eastern Europe, besides "a few nomad tribes." I do not set much store by the opinion of the man who wrote in a book that in the ninth century the Russians attacked Constantinople, but found *the Turks* too strong for them. Nor do I greatly value his judgment who held it for certain that every British ship that sailed to India must pass under the walls of Constantinople. To understand these matters we must go a little further than this. Nor will it do to go back to times two thousand years ago, and then to leap from two thousand years ago to our own time. The nations of south-eastern Europe are, for good and for evil, what the long intermediate time has made them. The greatest of all witnesses to the unity of history is the long-abiding drama of the Eastern power of Rome. I counseled you just now not to neglect the study of the early commonwealths of Greece; but from the early commonwealths of Greece we must go on. The great work of Greece, in the general history of the world, was to make the eastern half of the Roman world practically Greek. The throne of the old Rome was moved to a Greek city, and the new Rome, the city of Constantine, became the center at once of Roman dominion and of Greek intellectual life. Bear in mind, how, for age after age, Constantinople stood as the bulwark of Europe and of Christendom, bearing up on one side against the Persian, the Saracen, and the Turk, on the other side against the Slave, the Avar, and the Bulgarian. Her Asiatic rivals could only remain as abiding enemies, to be driven back from her walls and her empire, till in the end one of them was to force in his way as a conqueror from without. The Persian and the Saracen strove in vain for the prize; the Ottoman won it at

last, to rule as an Asiatic in Europe, to remain five hundred years after his landing, as much a stranger as on the day when he first came in. But the European rivals could be more or less thoroughly changed into disciples; they could accept the faith, they could imitate the models, they could in some cases adopt the language, of the power which, even in attacking, they revered. In the long and stirring tale of the battle which Constantinople waged for Europe, we see the Roman power become Greek; as it becomes more definitely Greek, we see the other older nations of the peninsula, the Albanians and Roumans, long merged with the Greeks in the general mass of subjects of the empire, stand forth again as distinct nations, playing their part among the nations from the eleventh century to the nineteenth. Long before this we have seen the Slavonic invaders of the empire, half its conquerors, half its disciples, spread themselves over the inland regions of the Balkan peninsula, while the Greek keeps the coasts and the islands. At last, step by step, the empire and its European neighbors come under the power of the Asiatic invader. The European invader came to conquer, to settle, but at the same time to learn and to imitate. The Asiatic invader came simply to destroy. He came neither to merge himself in the nationality of the conquered nor to win over the conquered to his nationality, but to abide for ages as a stranger, holding the nations of the land in bondage in their own land. At last a time comes when the enslaved nations feel a new strength, a new call to freedom. This and that part of those nations, here and there, throw off the foreign yoke; they set up free and national governments on their own soil, and they seek to extend the freedom which they themselves have won to their brethren who remain in bondage. Here are the facts, facts which cannot be grasped except by taking a somewhat wider view of history than is implied in the well-worn course of old Greece, old Rome, modern England, modern France. But, I state the facts only this evening. I leave others to draw the inferences. Some deem that it is for the general good of man-

kind, for the special interest of this island, that the Mussulman Asiatic should reign over the Christian European, that nations struggling to be free should be kept down as bondmen on their own soil. Many deem that it is a specially honorable and patriotic course, specially agreeable to the feelings and duties of a free people, to help to keep them in their bondage. Some think otherwise. They think, as the old Greek thought, that freedom is a brave thing; they are led to sympathize with nations striving for freedom rather than with the foreign oppressor who holds them under his yoke. They think that to give help to the cause of those struggling nations is in itself a worthy work, that it is a work specially becoming a free people, that it is a work, above all, becoming a free people, who, as they hold, have promised to do it. Here are two ways of looking at a great question, neither of which ways is of much value unless it is grounded on knowledge of the facts. It is not for me to say here which inference is the right one. I can say only, study the facts and judge for yourselves.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

THE LITERARY PROFESSION IN THE SOUTH.

Literature, from the earliest periods, has always centered itself about great cities, great institutions of learning, great libraries, and powerful religious organizations. The sacred books of the Hebrews could only be fitly studied at Jerusalem. The ancient Greek, for whom the culture of Athens was insufficient in his day, went to Alexandria, where he had access to the most world-renowned philosophers and to the parchments of the schools. The youths of Achaia and the outlying regions of Greece must needs resort to the Academy and the Porch. Ambitious Ciceros found in Athens that fostering influence not

afforded by the city of the Cæsars. Horace, Virgil, Ovid, and Tibullus could only flourish under the genial patronage of a Macænas in the imperial center. And, to come down to later periods, the mediæval scholars sought Salerno and Pisa and Padua; the Gascon boy went up to Paris; Roger Ascham could only find the learning he needed at Cambridge; Chaucer must live in the light of London; the German must leave his Swabia and go to Leipsic or Göttingen.

When we look at the outcome of literature, therefore, we find little accomplishment anywhere but in the great centers of wealth and power and population. Sophocles cannot find stimulus enough to incite him to the production of his immortal tragedies in his native Colonus. Petrarch must come to Rome if he would receive the poet's crown. Edmund Spenser cannot please himself with his "Faërie Queen" at his isolated Irish Kilcolman Castle. Shakespeare must be in the neighborhood of the Mitre Tavern, the Globe Theater, and his friend "rare Ben" in order to do his work aright. Dr. Johnson must go up to Grub street before he can write a book.

Since it is clear, then, that every worker, be he brain-toiler or mere handicraftsman, must have his tools, and that those tools must be within easy reach, we argue that for the cultivation of letters, for the profession of literature *as a trade*, there must be the coincidence of certain advantageous circumstances in order to success. There must be the incentive of critical and sympathetic minds; there must be libraries, vicinage, the attrition of society, booksellers, publishing houses, the visible consciousness of literary demand anxiously awaiting literary supply. All these tools are as necessary to the implantation and the cultivation and the successful pursuit of the literary life as are the pigments and canvas to the painter, the chisel and marble to the sculptor, or the rule and plane to the carpenter. Therefore, there must be close population, the neighborhood of cities, the spur of contact, mental action and reaction, peaceful leisures, freedom from petty exigencies—in short, the felt presence of throbbing human-

ity. "Cling to the city and live in her light, my friend!" writes Cicero to his Coelius; "for those who have abilities, Rome is the place."

This, of course, has special reference to the pursuit of literature *as a profession*. What encouragement is there, even for the artisan, if there is no patronage close at hand? Isolate him, leave him without any near him to appreciate his work, and he will lack the stimulus that would make him a skillful workman. Cellini must carry his metal carvings to the pope if he means to have the approval of the great.

We do not forget that much of the world's grandest specimens of literature were never produced *as literature*. St. Bernard did not write his moving Latin hymns, that will endure to the end of time, because he wanted to be called a poet. Langdale produced "Piers Plowman" for other reasons than to be named the father of English verse. Dante used his splendid poetic faculty, first of all, as a two-edged sword wherewith to smite his enemies. In the great results of the Reformation, the literature of it was a wholly secondary matter. The barons who drew up Magna Charta did not study fine periods. The Solemn League and Covenant, the Petition of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, were not framed with the purpose of literary effect. And when we remember how often in the world's history the literature that has had the least self-consciousness, that has had in view only some lofty end, has proved the most perfect, even when judged by the strict canons of literary art, it would seem as if the modern test—art for art's sake—did not hold good. The venerable Bede, the scholarly Alfred, the intrepid Wycliffe, had little thought of the artistic quality of their work when they were holding up their torches amid the earlier Anglican darkness. The old masters painted for religion's sake. No moderns make such Madonnas as Fra Angelico's or Raphael's. When Madame Rambouillet opened her salon in Paris, and thereby took the initiative in the awakening of French intellect, she did not do it for art's sake. She mourned

over the frivolity and folly of French aristocratic life, and only sought thus to erect some sort of breakwater against the deluge of corruption around her—not to become the leader of that Renaissance whose outcome we have in Corneille, Molière, La Rochefoucauld, Racine, and Bossuet.

Even in the Elizabethan age of letters, the great minds of England were wrought up to magnificent effort by other than art's impulse or the pursuit of literature purely for itself. The wonderful events of those formative times stirred up all men's souls to something like an unnatural state of mental activity. Shakespeare, no doubt, would have poured forth the marvelous treasures of his genius under any circumstances. But although, as our most brilliant of American essayists says, "he built up his character as instinctively as a bird does her nest," yet his immediate surroundings had everything to do with his accomplished work, breathing as he did the same air with Sidney, Spenser, Raleigh, and the heroes of the Armada's overthrow. This was a pressure infinitely outweighing the fact that his wife and children were to be provided for at Shottery, and that he had an ambition for building "New Place."

After our too long exordium, which, however, we deemed necessary to the furnishing of the deductions intended to be drawn from it, we come now to consider the subject before us—the lack, for it almost amounts to that, of a class devoted to the profession of literature in our Southern States, and the reasons thereof.

The two States of the South which have given tone and character to the educated class above all the others are Virginia and South Carolina. They were the earliest settled, and their after-prestige has been pre-eminent. Their first colonists were the best sort of English and French emigrants. The pet colony of the mother-country, the Old Dominion, had almost always as governor some royal and titled favorite, even down to Revolutionary times. We do not claim that there was any advantage in that—the reverse, perhaps: we

only mention it as a fact that the status of affairs was overweeningly aristocratic from the beginning. The younger sons of noble English families came over to the new possessions to better their fortunes by scores and hundreds. Sorry enough colonists some of them were, so far as real manly work was concerned. But at this day to attempt to deny the fact that the preponderating portion of the early settlers were not well-born people is to fly in the face of all the records of history. It only needs to turn Bancroft's pages and go back to colonial days to observe how strong, and at times unmanageable, the aristocratic element was. As we write, a leading journal in Richmond is giving up its columns from week to week to the colonial record of the genealogies that concern hundreds of Virginia families—records verified by incontestable references given in profusion. Therefore, it is not a matter for ridicule, as it has come to be the fashion in some quarters to make it, that the early Virginia colonists who prided themselves on their good blood should have transmitted the feeling to their children: the absurdity is, for their descendants to satisfy themselves with the fact, and be content "to sup on past recollections."

So in South Carolina. The Huguenots of France, exiled by the revocation of the Edict, found footing in the new State, and early gave its one important city that pronounced character for high breeding, refinement, gentle manners, and chivalrous living which obtained in Charleston in larger measure one hundred years ago than to-day. There, also, the commingling of the English element was large. These settlers brought habits, traditions, and prejudices with them that rule their descendants in both these dominant States down to this hour. They were largely drawn from classes to whom manual labor had never been a necessity, nor the making of their own daily bread a pressure and incentive. They found themselves in a land where light exertion secured independence. The climate was genial, and imposed no heavy burdens on them, as on the inhabitants of the New England and Middle States, where one half the year

is taken up in providing for the other half, or, as a facetious New Hampshire friend once expressed it, "where you prepare your dinner six months before you eat it." But a brief period elapsed, too, before the system of African slavery was imposed upon the South by the mother-country—a system whose influence in liberating the best classes of citizens from the necessity of work has perhaps, in the long run, been far other than a benefit. We have no reasonings to bring forward; we merely note the fact. A spirit of distaste for work of any kind was the natural result of this condition of things, and it too soon became an inheritance which descended as surely to the children of the colonists as did their estates won from the wilderness. We do not deny that a certain physical and mental indolence thus induced has had a hurtful effect on the Southern character. When the goad of necessity is removed, when the incentive that leads men to aspire to the attainment of higher position is lacking, from the very fact that they are as high as they care to be, communities are not apt to trouble themselves with any sort of discipline that calls for exertion, restraint, and self-denial.

The predominant tastes of the South were, from the beginning, English; and an Englishman is a rural animal to the very marrow of his bones. He endures cities, but his greed is to live on his own land; and if by good luck the possession of his fields can but date back (as it does in the case of multitudes of middle-class men like Charles Kingsley) to the Norman thieves who landed at Hastings—"whom," as Emerson says, "it took a good many generations to trim, comb, and perfume into gentlemen"—so much greater the pride. What Englishman of means *chooses* to live in Liverpool, or Birmingham, or Manchester, or Sheffield? With this engrained tradition and prejudice, the first settlers of Virginia and Carolina paid little attention to the building of towns and cities; and to this day all out-and-out Southerners have a smothered contempt for what they are pleased to call the vulgarity of towns. We know multitudes of planters who would feel stifled in a city, and who, as a mere matter of

preference, would rather have their old wooden mansions, with their too often rickety verandahs, than a four-story brown-stone front. To own plantations so large that the daily morning ride over them was a hearty day's exercise, was enough for the masters of the old régime: to have scores or hundreds of black retainers, like feudal dependents, around him, was sufficiently flattering to his self-importance. To such men the narrow limits of town and city life were nothing but dwarfing.

This mode of life, so free, so independent, so allied to nature, had disadvantages, from which the whole South suffers at this moment. It separated influential families; it imposed sparse population; it engendered a spirit of overweening self-content; it tended to a sentiment of hurtful exclusiveness; it interfered with public organizations for the general good; it kept large schools from being established; it discouraged the founding of colleges and universities and hospitals and asylums; it made against the creation of literary centers; it segregated the educated and literary men, and so rendered ineffective an influence which, if massed, might have been powerful. "Why," the planter of forty years ago would ask—"why take upon ourselves the trouble and expense of founding universities when the North has Harvard and Yale and Nassau Hall to which we can send our sons, who are all the better for this experience abroad?" For, until the slavery agitation began to take hold of the public mind, there was not the slightest objection to sending boys North for their education. It was much commoner then than it now is for our Northern academic youth to finish up with Berlin and Bonn. Look over the old catalogues of various Northern colleges, and the surprise will be to find how largely their students were from the Southern States. The same argument applied to literature. Even had the disposition and ability not been wanting, why should the easy-going South Carolinian, Georgian, or Virginian vex his ease by writing books, or printing magazines, or editing on any large scale daily newspapers? The North had all the appliances at hand, and could

do it better, and would do it, anyhow; and the idea of competition was a bother. He would not disturb his epicurean calm by compiling even a spelling-book; Noah Webster had done it. That would suffice. William and Mary College *could* not be manned like Harvard or Yale, so why not be content with the former? Hampden-Sidney could not compete with Princeton, so where's the use of worry? Cui bono? And so they sauntered on.

As to the matter of teachers, the parents of Southern children were wholly satisfied to look up the foreign product for their girls and boys. Such a thing as Southern-born youths fitting themselves for teachers would have seemed laughable in the good old day. Large numbers of graduates of the English, Irish, and Scotch universities made their way to the South, ready to exchange the product of their brains for bread; and a very convenient exchange it was thought to be. Hundreds of young New England men and women came down seeking places as tutors and governesses; and no family of any standing could be found that had not its tutor and governess for their rising scions. Even yet the custom has not fallen into entire disuse.

This isolated plantation life, so universal long ago, was a real hindrance to mental activity and stimulus in the way of literary production. It is curious even yet to look over the well-preserved, calf-bound volumes of an old plantation library. There will be Clarendon's History, the old Dramatists, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Smith, Tillotson, Addison, Hume, with stray copies of "Evelina," "Pepys's Diary," "Marmion," Miss Austen's early novels, but rarely the modern historians or novelists, or even poets. One is far more apt to find Pope than Tennyson. But, whatever is absent, there will be sure to be books of genealogy, and some copy of "The Peerage," though it be not Sir Bernard Burke's. The reading of these books sufficed for the elegant, courtly men they recall their grandfathers as being; and for the stately women, who seem to put to shame the degeneracy of the dames of to-day; and why not for them? A pride

and enthusiasm for libraries made up of the literature of the last forty years is not common even among the educated men of the South, exclusive of specialists and professional men. We would be unjust to the South if we intimated that there has not existed, and does not now exist, among the educated classes an acquaintance with current literature. It would be hard to find a young lady who had not read George Eliot, or a young man of education who does not know something of Darwin and Huxley, not to speak of Dickens, Thackeray, William Plack, or Thomas Hardy. But, as a general thing, modern books do not fill up the shelves of well-to-do, old-fashioned planters.

Along with other English characteristics pertinaciously clung to, the love for out-door sports has always been one of the most positive inheritances. To sit within the house and pore over books, instead of being abroad on a fine horse, with a pack of baying hounds at heel, has ever seemed to the bona-fide Southern man a sort of woman's work. He is apt to think, with Lord Herbert of Cherbury, that "if there is a sight on earth that God looks down upon with special pleasure it is a fine man on a fine horse." Southerners are all bold riders. It would not be easy to find a boy of ten who could not manage any animal you would seat him upon. Hence, until the civil war altered the whole face of things, fox hunts, deer hunts, bear hunts even, and partridge shooting were the regular pastimes of the people. In the region around us still the annual fox hunts come off as regularly as October appears.

Nevertheless, throughout all our rural districts east of the Appalachian chain, the sons of planters, as a rule, have been classically educated. There never has been any lack of home-born men wherewith to fill the learned professions among us; but, as we have said above, the spur of stimulus to active literary labor has been greatly wanting. The thousands in the North who turn to letters as a means of livelihood have heretofore had no corresponding class in the South. We are instituting no invidious comparisons. Things have wholly changed in the last

twenty years ; and in the trial of new experiences there are many now who would gladly be possessed of the capability and self-reliance of the young men and women of New England, who not only can help themselves, but provide by their individual labor for the sustenance of the home circle. A new South must grow up before there can be such a state of things general among us.

It may seem a damaging admission, and one that smacks of rude old times, to say that it has been a widespread feeling among Southern people that the following of literature *as a profession* has been considered just a trifle effeminate. But this admission may as well be made, for it is true. Our youth have been so brought up to hear political talk from their very cradles ; they have learned to be so on the defensive in regard to the peculiar institution ; they have been more or less in the exercise of a certain power, arising from the presence of a servile race ; the temptation to live in the midst of and help to control affairs has been so present to them,—that this vivid life has had charms not found in any scholarly seclusion. Southern literature has run in the line of state papers and national speeches and senatorial debates and patriotic orations. In this channel the South is not content to yield superiority to the North. It has indeed become a taunt that the South aims to raise only statesmen and public characters. This, without doubt, has been one of the rocks on which our literary force has too much spent and broken itself. And here again obtains too largely the English idea that the great proprietors and landholders have everything to do with the government of the country. The English country gentleman has his eye on the House of Commons ; the career of legislator has had overweening attractions for the Southern educated mind. The withdrawn life of letters has seemed slow ; its results were not immediate, nor were they assured. Even those who might have distinguished themselves with their pens have been turned aside. Jefferson would rather have been the author of the Declaration of Independence than

have written all Addison's essays. Marshall, though he produced the accepted biography of the first President, did it as a labor of love, not a work of ambition—not as Motley wrote the history of William the Silent. But whatever literary power he was possessed of was soon diverted to the far more important work of giving shape to the jurisprudence of the United States—a work equaling, perhaps, what has been done by Kent or Story.

Madison and Monroe chose to spend their strength upon state papers rather than upon the elegance of letters. Wirt, with his charm of style, might have been almost a Geoffrey Crayon, but politics overruled him. Kennedy could easily have disputed laurels with Cooper had his native Maryland not found more important work for him to do. Legare might have written works on international law equal to others had not South Carolina needed him for something else. There have been multitudes of strangled poets who had the spirit of song choked out by surrounding circumstances. Public Southern opinion decided that there was something more virile to do than spend one's days in polishing tropes. At all events, such a choice, if there were nothing else to look to, was sure to condemn the chooser to that *res angusta domi* which the comfort-loving, physical nature of the Simon-pure Southerner does not find agreeable. Mingling with affairs, or looking after his own cotton, rice, or tobacco fields, would leave him far wider margins for the cultivation of his strong social instincts, and add infinitely more to his pecuniary importance. And, then, was it not, in the eye of all around him, voted more manly? (Perhaps the erratic and brief career of our Virginia poet, Edgar Poe, had a damaging influence on the literary life as viewed from the standpoint of success.) We have no sympathy, not even the remotest, with any such feeling as this to which we have alluded, and only call attention to it as one of the singular anomalies of opinion that may have had something to do in deterring the youth of our Southern land from throwing them-

selves into the profession of literature. "Measure goods behind a counter," the parents of some of them would certainly have said, "if you must, but leave the spinning of verses to girls, and the painting of pictures and carrying of marbles to those effeminate people who have not thew and sinew for man's work."

It has been undeniable that to be a poet only, to be an artist and no more, to be a sculptor, a novelist, an essayist, a mere producer of pleasure for other people, *as a trade*, has not seemed the highest aim of manhood to the contracted vision of the Southerner. When the Shah of Persia, on his visit, a few years ago, to England, saw the duchesses and noble ladies dancing till they wearied themselves, he innocently asked, "Why do these lovely ladies tire themselves so? In my country we have people to do this for us!"

We are not yet sufficiently freed from the traditions and prejudices of by-gone generations to feel that there is true nobility in every kind of labor—to realize that

No earnest work
Of any honest creature, howbeit weak,
Imperfect, ill-adapted, fails so much
That 'tis not gathered as a grain of sand
To swell the sum of human action, used
For carrying out God's end.

Yet mixed up with our Saxon blood we have no little of the nerve and activity of the old Norman elements of chivalry and strength and manliness—elements which have saved the higher classes of the South from the undue domination of soft climate, easy living, and the too general exemption from the goads of labor. For when the stress has come, the educated mind among us has always roused itself to meet the emergency. When the occasion demanded, Patrick Henry could flash his burning words of patriotism like a Chatham. The wars of the Revolution, of 1812, of Mexico, could summon forth as leaders Washington, Jackson, and Scott. The late unhappy war furnished as many heroes to the world's eye from the South as the North.

The common soldier from the forests of Maine could not out-suffer the common soldier from the swamps of Georgia.

The slender finger of Randolph of Roanoke was able to make senates stir at times. Calhoun could show himself a stern Cato. Hayne was not afraid to cross swords with Webster. Clay could prove himself a parliamentary leader like Fox. Preston of South Carolina could charm like Everett. But, then, the underlying motive that goaded the performance was something stronger than any thought of literature, or art, or perfection for perfection's sake could ever have furnished. It was the sort of stimulus that now and then made Napoleon in presence of his armies an orator.

Another reason of the hitherto low condition of literary execution among us has been the fact that we have been too content with ourselves just as we are; and the dead level of such stagnant content has barred progress in the direction of letters, as it has our material prosperity. Our critics and judges give a harsher name to the characteristic, and call it superciliousness; and perhaps they have some reason for doing so. Just as we have scorned to substitute for our old plantation homes, with their broad spaces, their cosy ways of living, their old-fashioned ease and refinement, the modern spruce villa, with its varied appliances for comfort and its labor-saving mechanisms, so have we clung to the wonted system of things. It was very well under that system to insist upon the pitcher of water being brought fresh from the gushing spring an eighth of a mile off when any one was athirst, since a bevy of little black runners were glad to have something to do for a change; but, now that these same runners are studying Latin and calculus, it becomes us to alter our base, and lay down the more convenient water-pipes.

No doubt, too, our conservative South has been intensely provincial in many ways. Our people have lived to themselves, and so have missed the mental attrition which mingling with the world at large furnishes. They have not gone about as travel-

ers to the extent that Northern people have. They have not been familiarized with literary circles; they have not in large enough degree seen works of art or architecture; they have not sufficiently walked foreign galleries and studied the master-pieces of antiquity, and wandered over museums and stood in the quadrangles of hoary universities, and grown enthusiastic over the glorious achievements of the old world. They have not realized how all lands crown with their highest honors their literary and artistic workers.

For the last fifteen years the South has been endeavoring to right herself. Like a great vessel that has weathered the storm with the loss of all her sails and masts, she is trimming herself as bravely as she can to meet the emergencies before her. She sees plainly enough now that

The old order changeth, giving place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways!

and there grows gradually over the Southern mind a spirit of acquiescence and acceptance.

Those who are observant of the signs of the time see tokens everywhere that predict the passing away of the hindering traditions and prejudices that, sacred as they may have seemed to the old generations, will now only prove trammels to the new. On all hands the South is beginning to encourage the upbuilding of its towns and cities: the old plantation life has lost its prestige, and never can be again what it was in the past. Neighborhoods are trying to crowd more together. The impulse of vicinage is being felt. Our schools and colleges are everywhere coming into healthy operation. The weak idea of the servility of labor is fast losing ground. Fresh life has been infused into our daily and weekly press. Notwithstanding their greater poverty, the Southern people go abroad far more than they did in ante-bellum days, and thereby get the cobwebs of prejudice swept from their brains. We have text-books now issuing from our universities; we have volumes of poems published of which

even *The Saturday Review* and *The Academy* of London condescend to take note; we have begun to send forth essays and travels and books of science that meet the commendation of the best critics of the land. We might add instances and references to verify what we have said, but it is outside of our purpose to go into any individual detail.

A bright and attractive future, then, we believe is about to open before those among us who may hereafter give themselves to letters. With the possession of genius, which nature has not made a matter of geography; with the full equipment which a thorough culture demands; with the priceless inheritance of the richest historic associations; with a marvelously picturesque past, whose local coloring is the fairest which this transatlantic land affords; with the material prosperity which in time must come; with our noble rivers, our unopened mines, our varied and delicious climates, our great world-staples—cotton, tobacco, rice, and sugar; with the influx of new populations; with the stir and march and thunder of the times filling our ears; with the wealth and prosperity that must give our Southern land its proper place among the great brotherhood of states,—what is there to hinder this wide, vast South from taking its position as a leader in the world of letters, as the equal and peer of the North? That in the nature of things this time will speedily come, we surely do believe.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Lexington, Va.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

MY DEAR —: My present letter will be given to a single figure. When I entered at Oxford John Henry Newman was beginning to be famous. The responsible authorities were watching him with anxiety; clever men were looking with interest and curiosity on the apparition among them of one of those persons of

indisputable genius who was likely to make a mark upon his time. His appearance was striking. He was above the middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose, were almost the same. The lines of the mouth were very peculiar, and I should say exactly the same. I have often thought of the resemblance, and believed that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be molded by circumstances, which was to make its own way, and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and willful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers; and in both cases, too, perhaps the devotion was rather due to the personal ascendancy of the leader than to the cause which he represented. It was Cæsar, not the principle of the empire, which overthrew Pompey and the constitution. *Credo in Newmannum* was a common phrase at Oxford, and is still unconsciously the faith of nine-tenths of the English converts to Rome.

When I first saw him he had written his book upon the Arians. An accidental application had set him upon it, at a time, I believe, when he had half resolved to give himself to science and mathematics, and had so determined him into a theological career. He had published a volume or two of parochial sermons. A few short poems of his had also appeared in the British Magazine under the signature of "Delta," which were reprinted in the "Lyra Apostolica." They were unlike any other religious poetry which was then extant. It was hard to say why they were so fascinating. They had none of the musical grace of the "Christian Year." They were not harmonious; the meter halted, the rhymes were irregular, yet there was something in them which seized the attention, and would not let it go.

Keble's verses flowed in soft cadence over the mind, delightful, as sweet sounds are delightful, but are forgotten as the vibrations die away. Newman's had pierced into the heart and mind, and there remained. The literary critics of the day were puzzled. They saw that he was not an ordinary man; what sort of an extraordinary man he was they could not tell. "The eye of Melpomene had been cast upon him," said the omniscient (I think) Athenæum;* "but the glance was not fixed or steady." The eye of Melpomene had extremely little to do in the matter. Here were thoughts like no other man's thoughts, and emotions like no other man's emotions. Here was a man who really believed his creed, and let it follow him into all his observations upon outward things. He had been traveling in Greece; he had carried with him his recollections of Thucydides, and, while his companions were sketching olive gardens and old castles and picturesque harbors at Corfu, Newman was recalling the scenes which those harbors had witnessed thousands of years ago in the civil wars which the Greek historian has made immortal. There was nothing in this that was unusual. Any one with a well-stored memory is affected by historical scenery. But Newman was oppressed with the sense that the men who had fallen in that desperate strife were still alive, as much as he and his friends were alive.

Their spirits live in awful singleness,

he says,

Each in its self-formed sphere of light or gloom.

We should all, perhaps, have acknowledged this in words. It is happy for us that we do not all realize what the words mean. The minds of most of us would break down under the strain.

Other conventional beliefs, too, were quickened into startling realities. We had been hearing much in those days about the

* Perhaps it was not the Athenæum. I quote from memory. I remember the passage from the amusement which it gave me; but it was between forty and fifty years ago, and I have never seen it since.

benevolence of the Supreme Being, and our corresponding obligation to charity and philanthropy. If the received creed was true, benevolence was by no means the only characteristic of that Being. What God loved we might love; but there were things which God did not love; accordingly we found Newman saying to us—

Christian, would'st thou learn to love?
First learn thee how to hate.

* * * *

Hatred of sin and zeal and fear
Lead up the Holy Hill;
Track them, till charity appear
A self-denial still.

It was not austerity that made him speak so. No one was more essentially tender-hearted; but he took the usually accepted Christian account of man and his destiny to be literally true, and the terrible character of it weighed upon him.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.

He could be gentle enough in other moods. "Lead, kindly Light," is the most popular hymn in the language. All of us, Catholic, Protestant, or such as can see their way to no positive creed at all, can here meet on common ground and join in a common prayer. Familiar as the lines are they may here be written down once more:

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
Far distant scenes—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest us, sure it will
Still lead us on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

It has been said that men of letters are either much less or much greater than their writings. Cleverness and the skillful use of other people's thoughts produce works which take us in till we see the authors, and then we are disenchanted. A man of genius, on the other hand, is a spring in which there is always more behind than flows from it. The painting or the poem is but a part of him inadequately realized, and his nature expresses itself, with equal or fuller completeness, in his life, his conversation, and personal presence. This was eminently true of Newman. Greatly as his poetry had struck me, he was himself all that the poetry was, and something far beyond. I had then never seen so impressive a person. I met him now and then in private; I attended his church and heard him preach Sunday after Sunday; he is supposed to have been insidious, to have led his disciples on to conclusions to which he designed to bring them, while his purpose was carefully veiled. He was, on the contrary, the most transparent of men. He told us what he believed to be true. He did not know where it would carry him. No one who has ever risen to any great height in this world refuses to move till he knows where he is going. He is impelled in each step which he takes by a force within himself. He satisfies himself only that the step is a right one, and he leaves the rest to Providence. Newman's mind was world-wide. He was interested in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too trivial, if it threw light upon the central question, what man really was, and what was his destiny. He was careless about his personal prospects. He had no ambition to make a career, or to rise to rank and power. Still less had pleasure any seductions for him. His natural temperament was bright and light;

his senses, even the commonest, were exceptionally delicate. I was told that, though he rarely drank wine, he was trusted to choose the vintages for the college cellar. He could admire enthusiastically any greatness of action and character, however remote the sphere of it from his own. Gurwood's "Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington" came out just then. Newman had been reading the book, and a friend asked him what he thought of it. "Think?" he said, "it makes one burn to have been a soldier." But his own subject was the absorbing interest with him. Where Christianity is a real belief, where there are distinct convictions that a man's own self and the millions of human beings who are playing on the earth's surface are the objects of a supernatural dispensation, and are on the road to heaven or hell, the most powerful mind may well be startled at the aspect of things. If Christianity was true, since Christianity was true (for Newman at no time doubted the reality of the revelation), then modern England, modern Europe, with its march of intellect and its useful knowledge and its material progress, was advancing with a light heart into ominous conditions. Keble had looked into no lines of thought but his own. Newman had read omnivorously; he had studied modern thought and modern life in all its forms, and with all its many-colored passions. He knew, of course, that many men of learning and ability believed that Christianity was not a revelation at all, but had been thrown out, like other creeds, in the growth of the human mind. He knew that doubts of this kind were the inevitable results of free discussion and free toleration of differences of opinion; and he was too candid to attribute such doubts, as others did, to wickedness of heart. He could not, being what he was, acquiesce in the established religion as he would acquiesce in the law of the land, because it was there, and because the country had accepted it, and because good general reasons could be given for assuming it to be right. The soundest arguments, even the arguments of Bishop Butler himself, went no further than to establish a probability. But religion with Newman was

a personal thing between himself and his Maker, and it was not possible to feel love and devotion to a Being whose existence was merely probable; as Carlyle says of himself when in a similar condition, a religion which was not a certainty was a mockery and a horror; and, unshaken and unshakable as his own convictions were, Newman evidently was early at a loss for the intellectual grounds on which the claims of Christianity to abstract belief could be based. The Protestant was satisfied with the Bible, the original text of which, and perhaps the English translation, he regarded as inspired. But the inspiration itself was an assumption, and had to be proved; and Newman, though he believed the inspiration, seems to have recognized earlier than most of his contemporaries that the Bible was not a single book, but a national literature, produced at intervals, during many hundred years, and under endless varieties of circumstances. Protestant and Catholic alike appealed to it; and they could not both be right. Yet if the differences between them were essential, there must be some authority capable of deciding between them. The Anglican church had a special theology of its own, professing to be based on the Bible. Yet to suppose that each individual left to himself would gather out of the Bible, if able and conscientious, exactly these opinions, and no others, was absurd and contrary to experience. There were the creeds; but on what authority did the creeds rest? On the four councils? or on other councils, and if other, on which? Was it on the Church, and if so, on what church? The Church of the Fathers? or the Church still present and alive and speaking? If for living men, among whom new questions were perpetually rising, a Church which was also living could not be dispensed with; then what was that Church, and to what conclusions would such an admission lead us?

With us undergraduates, Newman, of course, did not enter on such important questions, although they were in the air, and we talked about them among ourselves. He, when we met him, spoke to us about subjects of the day, of literature, of public per-

sons, and incidents, of everything which was generally interesting. He seemed always to be better informed on common topics of conversation than any one else who was present. He was never condescending with us, never didactic or authoritative; but what he said carried conviction along with it. When we were wrong he knew why we were wrong, and excused our mistakes to ourselves while he set us right. Perhaps his supreme merit as a talker was that he never tried to be witty or to say striking things. Ironical he could be, but not ill-natured. Not a malicious anecdote was ever heard from him. Prosy he could not be. He was lightness itself—the lightness of elastic strength—and he was interesting because he never talked for talking's sake, but because he had something real to say.

Thus it was that we, who had never seen such another man, and to whom he appeared, perhaps, at special advantage in contrast with the normal college don, came to regard Newman with the affection of pupils (though pupils, strictly speaking, he had none) for an idolized master. The simplest word which dropped from him was treasured as if it had been an intellectual diamond. For hundreds of young men *Credo in Newmannum* was the genuine symbol of faith.

Personal admiration, of course, inclined us to look to him as a guide in matters of religion. No one who heard his sermons in those days can ever forget them. They were seldom directly theological. We had theology enough and to spare from the select preachers before the university. Newman, taking some Scripture character for a text, spoke to us about ourselves, our temptations, our experiences. His illustrations were inexhaustible. He seemed to be addressing the most secret consciousness of each of us—as the eyes of a portrait appear to look at every person in a room. He never exaggerated; he was never unreal. A sermon from him was a poem, formed on a distinct idea, fascinating by its subtlety, welcome—how welcome!—from its sincerity, interesting from its originality, even to those who were careless of religion; and to others who wished to be religious

but had found religion dry and wearisome, it was like the springing of a fountain out of the rock.

The hearts of men vibrate in answer to one another like the strings of musical instruments. These sermons were, I suppose, the records of Newman's own mental experience. They appear to me to be the outcome of continued meditation upon his fellow-creatures and their position in this world; their awful responsibilities; the mystery of their nature, strangely mixed of good and evil, of strength and weakness. A tone, not of fear, but of infinite pity, runs through them all, and along with it a resolution to look facts in the face; not to fly to evasive generalities about infinite mercy and benevolence, but to examine what revelation really has added to our knowledge, either of what we are or of what lies before us. We were met on all sides with difficulties; for experience did not confirm, it rather contradicted, what revelation appeared distinctly to assert. I recollect a sermon from him—I think in the year 1839; I have never read it since; I may not now remember the exact words, but the impression left is ineffaceable. It was on the trials of faith, of which he gave different illustrations. He supposed, first, two children to be educated together, of similar temperament and under similar conditions, one of whom was baptized and the other unbaptized. He represented them as growing up equally amiable, equally upright, equally reverent and God-fearing, with no outward evidence that one was in a different spiritual condition from the other; yet we were required to believe not only that their condition was totally different, but that one was a child of God, and his companion was not.

Again, he drew a sketch of the average men and women who made up society, whom we ourselves encountered in daily life, or were connected with, or read about in newspapers. They were neither special saints nor special sinners. Religious men had faults, and often serious ones. Men careless of religion were often amiable in private life, good husbands, good fathers, ady friends; in public honorable, brave, and patriotic. Even

in the worst and wickedest, in a witch of Endor, there was a human heart and human tenderness. None seemed good enough for heaven, none so bad as to deserve to be consigned to the company of evil spirits, and to remain in pain and misery forever. Yet all these people were, in fact, divided one from the other by an invisible line of separation. If they were to die on the spot as they actually were, some would be saved, the rest would be lost—the saved to have eternity of happiness, the lost to be with the devils in hell.

Again, I am not sure whether it was on the same occasion, but it was in following the same line of thought, Newman described closely some of the incidents of our Lord's passion; he then paused. For a few moments there was a breathless silence. Then, in a low, clear voice, of which the faintest vibration was audible in the farthest corner of St. Mary's, he said, "Now, I bid you recollect that He to whom these things were done was Almighty God." It was as if an electric stroke had gone through the church, as if every person present understood for the first time the meaning of what he had all his life been saying. I suppose it was an epoch in the mental history of more than one of my Oxford contemporaries.

Another sermon left its mark upon me. It was upon evidence. I had supposed up to that time that the chief events related in the Gospels were as well authenticated as any other facts of history. I had read Paley and Grotius at school, and their arguments had been completely satisfactory to me. The Gospels had been written by apostles or companions of apostles. There was sufficient evidence, in Paley's words, "that many professing to be original witnesses of the Christian miracles had passed their lives in labors, dangers, and sufferings in attestation of the accounts which they delivered." St. Paul was a further and independent authority. It was not conceivable that such men as St. Paul and the other apostles evidently were should have conspired to impose a falsehood upon the world, and should have succeeded in doing it undetected in an age

exceptionally cultivated and skeptical. Gibbon I had studied also, and had thought about the five causes by which he explained how Christianity came to be believed; but they had seemed to me totally inadequate. I was something more than surprised, therefore, when I heard Newman say that Hume's argument against the credibility of miracles was logically sound. The laws of nature, so far as could be observed, were uniform; and in any given instance it *was* more likely as a mere matter of evidence that men should deceive or be deceived, than that those laws should have been deviated from. Of course he did not leave the matter in this position. Hume goes on to say that he is speaking of evidence as addressed to the reason; the Christian religion addresses itself to faith, and the credibility of it is therefore unaffected by his objection. What Hume said in irony, Newman accepted in earnest. Historically the proofs were insufficient, or sufficient only to create a sense of probability. Christianity was apprehended by a faculty essentially different. It was called faith. But what was faith, and on what did it rest? Was it as if mankind had been born with but four senses, by which to form their notions of things external to them, and that a fifth sense of sight was suddenly conferred on favored individuals, which converted conjecture into certainty? I could not tell. For myself this way of putting the matter gave me no new sense at all, and only taught me to distrust my old ones.

I say at once that I think it was injudicious of Newman to throw out before us thus abruptly an opinion so extremely agitating. I explain it by supposing that here, as elsewhere, his sermons contained simply the workings of his own mind, and were a sort of public confession which he made as he went along. I suppose that something of this kind had been passing through him. He was in advance of his time. He had studied the early fathers; he had studied Church history, and the lives of the saints and martyrs. He knew that the hard and fast line which Protestants had drawn at which miracles had ceased was one

which no historical canon could reasonably defend. Stories of the exercise of supernatural power ran steadily from the beginning to the latest period of the Church's existence; many of them were as well supported by evidence as the miracles of the New Testament; and if reason was to be the judge, no arbitrary separation of the age of the apostles from the age of their successors was possible. Some of these stories might be inventions, or had no adequate authority for them; but for others there was authority of eye-witnesses; and if these were to be set aside by a peremptory act of will as unworthy of credit, the Gospel miracles themselves might fall before the same methods. The argument of Hume was already silently applied to the entire post-apostolic period. It had been checked by the traditionary reverence for the Bible. But this was not reason; it was faith. Perhaps, too, he saw that the alternative did not lie as sharply as Paley supposed, between authentic fact and deliberate fraud. Legends might grow; they grew every day, about common things and persons, without intention to deceive. Imagination, emotion, affection, or, on the other side, fear and animosity, are busy with the histories of men who have played a remarkable part in the world. Great historic figures—a William Tell, for instance—have probably had no historical existence at all, and yet are fastened indelibly into national traditions. Such reflections as these would make it evident that if the Christian miracles were to be believed, not as possibly or probably true, but as indisputably true—true in such a sense that a man's life on earth, and his hope for the future, could be securely based upon them—the history must be guaranteed by authority different in kind from the mere testimony to be gathered out of books. I suppose every thinking person would now acknowledge this to be true. And we see, in fact, that Christians of various persuasions supplement the evidence in several ways. Some assume the verbal inspiration of the Bible; others are conscious of personal experiences which make doubt impossible. Others, again, appeal justly to the existence of Christianity as a fact, and to the power

which it has exerted in elevating and humanizing mankind. Newman found what he wanted in the living authority of the Church, in the existence of an organized body which had been instituted by our Lord himself, and was still actively present among us as a living witness of the truth. Thus the imperfection of the outward evidence was itself an argument for the Catholic theory. All religious people were agreed that the facts of the Gospel narrative really happened as they were said to have happened. Proof there must be somewhere to justify the conviction; and proof could only be found in the admission that the Church, the organized Church with its bishops and priests, was not a human institution, but was the living body through which the Founder of Christianity himself was speaking to us.

Such, evidently, was one use to which Hume's objection could be applied; and to those who, like Newman, were provided with the antidote, there was no danger in admitting the force of it. Nor would the risk have been great with his hearers if they had been playing with the question as a dialectical exercise. But he had made them feel and think seriously about it by his own intense earnestness; and, brought up as most of them had been to believe that Christianity had sufficient historical evidence for it, to be suddenly told that the famous argument against miracles was logically valid after all, was at least startling. The Church theory, as making good a testimony otherwise defective, was new to most of us, and not very readily taken in. To remove the foundation of a belief, and to substitute another, is like putting new foundations to a house. The house itself may easily be overthrown in the process. I have said before that in a healthy state of things religion is considered too sacred to be argued about. It is believed as a matter of duty, and the why or the wherefore are not so much as thought about. Revolutions are not far off when men begin to ask whence the sovereign derives his authority. Skepticism is not far off when they ask why they believe their creed. We had all been satisfied about the Gospel history; not a shadow of doubt had crossed the

minds of one of us ; and, though we might not have been able to give a logical reason for our certitude, the certitude was in us, and might well have been let alone. I for one began to read Hume attentively, and though old associations prevented me from recognizing the full force of what he had to say, no doubt I was unconsciously affected by him. It must have been so, for I remember soon after insisting to a friend that the essential part of religion was morality. My friend replied that morality was only possible to persons who received power through faith to keep the commandments. But this did not satisfy me, for it seemed contrary to fact. There were persons of great excellence whose spiritual beliefs were utterly different. I could not bring myself to admit that the goodness, for instance, of a Unitarian was only apparent. After all is said, the visible conduct of men is the best test that we can have of their inward condition. If not the best, where are we to find a better?

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, in *Good Words*.

THE ÆSTHETICS IN PARLIAMENT.

It was matter of no small marvel to the world when it became known that Jack Harris and Theocritus Marlowe were elected to Parliament. The many people to whom the names of the two distinguished poets were familiar asked themselves what special knowledge of politics they had ever evidenced, that they should be sent to represent any constituency at St. Stephen's. Indeed, in the circles of higher culture, and in society generally, the speculation was great as to the meaning of the mystery, the real reason of which was known only to a very few.

The Duke of Magdiel had taken a fancy to the two poets. He was always in want of new ideas to amuse himself with, and the thoughts and theories of Jack and Theocritus opened up to him a new world of which he had not dreamed before, and which

promised to offer him, if not endless amusement—he had outgrown even wishing for that—at least entertainment for a considerable period. So he asked them down to Magdiel Towers, and listened with good-humored cynicism to their views of life and their rhapsodies on the Beautiful, and paid a kindly attention while they read him their poems and other people's poems, and felt feebly thrilled at passages which recalled to him the wildness of his long-perished youth. One evening, in the smoking-room, the talk fell upon politics, for a foreign ambassador, an ex-colonial governor, and a bishop were among the newest visitors to Magdiel Towers, and the duke, who had begun to be a little weary of the arts as expounded by his two poets, had turned the talk upon the policy of the Government. Jack Harris had often expressed of late a lofty scorn of politics and its professors. He had been heard to aver contemptuously that he would not care if England were joined to America to-morrow, so long as he were allowed to write his sonnets and read his Baudelaire. But he did not remember this as he listened with reverent attention to the duke's utterances on foreign affairs; and as he never allowed himself to be long silent upon any subject, he soon flung himself boldly into the conversation and startled some of his hearers by a novel theory of politics. "The politics of the day are all wrong," Jack declared. "They are petty in their aims and ignoble in their purposes. What we want are higher aims and loftier ideals. The questions on which the chosen of the nation waste their strength—what are they? Pitiful matters of political economy and domestic detail. People rouse themselves to tears over a Turnpike Bill, and allow the moments of precious life to perish in miserable speculations of Land Reform. We should have something goodlier than all this; something that answers more truly to the nobility within us, that would feed more fully the hunger of the nation." He paused for a moment. The duke's thin lips smiled satyr-like; the ex-colonial governor stared; the bishop looked bewildered; while the foreign ambassador seemed to be reflecting sadly to

himself that, after all, his command of the English language was not so extensive as he had fondly believed it to be. Theocritus broke the brief silence. "You are right," he said; "very right. These are miserable motives for politicians to squander their strength upon. The true life of a nation lies in the ideal to which it pays honor, not in the legislation it effects. What is the value of a County Franchise compared with a refined sense of the Beautiful? Whether Hodge has a vote or not is of the supremest indifference so long as we have among us men who can do honor to those things of loveliness the world has still to show. Every moment that passes may offer us some new delight; there need not be an instant of our waking or sleeping day without its gracious accompaniment of beauty. He who wakes with the music of the brown bird in his ears, and who wanders forth on the fair lawns in ecstasy of delight at its strophes and anti-strophes of eternal passion and eternal pain—what is it to him whether he happens to be a compound householder or no? He has the wings of the morning, and he is indifferent to the ten-pound franchise. These are questions for peddlers, not for statesmen."

Jack took up the theme. "Happier the man who sits staring long hours into the love-worn eyes of our Lady Lisa, or goes a-wandering in the wan flower-stained gardens of Sandro Botticelli, where the nymphs are whose limbs are lissom with love, than the poor wretch who passes a degraded life in poring over Blue Books, and whose only thoughts of woman are whether she shall not have the ballot. What woman wants is worship of her sovereign and supreme beauty, and not the miserable privilege of thrusting a dirty piece of paper into a wooden box."

"But all women are not beautiful," the duke dryly interposed. "All true women are," Theocritus interposed. "All real women must, by very reason of their being, be beautiful. I never admit that the others exist. Ugly women are but phantasms. I shut my eyes and I see them no more."

The bishop had pretty daughters; the colonial governor had a pretty wife; so they both smiled good-humoredly. As for the ambassador, he had given up all attempt at following the conversation, and was framing the basis of a new treaty between the smoke-circles of his cigar.

"We want a new departure in politics," said Jack. "The loveliness after which we dream should be made the possession of the world. We should not waste our time in commercial considerations—how true that remark of the Master about our indifference as to whether all the Titians in Europe were fashioned into sand-bags!—we should rather teach those beneath us the immeasurable meaning of beauty. We would not give the people freedom, for freedom is only a phrase, and I do not love phrases; but we would give them beautiful songs, and splendid pictures, and the praises of fair women, and set their lives to very music." Jack paused for breath, and Theocritus took up the strain after the fashion of the shepherds of his Sicilian namesake.

"We want this new creed," he said; "the old faiths are dead and buried, and the world is weary of their unlaidd ghosts. We have outlived the religious symbols of our fathers, and can only look with pain on pitiful squabbles about the establishment or disestablishment of a State church. You might as well ask me to take concern in the establishment or disestablishment of Mumbo Jumbo, or to proclaim myself the apostle of any other mid-African fetichry, as waste one thought on so poor a matter. Had we, as of old, a grander faith, such as built abbeys, and painted great pictures, in which men limned the women they loved, to be adored by ignorant crowds as saints—a faith that was filled with music as with wine—the thing would be at least worth keeping for the artistic value it had. But all else is absurd. We are the priests of a new faith, and we will preach it even to martyrdom." He concluded as he lit another of the duke's magnificent cigars, "If ever I go into the House of Commons, when I have nothing better to do, I shall expound

my meaning to the world, and show that the true principles of the world lie in the combination of liberty and civilization."

The bishop, who had shown various signs of indignation during the speech of Theocritus, and was about to interrupt him at one time when he felt the restraining hand of the duke upon his arm, here rose and said he would go to bed; which he did, with the conviction in his mind that his grace was going too far in bringing such extraordinary people to Magdiel Towers.

"Yes," said Jack, when the bishop had departed, "liberty and civilization—these shall be my political watchwords. The two now exist apart. It shall be ours to solder close these impossibilities and make them kiss. The Liberal party represents liberty, indeed, in its crude rough way, but it is a wholly uncivilized liberty, a naked, shameless savage, as it were. The Tory party, on the other hand, have civilization, but they lack the true liberty without which even civilization loses half its value. When I enter political life it will be to combine these two great principles."

The duke had been listening to the last part of the young men's speeches with the closest attention and a curious smile upon his wrinkled face. "So you shall," he said. "Much that you have said has impressed me, and it will not be my fault if you have not the opportunity of fulfilling your mission. If I do not mistake the signs of the times, there is a general election close at hand. Be ready when I call upon you to represent your noble ideas in the senate of your country."

The general election came sooner than was expected; within a very few days of this conversation, while Jack and Theocritus were still guests at the Towers, and before the duke had time either to forget or repent of his resolution. The boroughs of Magdiel and Iram were entirely in the duke's control, for they both belonged to him, and he could have returned a gorilla for either of them if he had chosen. Jack and Theocritus were proposed as candidates by the duke's agent, and as of course no one dreamed of contesting, they were returned without opposition,

and found themselves members of the great new Parliament before they had time to master the first principles of the law of elections as set forth in the shilling handbook which Theocritus had purchased at the Magdiel railway station.

What was the reason the duke had in returning the two poets? He had a grudge against the preceding Government, which was likely to come in again, because it had not taken sufficient notice of his young son, Lord Lotan. Lord Lotan had not been offered a place in the Ministry that went out three years before, although the Magdiels had been consistent supporters of the party from the days of the Long Parliament, and his name had not been talked of for the new Cabinet which had been so often discussed and formed in fancy long before the threatened appeal to the country became an actual fact. So the duke had conceived that it would be exceedingly amusing to harass the government by sending them two such strange supporters as Jack Harris and Theocritus Marlowe. The idea had occurred to him that night in the smoking-room, and he saw the opportunity of a new amusement in the idea of listening from the peers' gallery to such speeches as these in the chamber of St. Stephen's. The duke had never denied himself any amusement in his life, and he did not intend to on this occasion. He pictured to himself the puzzle that the æsthetic ideas of his protégés would be to the Ministry, and he sent Jack and Theocritus into Parliament.

There was considerable flutter among the æsthetics when the news of the return of two of their leaders to Parliament became known, and many were the efforts which their friends made to see the pair and learn the solution of the problem. But Jack and Theocritus had assumed the airs of reserve and wisdom which were becoming to statesmen, and the period that intervened between the election and the meeting of Parliament was passed by them in mysterious seclusion. Those of their allies who happened to see them or hear from them were assured that they were preparing themselves to fight for their cause. Jack had bought a copy of Sir Erskine May's 'Parliamentary Prac-

tice," and he and Theocritus passed long hours in attentive study of its pages.

When the House met, Jack and Theocritus were among the very first to be present. Their long hair floated upon their shoulders in picturesque abandonment. Jack wore a wide felt hat that framed his head as in a dusky aureole, and his form was swathed in the drooping folds of a Spanish cloak; his left hand held a bunch of lilies. Theocritus, who affected the eighteenth century, wore a long frock coat with big buttons, that came nearly to his heels, and a high hat of the sloping type dear to the Directory. He carried a heavy gold-headed cane, and in his button-hole a single red tulip "burned like love's very flame," to use his own expression. The policemen were at first inclined to bar them from passing, but when Jack frowned upon them, and Theocritus exclaimed, "We are members of this House, we are the elect of Magdiel and the chosen of Iram," the guardians let them go by without further protest. Their appearance in the inner lobby created no small sensation even in that crowd of newly elected members busy with the strange business of a new Parliament. Members of the new Government paused in their excited hurrying hither and thither to gaze with wonder upon the artistic forms who stood in the center of the lobby discussing together their plans of action. Ex-ministers for a moment forgot their woes in their wonder at the mystic flower-bearers who conversed together, affecting a serene unconsciousness of the attention that was filling their souls with keen delight. "Who are they?" every one asked of every one else; and when young Lord Lydgate, who represented one of his father's pocket boroughs, was seen to rush up to them as soon as he saw them in the lobby, and remain in deepest consultation with the twain, the excitement knew no bounds, and men forgot their immediate affairs in order to wait till Lord Lydgate was free to ask him who his wonderful friends were. But they waited in vain. Lord Lydgate was quite delighted to find his poetic friends were members of a House whose membership he valued very little

himself, and which he only endured to please his father, and he was rejoiced at the opportunity of taking Jack and Theocritus all over the place and showing and explaining everything to them. He finally conducted them to the smoking-room, and over dainty cigarettes they discussed the future, and Lord Lydgate learned from the lips of his friends the formation of the new party of liberty and civilization. He was charmed by the propositions of the poets, wondered he had never thought of them before in connection with a parliamentary career, and before the talk was ended he was a complete adherent of their views and a sworn follower of the new party.

When Jack and Theocritus had taken the oaths—after duly deciding that they could quite reconcile it with their pagan principle to do so—they took their seats at once on the front bench below the gangway on the ministerial side of the House, one on each side of Lord Lydgate. Though for the first few days, on the advice of Lord Lydgate, they kept a discreet silence, and occupied themselves in getting the way of the place, it soon became known about the House that a new party was going through the process of formation, and that it was to be spoken of as the Fifth party. The noble lord who headed the Fourth party eyed the new-comers with a curious interest, as if he reserved to himself the right of absorbing them into the company of the gentlemen who acted with him if they proved worthy of the honor; while the Third party through its whips made some earnest but futile efforts to elicit the opinion of the strangers on the questions of Griffith's valuation and Home Rule. As the House began to fill, Jack and Theocritus found many friends among some of the youthful Liberals and Tories whose business in life is the putting on of gorgeous apparel. These they had come across occasionally at afternoon teas and garden parties in the days before the visit to Magdiel Towers, and these were very ready to welcome the poets to the House, though they could not, for the life of them, imagine how the deuce they got or what the deuce they wanted there.

A change began to come over the House in consequence of the presence of the æsthetics. The lobbies were besieged now by picturesque long-haired youths of strange attire, who were always sending in their names for Mr. Harris or Mr. Marlowe, and who had generally some brilliant ideas to propose as to the means by which the new principles of liberty and civilization—"Lasenby Liberty and civilization," a scoffing critic styled it—were best to be carried out. Deputations from the Kyrle Society and other bodies of kindred purposes waited upon the members for Magdiel and Iram in the conference-room and broached plans for Government subsidization and patronage. Youthful painters came down to the House, with huge canvases which had been rejected by miserable hanging committees, in order that the attention of the Government might be called to their case; and youthful poets, with huge rolls of rejected manuscripts in their hands, demanded sternly that hostile publishers should be brought to the bar of the House. The ladies' gallery too began to change its character not a little; for it was now always besieged by strangely clad damsels sad-eyed and disordered of hair, who peered through the grating eagerly on the bench where Jack and Theocritus sat, and murmured softly the while some lines of the two masters' latest lyrics. In the gallery under the clock the chosen friends of Jack and Theocritus would sit in languid attitudes, with bunches of flowers in their hands, looking with dreamy disdain upon all save the three who championed art in Parliament. Sometimes these youths brought books with them—volumes of songs inspired by a sad sensuality, with which they sought to refresh themselves when the debate turned upon some tedious topic connected with the welfare of the mass of the people; but these studies were always harshly interrupted by the watchful attendants, to the great disgust of the young men, who declared that the tyranny of the time was really too oppressive, and made them long for the myrtle-clad swords of the Grecian comrades whose characters were at least in some respects very dear to them. One fiery soul—it was Heli-

ogabalus Murdle—declared one day in a loud tone in the lobby, to an admiring group, that the Speaker ought to be sent to prison, and he was about to add that when he got to Parliament he would see it done, when he was promptly removed into the outer air by Inspector Denning; and it was with very great difficulty, and only after the personal interference of Lord Lydgate, whose family commanded several votes in another place, that the expelled bard was allowed to enter the sacred precincts again. He had, however, the consolation of figuring as a martyr in his circle, especially by its women, by whom he was regarded as a sort of improved copy of Coriolanus, Dante, and Alcibiades combined. Jack and Theocritus peopled the smoking-room with their friends, who smoked innumerable cigarettes and talked in loud tones of the various women they honored with their poetic adoration, and murmured to each other fragments of erotic song, which had the effect of greatly horrifying some elderly members who did not understand the beauty of higher culture. Lord Lydgate liked the whole thing immensely. Up to this time he had had nothing to do in the House except to dress himself very carefully and wander about the lobbies with a simper on his face and a scented handkerchief held to his nose. Now he found his time fully occupied, and he felt that he was a person of importance. The two members were certainly the lions of the hour, and Lord Lydgate, who in his vacuous way wanted to be thought clever, fancied that he was the only person who truly appreciated the great principles of liberty combined with civilization. Jack and Theocritus assured him that he was made for high destinies, and alluded vaguely to the necessity that would be his, when Prime Minister, of being a master of all the principles of artistic truth.

The new party were quiet for some little time, while the House was struggling through some business; but they felt that it would not do to allow too much time to pass before they began the great campaign. One fateful day, therefore, at motion time, Jack Harris rose from his place below the gangway, and gave

notice that he would on the following day ask the Honorable Gentleman the Prime Minister if he was aware that the identity of the Laura of Petrarcha was still an unsettled question ; and if, in view of the great importance of the question, and the necessity for England to show herself eminent in striving for its solution, he would appoint a select committee of the House to investigate the matter. Silence held the astonished Commons for some seconds after Jack had given his notice, and then came such a shriek of laughter as has seldom disturbed the peace of the Gothic chamber, while Jack pulled his swart sombrero over his eyes, and devoted himself to the study of a mass of documents in relation to the great question he had just propounded to the House. Members who did not know who Jack was, asked each other if the member for Magdiel was mad, or if a silly practical joke was intended ; while those senators who had been favored through Lord Lydgate—who had constituted himself the whip of the Fifth party—with the views of Jack and Theocritus on the union of liberty and civilization, explained that Mr. Harris was a great poet, and that he was quite in earnest about Petrarch's Laura. One of the Government whips waited on Jack, whom he found in deep consultation with Theocritus and Lord Lydgate in the quietest corner of the smoking-room, to inquire if he really intended asking the question of which he had given notice. With all the gravity of offended statesmanship, Jack assured his interrogator that he certainly did, and that he considered the backwardness of England in these matters of research, and her indifference to that love for poetry and poets which is the crown of a great country, as the most fatal signs of England's degradation. The puzzled whip retired to inform his chiefs of Jack's determination, and the three friends were left to finish in peace a scheme they were drawing up for awarding a Government prize of a golden apple to the most beautiful woman every year.

Next day the House was unusually crowded at question time, and much anxiety was felt for the time when Jack's question,

which stood pretty early on the paper, should be reached. At last the moment came: the Speaker called Mr. Harris, and Jack rose. In a calm tone he read his question and sat down. Amid shouts of laughter the Prime Minister immediately rose and advanced to the table with a countenance which his efforts wholly failed to render grave. He fancied, he said, that the House would hardly require him to reply at any great length to the extraordinary question that had just been addressed to him (cheers from the House, and counter-cheers from the Fifth party); he would not like to attribute anything like levity to any member of that House ("Hear, hear," from Lord Lydgate), but he really must warn his young friend that he was trifling with the temper of that House (great cheering, and "No, no," from Lord Lydgate). He had no doubt that the House would see in the youth of the member the fittest excuse for his conduct (cries of "Order, order," and "Shame" from Lord Lydgate and Mr. Theocritus Marlowe). With regard to the question itself, he had indeed his own opinions, founded upon a pretty long and close acquaintance with the writings of the great Italian poet, and he had some thought at a leisure opportunity of communicating his ideas to the world, in some other form. But he must remind the honorable member that topics which might be very appropriately considered in the pages of the Nineteenth Century were hardly to be considered appropriate to the House of Commons, which he must request the honorable member to recollect was not a Dilettante Society. As the Prime Minister sat down amidst loud cheers, Jack sprang to his feet, and in a somewhat excited tone, but with perfectly calm manner, informed the Speaker that, in consequence of the peculiar nature of the reply of the Prime Minister, he would offer some remarks, and would conclude with a motion. The scene instantly became one of indescribable confusion; members shouting "Order, order" at the top of their voice, while Jack endeavored to get his observations heard through the din.

"Mr. Speaker, the matter to which I wish the attention of the

House of Commons to direct itself is of the greatest and gravest importance to all men whose intellects have passed beyond that of the primal savage. Only a mind infected by malignity or crippled by imbecility could fail to see, with clearness of very sunlight at noontide, the supreme measure of fate-filled necessity that is now about us and upon us to divine who was that most precious and perfect of all fair and radiant women whose name the loud lips of Petrarch—golden-mouthed indeed, in truer sense than any saintship of them all—had done honor to in verse more sweet than the honey which drowned that melodious singer of old Greece, and more musical in its very oneness and entirety of passion than the tremulous measures of Galuppi or the high serenity of Margaritone of Arezzo." Thus far had Jack got—thus much, at least, did Theocritus, who was taking notes, make up of what he was trying to say—when the Speaker rose and quelled the storm by calling the honorable member's attention to the fact that, under one of the newest of the new rules, he was not privileged to continue his observations. Jack, who had been pulled down by Lord Lydgate when the Speaker got up, now rose on a whisper from his whip, and announced that he would on a future occasion draw the attention of the House to the matter.

If, however, the House imagined the spirit of the Fifth party was broken by this rebuff, they were very much mistaken. Jack and Theocritus soon began work in earnest. Theocritus set the game afoot by asking the Home Secretary if he would lay upon the table of the House a return of the different forms of sonnets practiced by poets since the time of Dante of Majano. Jack moved for a commission to inquire into the effect of European pigments upon Japanese art. Lord Lydgate recommended to the House the necessity of erecting statues to Mr. Burne Jones, Pico Della Mirandula, and Walt Whitman, in Palace Yard. Theocritus moved that St. Just's laws relating to friendship be incorporated in the English Constitution. In Committee of Supply one day, Jack rose and gravely moved that the Chairman

do leave the chair, and proceeded to point out that his reasons for doing so were in order to show that he had some doubts as to the genuineness of a Mantegna which had just been acquired by the National Gallery, and which Jack was inclined to believe was in reality from the brush of Francia. He made some very eloquent remarks on the subject and on art in general, and was called several times to order; and being threatened with being named, sat down after his motion. The Chairman put the question "that I do now leave the chair: those who are for the motion say 'Aye'" ("Aye" said Jack), "the contrary 'No'" (an angry yell of "No" from all parts of the House). "I think the noes have it," said the Chairman sternly. "The ayes have it," shouted Jack. "Strangers must withdraw," said the Chairman. The bell rang, and members trooped in, wondering what on earth the unexpected division was about; a matter on which the bewildered whips were scarcely better able to inform them. When the period of probation had expired, the Chairman again put the question with the same result, and his expression of opinion that the noes have it was again challenged by the Honorable Member for Magdiel. "Does the honorable gentleman name a teller?" inquired the Chairman of Committees sternly, and with a half-hope that he would not do so. But Jack was equal to the occasion, and promptly named Theocritus. The Chairman shrugged his shoulders. "The ayes to the right, noes to the left," he said. "Tellers for the ayes, Mr. Theocritus Marlowe and Lord Lydgate, tellers for the noes, Lord Richard Grosvenor and Lord Kensington." When the division was taken, Jack was defeated by a majority of about four hundred as against his solitary vote on the great Mantegna question.

The next step taken by the party was to improve the laws of England by a gallant attempt to add to the statute-book a measure of their own. Jack put down his name to bring in a bill for the revival and formation of the Courts of Love in England. This measure Jack had printed like a parliamentary paper, and issued it to all his friends—a circumstance which for-

tunately enables us to reproduce it here, as it never came to its first reading. The bill, which was called "The Courts of Love (England) Bill," and which bore on its back the names of John Harris, Theocritus Marlowe, and Lord Lydgate, ran as follows :

"Be it enacted by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in the present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows :

"(1.) That certain Courts, Parliaments, or Tribunals shall be established throughout England to be used and applied as courts of judgment and award in all cases connected with the affairs of love that may be brought before it.

"(2.) That the jurisdiction of the aforesaid Courts, Parliaments, or Tribunals shall only extend in cases where such judgment is voluntarily appealed to by all persons concerned, but that in such cases its jurisdiction shall be binding.

"(3.) That the principles which regulate the actions of the aforesaid Courts shall be based upon the rules of André Le Chappelain, Geoffrey Chaucer, and others, as compiled by a commission to be composed of the Members in charge of this Bill."

At last the climax came. One night in Committee, Jack rose and moved that the estimates be reduced by the salary of the Governor of the Mint, on the ground that the coinage of England was hideous in the extreme and called for immediate improvement.

"In a well-governed country," he argued, "everything should be beautiful, from the houses wherein we dwell to the coins wherewith we traffic with our fellows, and which we are so often compelled to touch and gaze upon." He proceeded at considerable length to dwell upon the exceeding loveliness of Greek coins, and to urge upon the Ministry the real necessity for introducing a coinage the use of which would infallibly inculcate the true principles of beauty in the minds of all classes. "The busi-

ness of money is not alone for the purposes of trade," Jack explained. "True money is intensely symbolic, and every coin which has to pass through our hands should awaken a flood of wonderful associations. And what are the considerations which deprive us of this?—The basest considerations of convenience. People tell me that it is more convenient for coins to be round, that they are troublesome to count if they are in high relief, and that they should be as light as possible. Absurd! what has convenience to do with the matter? Our gold coins should be marvels of subtle workmanship, exquisitely suggestive of the higher ideal. Let us revive for to-day the images of old Greece, the deities whose forms remain forever imperishable in marble. In place of the meaningless absurdities which now desecrate our coinage, let the heads of our loveliest women be graven upon it by our greatest craftsmen, that their grace may be known wherever the commerce of England extends, and their sweet memory be made perpetual." Here Jack was interrupted by the leader of the Opposition, who asked if the honorable member was in order in thus introducing the question of coinage into the debate. The Chairman said that he could not actually convict the honorable member of being out of order, but that he was certainly taxing the patience of the House very severely. Jack sternly replied that the House must learn patience, and that he would not, while the cause of art was at stake, suffer dictation from any miserable Philistine. Here several members rose to order, and one member of the Government moved that the words of the speaker be taken down. The Chairman asked the honorable member if he applied the phrase "miserable Philistine" to any member of that House. Jack observed firmly that he was unavoidably compelled to apply it to every member of that House who did not agree with him; an observation that was greeted with shouts of anger from the House and indignant cheers from Theocritus and Lord Lydgate. The Chairman rose and called upon the honorable member for Magdiel to withdraw the expression. Jack, folding his arms and looking pale

but determined, declined to do so. The Chairman in consequence said sadly, "I name you, Mr. Harris," and the leader of the Ministry immediately rose and moved that the member be suspended. The division was defiantly challenged by the Fifth party, but the solitary vote they were able to record against the overwhelming majority of the House did not save Jack Harris from being solemnly suspended. When the numbers were read, therefore, and the shouts of laughter which greeted them had died away, the Chairman called on Jack Harris to withdraw. Jack, however, who had held a hurried consultation with his friends, declined to do so until the Sergeant-at-arms was sent for. As the hand of Captain Gossett fell upon his shoulder, the honorable member for Magdiel rose, and, folding his arms scornfully, declared that he was glad to suffer martyrdom in so good a cause. He then strode sternly out of the House. Theocritus Marlowe immediately rose to protest against the shameless tyranny to which his honorable friend had been subjected. He likened the Prime Minister to a second-hand Cicero paltering with treachery. He was immediately called to order by a youthful Liberal lord who had just returned from a diplomatic mission to the East, and was summoned by the chairman to withdraw the phrase. "I refuse," thundered Theocritus, "to withdraw any phrase at the dictates of a tyrant." He was immediately named, a division was once more challenged, and in his turn Theocritus was summoned to withdraw. Theocritus rose: "It has been the misfortune of all great men to be persecuted," he said. "What Florence did to Dante, what Athens to Socrates, what Rome to Ovid, Westminster does to-day to me. But I will not stir until I am dragged at the dictates of despotism from the altar of liberty." He sat down and pressed his lips fervently to the tulip he habitually carried in his hand, while the House howled with laughter, and Lord Lydgate hear-hear'd vigorously. When the Sergeant-at-arms appeared, Theocritus rose, and, shaking his tulip at Mr. Playfair, went to join his friend, who was waiting for him outside in an attitude of Early-Italian martyrdom, and

the two went to the play together to worship the fair actress who was the star of æstheticism.

The next day, however, Jack and Theocritus were free to return to the service of the House. There was a look of ominous calm upon their features which ought to have alarmed the unconscious Ministry. There was a lengthy consultation with Lord Lydgate in the morning, and it was evident that the Fifth party were not crushed. Some rumor of coming wonders must have got abroad, for the House was crowded with the worshippers of higher culture and the devotees of the intense, who permeated the lobbies and besieged the galleries. Fair women looked down eagerly from behind their railings upon the crowded chamber, where the terrible three sat in their familiar places.

When the questions had come to an end Jack suddenly rose. "Mr. Speaker," he said, "I move that this House do now adjourn. The reason for which I do so is, that I wish to criticise the conduct of the Ministry in their shameless attack upon me and my friend last night, for which I intend to move that a vote of censure be passed upon them." Here the House began to shout at Jack, who went on through all the clamor with observations from which some fragments about "miserable despotism," "sacred cause of art," were caught. Members were rising to right and left and front of him shouting for order, but Jack refused to sit down, though the Speaker rose. The Speaker sat down, and the Prime Minister, rising to his feet, moved that the member for Magdiel be no longer heard. The Speaker instantly put the question, which was of course carried, but Jack calmly defied the decision of the House by springing up and going on with his denunciations of the Philistine Ministry. The Speaker ordered him to leave the chamber, which Jack refused to do. Whereupon the Sergeant-at-arms again made his appearance. Before the display of force a second time Jack yielded and was removed. Theocritus felt that all eyes were on him.

He rushed to the middle of the House, and declared that the proceedings were infamous and cowardly. He was promptly removed. After a rapid consultation, the offending members, in spite of a protest from Lord Lydgate, were ordered to be confined in the Clock Tower during the pleasure of the House—an order which was immediately carried out.

The Home Secretary penned an indignant letter to the Duke of Magdiel, reproaching him for sending such representatives to Parliament, an epistle which greatly delighted the venerable peer. He felt, however, that things had gone far enough. The next day he left Magdiel Towers and visited his friends in their prison. He found Jack and Theocritus sitting by the fire after breakfast smoking cigarettes. Jack had a piece of paper on his knees, from which he was jotting down the idea for a sonnet to be called "Prison Thoughts," and Theocritus was reading Mr. Pater's essays to himself in a low tone. A little pile of visiting-cards showed that the tedium of prison life had not been unrelieved. The duke had a long consultation with them. He urged them to resign. This the two honorable members firmly declined to do. During the conference Lord Lydgate came in. He had been discussing the question with the Liberal whips. If the offending members would apologize to the House they would be forgiven. At last a compromise was arrived at. Jack and Theocritus agreed to apologize and return to their places. They would hold their seats a little longer to sustain their dignity, and would then resign, if the duke would use his influence with the Ministry to get them some comfortable Government appointment. The programme was carried out. Jack and Theocritus apologized to the House and were immediately released. Some little time later they both applied for the Chiltern Hundreds on the plea that their health required change of air. When their application was granted, they went to Italy for some months. On their return they received places in the Education Office. Magdiel and Iram are now represented by a younger son of advanced

ideas and a steady-going Liberal linen-draper. The first vacant place in the Ministry was offered to the duke's son, Lord Lotan.

JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, in *Belgravia*.

A DAY WITH LISZT IN 1880.

Franz Liszt is one of the few living representatives of that great upheaval of ideas known as the Romantic movement of 1830.

Abroad the new aspirations, cramped in politics, found their solace and ideal fulfillment in the realms of literature and of art. The names of George Sand, Alfred de Musset, M. Lamartine, and Hugo; of De Lamennais in religion; of Chopin, Liszt, Berlioz, Wagner in music, are but so many expressions of that suppressed excitement of new life which found its chief vent in literature and art on the Continent, and gave us a new burst of painting and poetry, and the Reform Bill, in England.

The new spirit, the "Zeitgeist," the young Impulse, of the nineteenth century, now grown to maturity, was then abroad and busy in overturning kingdoms and theories of art, philosophy, and religion with rigorous impartiality.

There are few survivals of that stirring and romantic epoch. Liszt is amongst them. Once the idol of every capital in the civilized world as an executive musician, he was placed years ago on an unapproachable pedestal.

Few amongst us even who have reached middle life have heard him play; he belongs to the epoch of Paganini, Malibran, and Lablache—not to the epoch of Titiens, Joachim, and Rubinstein. To have heard him is to have heard a man who in the beginning of this century as completely transformed the school of pianoforte-playing as did Paganini the school of violin-playing. The Liszt method has profoundly influenced even the severer

clique of classical experts in Germany; and the greatness and foresight of Liszt is evidenced in the fact that no pianoforte development since has in the least outgrown the impulse given it by him nearly fifty years ago; nor as executants can even Rubinstein or Bülow claim to have done more than offer successive illustrations of the great master's method and manner.

As I drove through the groves of olives brightening with crude berries that clothe the slopes of Tivoli, and entered the gateway which leads up to the ducal Villa d'Este, it was with something of the feeling of a pilgrim who approaches a shrine. Two massive doors open on to a monastic cloister, and the entrance to the villa itself is out of the cloisters, just as the rooms are entered from the cloister of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Here for six years past in the autumn Liszt has led a retired life, varied by occasional excursions to Rome.

I was conducted up a staircase which opened on to a lofty terrace, and thence into a side room, whilst the Swiss valet disappeared to summon the Abbate Liszt. In another moment I saw a side door open, and the venerable figure of Liszt, already for years engraven on my heart, advanced towards me.

It was the same noble and commanding form—with the large finely chiseled features, the restless glittering eye still full of untamed fire, the heavy white hair, thick mantling on the brow and cropped square only where it reached the shoulders, down which I can well imagine it might have continued to flow unchecked like a snowy cataract.

He came forward with that winning smile of bonhomie which at once invites cordiality, and drew me to him with both hands, conducting me at once into a little inner sitting-room with a window opening on to the distant Campagna.

The room was dark, and completely furnished with deep red damask—cool and shadowy contrast to the burning sunshine of

Italy. After alluding to our last meeting in Wagner's house at Bayreuth, which recalled also the name of Walter Bache, who has worked so bravely for Liszt's music in England, he said, "Now tell me, how is Bache? I have a particular, quite particular, regard for Bache; he stayed with me here some years ago, and he has been very steadfast in presenting my works in England; and tell me, how is Victor Hugo? and have you seen Renan lately?" I was overwhelmed by these inquiries and the like. I could not give him very good accounts of M. Hugo, whose health I feared was declining; but I said that the last evening I had spent with him in Paris he had received up to twelve at night, and seemed full of life; although his hours are much earlier now. Of M. Renan I could of course speak much more fully, as he had so recently been in England. "Renan took me to M. Hugo's when I was in Paris, and we had a delightful evening," he remarked. After asking after a few other personal friends, he said, "I am glad to see you here. At this time I have a little more leisure. I escape to this retreat for rest. At Rome I am besieged (obsédé) by all sorts of people, with whom I do not care to entertain particular relations—why should I? what have we in common?—they come out of curiosity to stare, that is all; and even here I am worried with callers, who have no interest for me;" and indeed it was current in Rome that the Abbate Liszt would receive no one at Tivoli; and especially ladies were not admitted.

I could not help admiring the situation of the Villa d'Este. "Indeed," said Liszt, "this is quite a princely residence; it is rented by the Cardinal Hohenlöhe, with whom I have had very old and friendly relations; he is good enough to apportion it to me in the autumn; you see his picture hangs there. The place is quite a ruin. It belongs to the Duke of Modena, but of course they cannot keep it up now; the Cardinal spent about £2,000 to make it habitable. You shall see presently, the terraces are rather rough; I don't often go about the place, but I will come out with you now and show you some points of view.

I lunch about one o'clock; you will stay and put up with the *hospitalité de garçon*."

He then led me to the window. Down the slope of a precipitous mountain stretched the Villa d'Este gardens; tall cypress trees marked the line of walk and terrace; groves of olive, between which peeped glittering cascades and lower parterres, studded here and there with a gleaming statue, and tall jets of water, eternally spouting, fed from the Marcian springs; the extremity of the park seems to fade away, at an immense depth, into the billowy Campagna.

It was like an enchanted scene; from the contemplation of which I was roused by the Abbate taking my arm, and, passing through several ante-chambers, we emerged on to the raised terrace, which commanded one of the most striking views in Italy, or the world.

"Round to the left," said Liszt, "lies Hadrian's Villa, and perhaps your eyes are good enough to see St. Peter's yonder in the horizon." The gray mist hung at a distance of eighteen miles over the straggling buildings of distant Rome; but they gleamed out here and there. Beyond these wooded flanks of the mountain; beyond the ruins of villas where Mæcenas and Horace and the Antonines held their revels; beyond the rushing murmur of cascades and fountains; never silent, yet ever making a low and slumberous melody, lay the Campagna like a vast lake, over which the shadow of cloud and the flicker of sunlight swept and faded out; and again beyond the Campagna loomed the Eternal City, with its mighty dome.

We seemed lifted into the upper air, as on the spacious summit of a lofty precipice; the dry vine leaves hung about, the trellised parapets, and the Virginian creeper was just beginning to turn.

Liszt was silent. As I looked at the noble and expressive features, never quite in repose, and strongly marked with the traces of those immense emotions which have been embodied by him in his great orchestral preludes, and thundered by him

through every capital in Europe, in the marvelous performances of his earlier days, I could not help saying, "If you do not find rest here you will find rest nowhere on earth:" it was indeed a realm of unapproachable serenity and peace. Then we descended by winding ways, pausing in the long walk, thickly shaded with olive trees and beloved ilex, where fifty lions' heads spout fifty streams into an ancient moss-grown tank.

"It is," said Liszt, "a retreat for summer: you can walk all day about these grounds and never fear the sun—all is shade. But come down lower;" and so we went, at times turning round to look down an avenue, or catch, through the trees, a peep of the glowing horizon beyond.

Presently we came to a central space, led into by four tall cypress groves. Here, up from a round sheet of water in front of us, leaped four jets to an immense height; and here we rested, whilst the Abbate gave me some account of this Villa or Château d'Este, and its former owners, which differed not greatly from what may be found in most guide-books.

As we reascended, the bell of Sta. Croce, in the tall campanile over the cloisters which form part of the Villa d'Este, rang out a quarter to one.

It was a bad bell, like most Italian bells, and I naturally alluded to the superiority of Belgian bells above all others. Rather to my surprise Liszt said, "Yes, but how are they played? I remember being much struck by the Antwerp carillon." I described to him the mechanism of the carillon clavecin and tambour, and reminded him that the Antwerp carillon was much out of tune, Bruges being superior, as well as of heavier caliber, and Mechlin bearing off the palm for general excellence. We stopped short on one of the terraces, and he seemed much interested with a description I gave him of a performance by the great carillonneur M. Denyn at Mechlin, and which reminded me of Rubinstein at his best. He expressed surprise when I alluded to Van den Gheyn's compositions for bells, laid out like regular fugues and organ voluntaries, and equal in their way to

Bach or Handel, who were contemporaries of the great Belgian organist and carillonneur. "But," he said, "the Dutch have also good bells. I was once staying with the King in Holland, and I believe it was at Utrecht that I heard some bell music which was quite wonderful." I have listened myself to that Utrecht carillon, which is certainly superior, and is usually well handled.

We had again reached the upper terrace, where the Abbate's mid-day repast was being laid out by his valet. It was a charming situation for lunch, commanding that wide and magnificent prospect to which I have alluded; but autumn was far advanced, there was a fresh breeze, and the table was ordered indoors. Meanwhile, Liszt laying his hand upon my arm, we passed through the library, opening into his bed-room, and thence to a little sitting-room (the same which commanded that view of the Campagna). Here stood his grand Erard piano. "As we were talking of bells," he said, "I should like to show you an 'Angelus' which I have just written;" and opening the piano, he sat down. This was the moment which I had so often and so vainly longed for.

When I left England, it seemed to me as impossible that I should ever hear Liszt play, as that I should ever see Mendelssohn, who has been in his grave for thirty-three years. How few of the present generation have had this privilege! At Bayreuth, I had hoped, but no opportunity offered itself, and it is well known that Liszt can hardly ever be prevailed upon to open the piano in the presence of strangers. A favorite pupil, Polig, who was then with him at Villa d'Este, told me he rarely touched the piano, and that he himself had seldom heard him—"but," he added with enthusiasm, "when the master touches the keys, it is always with the same incomparable effect, unlike any one else: always perfect."

"You know," said Liszt, turning to me, "they ring the 'Angelus' in Italy carelessly; the bells swing irregularly, and leave off, and the cadences are often broken up thus;" and be-

gan a little swaying passage in the treble—like bells tossing high up in the evening air: it ceased, but so softly that the half-bar of silence made itself felt, and the listening ear still carried the broken rhythm through the pause. The Abbate himself seemed to fall into a dream; his fingers fell again lightly on the keys, and the bells went on, leaving off in the middle of a phrase. Then rose from the bass the song of the Angelus, or rather, it seemed like the vague emotion of one who, as he passes, hears in the ruins of some wayside cloister the ghosts of old monks humming their drowsy melodies, as the sun goes down rapidly, and the purple shadows of Italy steal over the land, out of the orange west!

We sat motionless—the disciple on one side, I on the other. Liszt was almost as motionless: his fingers seemed quite independent, chance ministers of his soul. The dream was broken by a pause; then came back the little swaying passage of bells, tossing high up in the evening air, the half-bar of silence, the broken rhythm—and the Angelus was rung.

Luncheon being announced, we rose, and Liszt, turning to his young friend Polig, who occupies an apartment at Este, and enjoys the great master's help in his musical studies: "Go, dear friend," he said, "and join us in about an hour—nay, sooner if you will."

So we sat down in the cosily furnished little sitting-room—dark, like all the Abbate's suite of apartments, and evidently intended to shut out the sun.

I was still heated with our clambering walk, and Liszt insisted on my keeping on my great-coat, and provided me in addition with a priest's silken skull-cap, playfully remarking, "As you call me 'Abbate,' I shall address you as 'Il Reverendo,' and whenever you come here, you will find this priest's cap ready for you."

The "hospitalité de garçon" proved anything but ascetic. A vegetable soup, macaroni with tomato sauce, a faultless beef-steak or "bistecco" dressed with fried mushrooms, cooked dry;

a peculiar salad, composed of a variety of herbs in addition to leeks, onions, lettuce, and fruit, the like of which I can never hope to take until I lunch again with the Abbate at the Villa d'Este.

We were alone. I need not say that, in such company, the wines seemed to me to possess an ideal fragrance and a Sicilian flavor wholly unlike and incomparably superior to the heavy vintages of Spain. There were some questions about Mendelssohn and Chopin that I had always wished to ask; but at first the conversation was much more general. We spoke of the curious recent fancy of the Italians for Wagner's music; the way his operas had been produced at Bologna, and just then "*Rienzi*" at Rome. "Yes," he said; "the Italians are beginning to understand more kinds of melody than one; they perceive, perhaps, that Wagner's melody pervades each part of his score, so that you can have a *mélodie à plusieurs étages*. This notion of "a melody in flats," or "of several stories," struck me as most apt, as well as humorous. Speaking of Wagner, I related to him an unhappy occasion on which I had been requested by Lord — to try and prevail on Wagner, when in England, to accompany me to his house one night, where we were to meet a royal princess most anxious to see Wagner. I reluctantly undertook the mission, but failed to induce the great Maestro to go with me, and was placed in the unpleasant position of having to apologize on my arrival for his absence. "Ah," said Liszt, laughing, "a similar thing occurred to me lately: some royalties at Sienna asked me to get Wagner to meet them; but I knew Wagner better, and at once declined to charge myself with that commission. Your mention of Lord — reminds me that I knew him, years ago; indeed, in my young days, I was on one occasion at his house, and, curiously enough, a regrettable event occurred to me also. Some ladies present importuned me to play. I was not unwilling, but I did not quite care for the manner in which I was pressed, and I declined; indeed, I believe I left the house rather abruptly. Well, it was a time when

I was playing a good deal in the various capitals of Europe, and much more fuss was being made with me than was perhaps necessary; and then, you know, I was much younger, and I dare say acted hastily; but I have always regretted it."

He spoke very little of his extraordinary successes when at his zenith, which can only be compared to the sensation produced by Paganini. But he spoke with pride of having received the celebrated kiss of Beethoven. "Ay," he said, "when I was a very young man, and in public, too, it was difficult to get the great man to go and hear rising talent; but my father got Schindler to induce Beethoven to come and hear me—and he embraced me before the whole company." A similar event occurred to Joachim, who, when a boy, received the public embrace of Mendelssohn after playing a fugue of Bach's.

Liszt spoke in the highest terms of Herr Richter, at the same time regretting that the Wagner Festivals at the Albert Hall had not been financially more successful.

Having been accused, in America and elsewhere, of misrepresenting the relations between Wagner and Meyerbeer, and knowing that Wagner will never mention Meyerbeer's name, nor allow any one to speak of him in his presence, I asked Liszt whether it was true that Meyerbeer had introduced Wagner to M. Joly in Paris, with a view to bringing out his "Flying Dutchman," knowing all the time that M. Joly was on the point of bankruptcy. "Well," said Liszt, "that is probably true. No one is exactly to blame, if a young unknown man fails to arrive at once at the Grand Opera de Paris; getting up a work there is a question of many months and thousands of pounds. Wagner's libretto was bought for a small sum, his music discarded, and he was practically turned adrift. Afterward, he was notoriously forced to live by arranging Italian opera tunes for the piano and cornet-à-piston. It is possible that Meyerbeer may have been of some small use to Wagner at first, but Wagner will not hear of him. Mendelssohn had the same antipathy." Now I saw another opportunity: "I have often wondered, in

reading Mendelssohn's letters," I said, "why his allusions to you are so brief and so few; here and there, we read that you were of the company, that the evening was delightful, and that you or Chopin played; and Mendelssohn seems to have little more to say, though in his allusions to many of his great contemporaries he is often explicit and detailed enough." "Ah! well," said Liszt, "Mendelssohn's letters have been, to some extent, what is called arranged and selected for publication. There is a good deal which it was not advisable to print, or that couldn't be printed; and then there was something between me and Mendelssohn: I am sure I don't quite know what; but at one time, a certain coolness sprang up between us; it was, however, much more between our followers than between us. Mendelssohn did not get on with the French: at Paris, for instance, and with reason there; then, at Berlin and Leipsic too he had his difficulties with the musical authorities, some of whom were certainly my friends. The first time I saw Mendelssohn was at Berlin; I called in the morning, about twelve o'clock; he was charming, full of life and vigor, and received me joyously. Madame Mendelssohn pressed me to stay to lunch, and, meaning to go, I still stayed on talking and playing, till suddenly it was six o'clock, and then he said, 'Now you must stay and dine.' So I stayed, and left about nine o'clock, after a delightful day; then the next time we met, we had some words about Meyerbeer, whom Mendelssohn could not endure, and I spoke rather hotly. I dare say I was in the wrong, but somehow, from that time, we ceased to be quite so cordial, and we did not meet very often; but there was no rupture or quarrel between us, none ever; our partisans quarreled; but between us personally there was never any real animosity. And then quite late in his career, a year before he died, Mendelssohn did a very graceful little thing. He bought me a MS. of Beethoven, a chorus copied in Beethoven's hand out of Mozart's 'Don Juan;' he knew it was the kind of thing I should value very highly, and he bade me keep it for his sake. Well, I was traveling about—I gave it

with other things into my mother's keeping, and I suppose it was showd about, and some one stole it; at any rate, it disappeared; but I always like to remember it, because it proved that, notwithstanding the serious differences which had arisen between our schools and methods before his death, personally he felt kindly toward me down to the last."

The conversation turning on Heine—"Of course I knew Heine. He was one of those original eccentrics whom it is difficult to class: his reputation was a *célébrité d'auberge*. Yes, he alluded to me in some of his prose works not unkindly. I had the misfortune (*maladresse*) to set one of his songs to music."

"How few good poems there are suitable for music!"

"Yes, and how little good music!"

Of Paganini he said, "No one who has not heard him can form the least idea of his playing. The fourth-string performances, the tunes in harmonics, and the arpeggios used as he used them, were then all new to the public and the players too; they sat staring at him open-mouthed. Every one can play his music now, but the same impression can never again be made."

Of Bottesini, the double bass soloist, he said, "He is the only great player of my time whom I have never heard."

Liszt was very humorous upon vamped-up reputations, and the airs and graces which musicians give themselves.

"After a bit, in England, at least, you must be 'dignified'—that is a good word; the English like a 'dignified professor!' " and he drew himself up like a very Pecksniff, put on a look of solemn and dictatorial gravity, lifting both hands sideways as it were to keep off all common intruders.

Speaking of Bülow and of Rubinstein, he said, "They are two men who stand quite apart from all the rest; still, the general level of pianoforte-playing has immensely risen within the last twenty years. There is, however, a good deal of 'humbug' about some professional reputations;" and pretending to hold very carefully a watering-pot, he added, "Some reputations take a good deal of judicious watering. I could mention some who

had the good fortune to marry people who watered them beautifully in the newspapers. It makes some difference, you know. I don't say that you can create a reputation without talent; but the 'humbug' is too often at top, and the 'talent' at the bottom; and in England you are miserably taken in by foreigners. It is your own fault; but the way mediocre foreign talent has been over and over again pushed in England—especially bad singers—is simply scandalous."

How interesting it would be to read the memoirs and criticisms of Liszt upon music and musicians for the last fifty years! No one living, perhaps, with the exception of Professor Ella, has such a rich store of musical experience and incident to fall back upon.

"I have often wished," I said, "that you had written more of your recollections of those great musicians, artists, and poets with whom you have been connected." I alluded to his charming Life of Chopin. "Ah!" he said abruptly, "Chopin had no life, properly speaking; his was an exclusive, self-centered personality. He lived inwardly—he was silent and reserved, never said much, and people were often deceived about him, and he never undeceived them. People talk of the '*style*' of Chopin, the '*touch*' of Chopin, and of playing like Chopin. When he played himself, he played admirably well, and especially his own compositions; but he was supposed to have formed a school of Chopinites, who had the Tradition—and you heard that Mr. *This*, and Madame *That*—they alone could play like Chopin—he had formed them—people danced round them, and they affected to have the true Chopin secret. Yes," he said, "it was absurd enough; and Chopin looked on, and said nothing; he was very diplomatic—he never troubled himself to stop this cant, and to this day there may be those who play 'like Chopin'—who have received the sacred 'Tradition.' C'était comme cela du commencement, ce n'était pas l'école, c'était plutôt 'l'église de Chopin!'" The last words were pronounced in a solemn tone, and with a look of mock gravity indescribably humorous.

As he rose from the table, Liszt said, "You spoke of my sketch of Chopin—I have just brought out a new edition of it at Leipzig." We went into the library, and he gave me a handsome quarto volume of 312 pages, printed in French on fine paper; "Take it," he said; "you will find some forty pages more than in the edition you have read." I opened the volume, and on the frontispiece found that Liszt had written aslant—

"Au révérend Hugh Reginald Haweis, affectueux souvenir de la Villa d'Este.

"November 17,

"'80.

"F. LISZT."

I had conceived, ever since I had studied the life and works of Chopin, the greatest desire to hear him played by Liszt: indeed, the number of those still living who have had this privilege must be very limited. I ventured to say, "Chopin always maintained that you were the most perfect exponent of his works. I cannot say how grateful I should be to hear, were it only a fugitive passage of Chopin's, touched by your hand." "With all the pleasure in the world," replied the immortal pianist; and again I sat down by the grand piano, and humming to him a phrase of op. 37, I begged that it might be like that. "I will play that, and another after it." (The second was op. 48.)

It is useless for me to attempt a description of a performance every phrase of which will be implanted in my memory, and on my heart, as long as I live.

Again, in that room, with its long bright window opening out into the summer-land, we sat in deep shadow—in perfect seclusion; not a sound, but the magic notes falling at first like a soft shower of pearls or liquid drops from a fountain—blown spray falling hither and thither, and changing into rainbow tints in its passage, as the harmonic progression kept changing, and tossing the fugitive fragments of melody with which that exquisite nocturne opens, until it settles into the calm, happy dream, which

seems to rock the listener to sleep with the deep and perfect benison of ineffable rest; then out of the dream, through a few bars, like the uneasy consciousness of a slowly awakening sleeper, and again the interlude, the blown rain of double pearls—until once more the heavenly dream is resumed. I drew my chair gently nearer, I almost held my breath, not to miss a note. There was a strange concentrated anticipation about Liszt's playing, unlike anything I had ever heard—not for a moment could the ear cease listening; each note seemed prophetic of the next, each yielded in importance to the next: one felt that in the soul of the player the whole nocturne existed from the beginning—as one and indivisible, like a poem in the heart of a poet. The playing of the bars had to be gone through seriatim; but there were glimpses of a higher state of intuition, in which one could read thoughts without words, and possess the soul of music, without the intervention of bars and keys and strings; all the mere elements seemed to fade, nothing but perception remained. Sense of the time vanished; all was as it were realized in a moment, that moment the Present—the eternal Present—no Past, no Future. Yet I could not help noticing each incident: the perfect effortless independence of the fingers, mere obedient ministers of the master's thought; the complete trance of the player—living in the ideal world, and reducing the world of matter about him to the flimsiest of unreal shadows; and I had time to notice the unconscious habits of the master, which have already passed into historic mannerisms in his disciples, like Cardinal Newman's stooping gait, or Victor's Emmanuel's toss of the head. So I noted the first finger and thumb drawn together to emphasize a note, or the fingers doubled up, or lifted in a peculiar manner, with a gentle sweep in the middle of a phrase—things in which those are determined to be like the master who can be like him in nothing else; also the peculiar repercussion resonance, since reduced to something like a science by Rubinstein, and the caressing touch, which seems to draw the soul of the piano out of it almost before the finger reaches

the key-board. When Liszt passed silently to op. 48, he arrived at some stiff bravura passages, which called forth his old vigor. Yet here all was perfect; not a note slurred over or missed; the old thunder woke beneath his outstretched hands; the spirits of the vasty deep were as obedient as ever to their master's call. With the last chord, he rose abruptly; abruptly we came out of the dim enchanted land of dreams; the common light of day was once more around me. "Now you must be off!" he exclaimed; indeed, I had barely time to catch my tram for Rome; "but," he added, "I have something I wish you to take to Bache and Dannreuther;" and he took out three bronze medals, giving me the third to keep; the design was by a Roman artist of great merit. On one side was Liszt's own profile, on the other a star-crowned Fame holding a palm-branch.

Before I left, I asked Liszt if I might give some account in print of the delightful day I had spent in his company, so that the hearts of his many friends and admirers in England might be gladdened by some account of him.

"Whatever you will," he good-naturedly replied; "write what you like, and let me see it when it appears."

Liszt changes his residence three times every year: from Rome to Weimar, from Weimar to Pesth, and at Pesth he is usually occupied in bringing out or conducting some of his works. Although probably nothing will ever induce the magician of the pinaforte to play in public again, notwithstanding his marvelous retention of execution and nervous energy, it is to be hoped that he may still be induced to visit England, where his name has already become a tradition like that of Malibran (to whom he always said he owed so much), or Paganini, with whom he has been popularly classed. And now that his orchestral works are getting hold of the musical world here, and that every season pianoforte recitals rest for their main sensations on his unique compositions, we cannot doubt what sort of reception he would meet with in London, could he be

persuaded to come over and conduct, or even superintend, one of his orchestral preludes. But Liszt hates the sea; indeed, I am told that he objects even to going over the suspension bridge at Florence. I ventured to say to him, "In England we have heard of Liszt, but already he is a kind of mythus. 'His legend,' as M. Renan would say, 'has begun to form.' People are beginning to ask, Was there indeed ever such a person? Come over and prove to us that he still exists." But he only shook his head. "I am too old; I cannot come to England."

Will he come?

Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, in Belgravia.

THE STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE.*

If "silence," as the Count Claudio affirms, be "the perfectest herald of joy," my words this evening should be very few; and I might be content to say, as Clown in "As You Like It," "Salutation and greeting to you all!" For surely there could be, to me, no greater joy, as I know of no higher honor, than that of being selected by a body of Shakespeare students to address a meeting composed of so many lovers of his works, on this the anniversary of his birth. At the same time I have a deep sense of the difficulty and responsibility of the position I am so proud to occupy; for I fully realize how impossible it is for me to throw any new light upon a subject which has for over three centuries been a favorite theme for the exercise of the highest intellects. The literary men of America and England, as well as of Germany, France, and Spain, have found their most congenial tasks in studying the philosophy, sympathizing with the human nature, or admiring the glorious poetry of the Stratford wool-comber's son. "It is the cause; it is the cause," as poor Othello says, for which I ask your attention and forbearance.

* Read before the Shakespeare Club of Wheeling, W. Va., April 23, 1881.

"Hear me for my cause," says the noble Brutus; "be patient till the last; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses that you may the better judge." All hail, then, ye members of the Shakespeare Club of Wheeling! All hail, fellow-students of the heaven-gifted bard; the anniversary of whose birth, in obedience to one of the purest inspirations of the heart—simple gratitude—we are assembled on this joyous occasion to celebrate.

Since I had the happiness of meeting with you last, we have passed through a year of extraordinary activity. Business, the learned professions, speculation, invention, politics, have all been on the *qui vive*. Our own delightful specialty has felt the impulse; and perhaps at no time since the 1597 quarto of "*Romeo and Juliet*" saw the light in the little shop of its surreptitious publishers, down to the present day, has the study of Shakespeare been so wide-spread, or the desire to understand and enjoy his delightful works been so universally cultivated. A few years ago Shakespeare was a sealed book to the young; now there is hardly an institution of learning in the land where he is not studied as a classic. A few years ago, through a bigoted misapprehension of the grandeur, and beauty, and wisdom of these immortal works, most of the clergy and members of churches (good, God-fearing people, but erring through ignorance) lost all the pleasure and profit of their teachings, because, forsooth, they were labelled "plays." Now, this barrier is fast breaking down, and ministers of the Gospel are finding the grandest illustrations of their doctrines and precepts in the pages of Shakespeare. As a witness of this activity, there are to-day no less than three new, exhaustively annotated editions of the poet in course of publication in this country alone; while of ordinary reprints and editions for general use the number is legion.

It is not, however, to the mass of readers, to the mere shallow investigator, or to the man who takes up Shakespeare in order to dawdle away a passing hour, that the poet opens out his great and loving heart. As most of you well know, the inspiration must be

sought by long, close, and persevering labor. The poet must be courted with all the ardor and determination of a lover, if we wish to be successful. To many, at first, he seems hard and perverse. They meet, perhaps on the very threshold, an antiquated or involved expression—then another, and another—elliptical constructions, obscurities of style, and obsolete allusions of all kinds; and they are chilled and disappointed. But let such men reflect that these works were *written to be understood*, and that by audiences of less average intelligence than those who attend the theaters of to-day; that the great master of the human heart and tongue *could not* write meaningless nonsense; let them read on and on—text and context—again and again, using such helps and commentaries as they possess, and they are sure to be rewarded in finding light breaking through the darkest clouds: just as when one is beholding a piece of statuary in the stereoscope, the picture at first seems flat, and blurred, and double; but let the eye be steadily directed upon it, and soon, as by a flash, it stands out in all the light and shade, the prominence and beauty, of the original group. Once imbued with the poet's spirits, once illuminated under his influence and inspiration, and who can tell the joy, the comfort, the intellectual satisfaction that awaits you! The page is *then* "as plain as way to parish church," and the study becomes no longer a task, but an ever-increasing fascination. A few impracticable "ullorxals," amphibious "scamelts," or irredeemable "rope-scarres" may remain for ingenuity to practice upon; but even these are constantly diminishing under the powerful focus of "dialect" and "folklore" societies, and the comprehensive study that is directed to the elucidation of these works, more than, with the exception of the Bible, has ever been exercised upon any other book in the world. In the year just passed, not one of us here to-night but has felt, more or less, the vicissitudes of life—its sufferings and disappointments, as well as its hopes and enjoyments; but I believe I speak for you all when I say we have never found Shakespeare to fail us. In sickness and in health, in adversity

as well as in prosperity, our beloved poet has been to us a solace and a delight. Of this ennobling pursuit it may well be said that, like Antony's bounty :

There is no winter in 't,
An autumn 'tis that grows the more by reaping.

Shakespeare has been, and is, our comfort morn and night;
At home, abroad, through good or ill report,
The same firm friend, the same refreshment rich,
And source of consolation.

Age cannot wither *him*, nor custom stale
His infinite variety : other *poets* cloy
The appetite they feed ; but he makes hungry
Where most he satisfies.

As I before remarked, it is in simple gratitude for the rich heritage this poet has left us that we are here to celebrate his birthday ; to strike the hand of fraternal greeting, and " cheer each other in each other's love."

Let every man, therefore, put himself into triumph, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him ; for it is our General's birthday. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour till the bell hath told *eleven*."

Shakespeare himself believed in birthdays, and believed in keeping them ; not that he makes a point of telling us so ; but we gather it from several of those bits of realism that give such a natural effect to the speeches of his characters. Witness Cleopatra :

It is my birthday :
I had thought to have held it poor ; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

And Cassius to his friend Messala :

This is my birthday ; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala.

It detracts nothing from the pleasure and genuineness of our celebration that we are uncertain of the exact day of the great

poet's birth. We keep the 23d of April as Shakespeare's birthday, just as we keep the 25th of December as our Saviour's birthday, because long tradition has so decided it. Indeed, if we reflect a moment, we are all but certain that the 23d of April *cannot* now be the correct date. What we know by record of the register is that the child William Shakespeare was baptized on the 26th of April, 1564; and we know that it was a common custom to baptize infants on the third day after their birth; but then it was not unexceptionably so; for Oliver Cromwell was baptized on the fourth day, the earl of Clarendon on the fourth day, and John Milton not until the eleventh day after birth. Again, we know by record on his tomb that our poet died on the 23d of April, 1616, in his 53d year, and the tradition is unanimous that he died on his birthday. But this point has always been overlooked, that dates were then reckoned in what is called *old style*; that in Shakespeare's day the *new style* (which was not then observed in England) was ten days in advance of the old; and that there is *now* a difference of twelve days between them; so that the 23d of April, O. S., was, in 1564, the 3d of May, N. S., a date which at the present time corresponds to the 5th of May, N. S.; and it has accordingly been made a question whether we should not celebrate the occasion on either the 3d or 5th of May in every year. I mention this, not that it is of much importance, but it is well enough to bear it in mind, as it has been so often asserted that Shakespeare and Cervantes died on the same day, the fact being that Shakespeare survived Cervantes ten days.

At your banquet, a year ago, I endeavored to give a hasty outline of our great poet's *inner life*, as developed through his *works*; and when I received your kind invitation to address you again, I thought it might be interesting to follow this up by a rapid analysis of these works themselves (I mean the dramas), from, say, "Love's Labor's Lost" down to "The Tempest" and "Henry VIII.;" and trace not only the changes in the poet's style and versification, but the *growth* of his magnificent mental

power, after he had shaken off the trammels of his surroundings in the dramatic art, and felt the grandeur and nobility of his own independent intellect. But I found the subject far too vast for an occasion like the present. Thoroughly to analyze one play; properly to follow the development and harmony of many a single character—would fill a moderate volume. Even the bare bibliography of these works, from the folio down to the editions of Dyce, and Hudson, and Furness, with the changes the text has undergone since 1623, would furnish matter for a whole course of lectures.

It has been remarked as one of the highest characteristics of Shakespeare's powers, that whatever play of his we read last appears to us the best and loveliest of all. And to me, at least, this is true. While I read "Othello," there is no work of human genius that can hold a place beside it. It is altogether alone—a work by itself, a species of itself. *Sui generis* is the Machiavelian villainy of Iago; the subtle knowledge of human nature displayed in the conception and realization of this character, the noble and faithful mold of the unhappy Moor, the gentle purity of Desdemona, and the unredeemed nature of the tragedy in which these three play their parts, appear to me so intense, so powerful, so apart in their nature and their issues from any means which have, before or since, been adopted by the great masters of the dramatic art, that for the time whatever feeling I am capable of, whether it be love or hate, or scorn or pity, or admiration or grief, is absorbed and lost in the consideration of this masterpiece. Your small dramatist would never have *dared* to do as the great master has done. Even a man of average genius would have feared to bring this drama to an issue so unspeakably pathetic, by means so revolting; *he* would have unmasked Iago, and have reconciled Othello and Desdemona, and we should have had the curtain descending on a scene of gratulation and rejoicing. But Shakespeare could dare both the highest heaven and the deepest hell of which humanity is capable; and there was no weakness in his greatly-complete, artistic soul. There never was

anything like this for utter sadness. It is the most pathetic of stories; unmitigated tragedy, misery, and remorse, unbearable and unspeakable. Sorrow seems to culminate, to have reached its full; but there is yet a bitterer and a deeper wave, and still a wave yet bitterer and deeper; and so when I read this story, I confess it masters me and robs me of judgment, and that here the poet makes me wholly his own, and does as he will with me, going beyond and outside all criticism. But when I turn to "Macbeth," I find an influence of as strong a nature, though widely diverse. Let us pause for a moment here, to notice how vastly the philosophic, quiet, meditative hero of Shakespeare differs from the "pitiful craven" of the stage Macbeth. There is no doubt in my mind that Shakespeare had in some sort a national portrait in his mind when he drew the character. Macbeth is essentially a Scotchman, a reflective, wary, careful man, not by any means the unmeasured villain many conceive him as being; but *he* is, in no light, the center of the play. By a stroke of genius, which is to the full as daring as it is effective, the place of first villain is given to a woman. It is worth notice that the great among men are remarkable for the chivalric tenderness with which they write of women; and in an age when men and women alike are doing their best to put an end to this old-fashioned and noble sentiment, it is well to notice how completely it governs most of the female creations of Shakespeare. It is all the more noteworthy here, because of the direct contrast; but it was necessary among women as among men that the poet should run through the whole gamut of possible character. Terrible as she is, Lady Macbeth is still a woman; but she is such a woman as no other than Shakespeare could have painted without portraying a fiend. True to the instinct of his art, the poet strikes the key-note of this play in the first scene, and the very stage description—"a blasted heath"—leads the mind naturally to the horror of the theme. As I read "Macbeth," with its wild witch-lore, its strange, supernatural machinery, its strong reversal of the ordinary relations of man

and woman, and its overmastering weirdness of incident and intention; when I see how inexorable as fate the dark doctrines of evil close around the central figures in the drama; when I see the poor thane at his glory's height, and on the very edge of the precipice from which he must fall at last; when I hear him in the utterance of those moralizings which are now in every schoolboy's memory, and which are among the saddest verses in our language; when, turning from these details, I lay down the book, the whole great structure of the poet's theme looks out upon me, weird, majestic, massive, overwhelming; like a great deserted stronghold in a lonely land, with the darkness of night upon it, and the very desolation of woe dwelling, as a shadow, upon the landscape that surrounds it.

Let us next turn for a few moments to "Hamlet." The special fascination of this play is, that every one who reads it with any degree of enthusiasm or appreciation has, at one time or other, been a Hamlet to himself. There is no man nor woman, who is capable of understanding this drama, who has not been troubled with those restless longings of the soul, and those trials of the affections, which make up the sum of the sufferings of the Prince of Denmark. "Who'd these fardels bear?" Have we not all borne them, and felt the burden? "To grunt and sweat under a weary life;" is not this the lot of many, if not of the most? And that far-reaching thought of sadness, "I could be content to be bounded in a nutshell, but that I have bad dreams," is familiar to us all. Here, then, is the marvel, that in the character of a prince and a scholar—young, accomplished, powerful, and flattered—the great art-master has given us each a portrait of ourselves. Of all his human pictures this is the greatest and the most human—possibly the saddest of all. And yet, though this gigantic sorrow runs, like the undertone of a distant ocean, through the greatest of Shakespeare's plays, there never was a mind *less essentially morbid* than his. Witness his great, wholesome, hearty good humor: "Shall there be no more cakes and ale?" Hear Sir Toby, as at midnight, "mellow ripe," he goes

homeward, inviting his companions thus: "Shall we arouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver?" Just fancy *that*; think of the weaver, a poor, wizened, weak creature, with scarce half a soul to boast of; but the merriment of Sir Toby's song shall be so exuberant that out of this starved creature's carcass it shall draw three souls! Can the wit of jollity and good humor go further than this?

Throughout the *historical* plays, what strikes us most prominently is the feeling of hearty *patriotism* which blows over them like a fresh and health-giving breeze. Shakespeare gloried in his England, and the pride he had in his countrymen shines out nobly on all occasions. "And you yeomen, whose limbs were made in England;" there is no half-heart in that line. In the bead-roll of names that runs down the young King's speech on the eve of St. Crispin, there is no one that does not awake historic recollections; and the splendid surety for the future which the speech displays justifies itself in the pride and exultations of a thousand hearts, awakened from the sluggish selfishness of every day to a wide and noble patriotism. Where shall we find a chronicler like Shakespeare? De Quincey calls him "the great protagonist in the arena of modern *poetry*;" but we equally award to him the palm as the great protagonist in the arena of *history*; for the true end of history is not so much to teach the dry facts of genealogy and chronology as to warn from evil and inspire to good; and never came there a master of the art who could do these things as Shakespeare has done them.

When we turn our mind to those fourteen immortal compositions that are called "the comedies," how shall we know where to begin, or how to end, in speaking of them? Here also the same critical incapacity pursues us; we cannot tell *which is finest*; the finest is always that which is last read. The rollicking humor of "Taming of the Shrew;" the wild fun of the "Comedy of Errors;" the sweet, breezy charm of "As You Like It;" the genial wit and society satire of "Love's Labor's Lost;" the

beauty of all these leaves us no power of choice. Jolly Sir Toby Belch, the stately Malvolio, "that cross-gartered gull," the two faithful good-natured Dromios, gentle Lady Olivia, dear Viola, sad Hermione, jealous suffering Leontes, and that flabbiest of all gentlemen, Sir Andrew Aguecheek; why, here is such a wealth and variety of character as fairly bewilders us in choice; we suffer from a very embarrassment of riches. And even now we have left out the king of all Shakespeare's humorous creations, the jolly Falstaff—the fat "Sir John"—who is a host, an army in himself, and who has more genuine fun in him than all the characters of all other writers of comedy put together—the very personification of good humor. These things go beyond us; and from whatever point we review them, we stand amazed at the inexhaustible riches of this one master-mind.

Among the innumerable felicities of Shakespeare, I have always esteemed it one, that his birthday falls amid the birth time of the year; his advent is connected with the advent of *spring*. We mingle our greetings of the great joy-bringer with our greetings of the season of hope and joy. We hold the closest communion with him at the very time when we begin to hold intercourse with *nature*; we have the keenest sense of *his* quickening and gladdening influence when we rejoice beneath *her* quickening and enlivening power. We celebrate his birth, we especially cherish his memory, and feel his presence, when we begin to live our out-of-door life, when we first go forth into the woods and fields, and draw our first delight therefrom. Shakespeare loved the country. Throughout his works, especially in the *comedies*, he delights to bring his characters into close relation with nature; and to carry on the action amid sylvan pleasures and rural sights and sounds. He rarely indulges in elaborate description; but many of his scenes, and some whole plays, breathe the very spirit of the meadow and the woodland, the mountain and the sea-shore. He carried with him to London the vivid pictures of his youthful rambles over the verdurous hills and glades of Warwickshire; his imagina-

tion delighted to retrace them on every possible occasion; and we see them reflected in the exiled Duke and the King of Navarre, in Miranda and Imogen and Perdita, in Autolycus and in Touchstone. But in six of the plays, in "Love's Labor's Lost," in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in "As You Like It," in "The Tempest," in "Cymbeline," and in "Winter's Tale," he makes nature the pervading presence and the potent minister. The entire environment—the setting or frame-work of the characters in these plays—is either wholly or mainly or largely sylvan and rural; the life set before us is life out of doors; men and women make mirth or make love; give play to their humors, their passions, their activity, in the fields, amid the woods, upon the mountains, or beside the sea. And it is remarkable that of these six dramas, three of the *best* were written after the poet had quitted the ambitions and turmoils of the city, and gone down to spend his declining years amid the scenes of his youth at Stratford. We may well imagine him, on the banks of his beloved Avon—

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight;

where, fatigued perhaps with his rambles, he finds an arbor in which to repose; or, it may be, in some shady nook, he knows—

A bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips, and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine:

there, lulled to sleep by the hum of bees, the songs of birds, and the murmur of the river, the "spirits of dreams" appear, and set before him his own immortal creations—past, present, and to come. This is no fancy sketch; for as these characters, singly or in groups, exult or lament, sing or soliloquize, around him, a "recording angel" is at hand to write down, in congenial num-

bers, their sayings and their doings, for the delight and instruction of after ages.

Did time permit, it would be an interesting task to analyze the dramas I have mentioned, and mark the influence of nature and the use the poet makes of it in them. But you can do this, each for himself. In "As You Like It," for example, you will note that this out-of-door nature is set before us as a purifying and restoring power, as a calmer of troubled thoughts, a healer of broken hearts, a harmonizer of distracted lives. The cares and splendors, the vices and miseries, of the court are contrasted with the innocence, simplicity, and peace of the country. The forest of Arden is not only a happy region, where exiles find a home, and captives rejoice in liberty; where the persecuted find shelter, and the afflicted gain comfort; it is likewise a delightful school, a scene of discipline, and a place of reformation. Almost every personage in the play is happier and better for a sojourn in the forest. In the palace of the reigning Duke, we have suspicion, hatred, and wretchedness, while contentment, peace, and tenderness reign in the cave of his banished brother :

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious Court?
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds good in everything.

The difference between the house of Oliver and the shades of Arden is the difference between Hell and Paradise. Rosalind and Celia do their best to look mirthful and appear happy at Court, but they only feel true happiness, and break forth into hearty mirth, in "the sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees." Orlando, "cribbed, cabined, and confined," oppressed and ensnared at home, expands into the fullness of his noble nature amid the congenial amplitude and freedom of Arden. Dispatched on an evil errand, Oliver enters the blessed region to be reformed. Bent on purposes of destruction, Duke Frederick approaches the happy forest to be disarmed and converted. We feel inclined to

condole with the rightful Duke on the recovery of his dukedom, to be sorry at his transfer from the cave to the Court; and we sincerely regret when the pure and peaceful life at Arden comes to an end.

Before closing my address, I wish to ask your attention to a fact which I think will interest you, and one that has not, I believe, hitherto been suggested by any critic or commentator. The second or 1632 folio, before it went to press, evidently passed through the hands of some competent editor, who corrected a large number of the flagrant typographical and other errors of the original 1623 edition. And although these corrections and improvements possess for us little authority in regulating the text, many being evidently explanatory sophistications, and others mere modernizations of the spelling and phraseology, while almost as many new errors disfigure the second edition as are corrected in the first, still they plainly show that some one beside the proof-reader revised the book with care and reverence. Who this editor was has never been ascertained; but from various concurrent circumstances, I have recently become convinced that it was the poet *John Milton*. He was at that time in London, engaged in just such literary employment; he was twenty-four years of age, an enthusiastic scholar, a poet, and a lover of dramatic art; and he had not yet been baptized in the bitter waters of Puritanism, that overflowed the country a few years later—a baptism that soured his disposition, effaced his charity, and, I cannot but believe, rendered unhappy his declining years. That he loved Shakespeare we are well assured from his splendid panegyric on the poet that first appeared in this very second folio, and which I am almost confident he wrote expressly to prefix to this folio, after he had completed his labors in revising it. In the folio it appears without date or signature; but it was published subsequently in a volume of minor poems by Milton, issued in 1645; and there it bears the date of 1631. This glowing eulogy, the whole-souled expression of the young poet's unbigoted and unprejudiced heart, one cannot help contrasting

with the fact that in his after-life he sets it down among the sins and follies of King Charles that he gave a portion of his time to reading the plays of Shakespeare! It was a congenial and consistent thing that, before prejudice and Puritanism had warped his generous nature, one transcendent genius should set the seal of his approval upon the works of another genius still more transcendent; and that upon the greatest in his country's literary annals, the second greatest should write that noble epitaph:

What neede my *Shakespeare* for his honor'd bones
 The labor of an age in piled stones,
 Or that his hallow'd Reliques should be hid
 Under a starrey-pointing Pyramid?
 Dear Son of Memory, grat Heire of *Fame*,
 What needst thou such dull witness of thy Name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thy selfe a lasting monument;
 For whilst to th' shame of slow-endavoring Art,
 Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued Booke,
 Those Delphic Lines with deep impression tooke;
 Then thou, our fancy of its selfe bereaving,
 Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving;
 And, so Sepulcher'd in such pompe dost lie,
 That Kings for such a Tombe would wish to die.

I have now exhausted my time, and I fear more than exhausted your patience, with these desultory reflections. In conclusion, let us all devoutly thank God for the unspeakable gift of Shakespeare; the rich legacy of whose imperishable works has made us better men and happier, better citizens, and better Christians. With each returning year, let us never omit to show our gratitude, by meeting thus together and celebrating the anniversary of his birth; by cordially and sincerely loving each other; and by excluding from our studies and our intercourse all bickerings and jealousies and animosities; and so shall we set an example to our brechren of the "New Shakspeare Society" across the Atlantic, some of whom seem of late to have forgotten the precepts and example of their master, who was hailed by all as the

"gentle" Shakespeare. There is no fear that we shall, any of us, study and enjoy this legacy *too much*. Ben Jonson said that "he loved the man, on this side idolatry, as much as any." If we out-vie old Ben, and make him our supreme intellectual idol, it is an idolatry that will be as *profitable*, as it is sweet and reverential. See what he has done for the world to claim this homage! Has he not set the English tongue to music? Has he not taught lovers more about love than lovers know? And Emerson goes so far as to ask, "What maiden has not found Shakespeare *finer* than her delicacy?" Has he not taught the orator more artifices and more arts than the orator knew? Has he not framed the most adroit speech in history? Has he not taught king and politician? Do not sages come to him for wisdom, and humorists cluster around Falstaff for sallies of wit? Have not his myriad eyes seen more of men and women, and read the secret hopes and fears and inspirations of the human heart more truly and keenly than any one, save the great Creator of them all? Of him it may be truly said, as it was of Plato, that the gods, if they were to return to earth, would speak the language of Shakespeare. Poets come and poets go; and it is not likely that the world will ever be without a laureate or a Longfellow, a Browning or a Whittier, a Lowell or a Leighton. These poets are to us as patterns which we may copy. We imitate the polish of Pope, the impassioned grace of Byron, the mellifluous cadence of Tennyson; and although we fall far short of success, we perceive no impertinence in the attempt. How different the feelings with which we approach Shakespeare. To imitate *him* would be a folly that scarce ignorance itself would entertain. The higher we rise in intellectual advance, the more clearly we see his greatness, and the more reverent is our love. Shall we ever have another Shakespeare? Is it probable we shall ever look upon his like again? I think not; for genius, as transcendent as was that possessed by Shakespeare, seems to be more closely allied to the divine nature than that allotted to ordinary men: it is lent to the world but once; and when it has

accomplished its work upon earth, it ascends to its home among the immortal, and *draws the ladder up after it.*

JOSEPH CROSBY.

GENIUS AND METHOD.

"It would," says Sydney Smith, in his "Culture of the Understanding," "be a profitable thing to draw up a short and well-authenticated account of the habits of study of the most celebrated writers. It would go far to destroy the absurd and pernicious associations of genius and idleness, by showing that men of the most brilliant and imposing talents have lived a life of intense and incessant labor." Such an account would indeed be peculiarly valuable, and its value would be of a twofold character. It would be at once instructive and suggestive, for it would go far to prove that genius is, as Buffon and Johnson boldly defined it, the capacity for concentrated labor. It would be eminently curious and interesting, for it would be such a record of whims, caprices, and eccentricities as it would be difficult to parallel outside the walls of a madhouse. It would be a perpetual succession of surprises and paradoxes. We should find that in the race for fame the hares have been the tortoises, and the tortoises have been the hares. We should find men, who are in their works the very embodiment of hard and logical propriety, guilty, during the process of producing these works, of oddities at which Malvolio would have blushed. We should be shocked to discover that "rapt orations flowing free" have been worked out like mathematical problems, that fervid apostrophes have been compiled, and that laborious dissertations have been extemporized. Such an account would, however, be a very difficult task. Authors are not fond of being discovered in undress. What goes on in the work-room is, as a rule, jealously concealed. Genius, like the Nile, keeps its springs secret.

Few authors have the courage to unfold the genesis of their creations, as Edgar Poe has done, and when they have left us their autobiographies, they have for the most part been careful not to impair the effect of their work by showing us any of the scaffolding; the vanity which has led them to record the most trivial incidents in their pilgrimage through life, has led them to throw a veil over the arcana of the studio. It is only, therefore, by searching in obscure corners, in anæcdoctes, in familiar letters, in diaries, and in the by-paths of literary tradition, that this interesting chapter in the curiosities of literature could with any thoroughness be written. That D'Israeli should have omitted to supply it is much to be regretted, as he possessed singular qualifications for the task, as well from his discursive and recondite erudition as from his custom of collecting and noting down such minutiae whenever he encountered them. We trust, therefore, that this short sketch, slight and superficial though it be, will not be without interest to our readers.

We will divide it into three parts: the method of authors; the whims of authors; the circumstances under which great works have been produced.

Meditation and toil—*meditatio et labor*—are, according to Tacitus, the only passports to literary immortality, and with some few exceptions the dogma of the great historian will be found to hold good. "Nothing great and durable," says Tom Moore, "has ever been produced with ease. Labor is the parent of all the lasting monuments of this world, whether in verse or in stone, in poetry or in pyramids," and first among the sons of toil stands Virgil. It was his custom, Donatus tells us, to throw off a number of verses in the morning and to employ the rest of the day in polishing and in pruning them down. It took him upwards of three years to compose his ten short "Eclogues," seven years to write his "Georgics," which comprise little more than two thousand lines, and upwards of twelve years to elaborate the "Æneid," which he was so far from regarding as complete that he attempted to rise from his death-bed to commit it

to the flames. Every line of "Horace" bears testimony to the fastidious labor of its author. There are, says Lord Lytton, single odes which must have cost the poet six weeks' seclusion from the dissipations of Rome. Lucretius's one poem represents the work of a whole life, and he has himself told us how completely he was absorbed in it, how it filled his waking hours, how it haunted him in his dreams.

Thucydides was at least twenty years in inditing his great work, and that work is comprised in an octavo volume. Demosthenes made no secret of the pains he expended in forging his thunderbolts against Philip and Æschines; Diodorus informs us that he was thirty years in composing his history: and so fastidious was Plato that the first sentence in the "Republic" was turned into nine different ways before he could satisfy himself. If we are to believe Quintilian, Isocrates was no less than ten years on his "Panegyric." Giannone was engaged for nearly the same period over his "History of Naples." Boileau and Pope would spend whole days over a couplet, Charlotte Brontë an hour over a word, and Gray a month over a short copy of verses. There is a poem of ten lines in Waller which he has owned cost him a whole summer. Gibbon wrote the first chapter of the "Decline and Fall" three times before he was satisfied with it, and nearly a quarter of a century elapsed before the entire work was completed. John Foster the essayist would sometimes linger a week over a sentence. Addison was so fastidious that Johnson tells us he would stop the press to insert an epithet or even a comma. Sainte-Beuve expended incredible pains on every word in his famous "Causeries," and four or five octavo pages were in his estimation a good week's work. "You will read this treatise in a few hours," says Montesquieu in a letter to one of his friends, "but the labor expended on it has whitened my hair." Locke was no less than eighteen years over his essay. Tasso toiled like a galley slave at polishing his stanzas. So morbidly anxious was Cardinal Bembo about style that every poem on which he was engaged passed successively

through forty portfolios, which represented its various stages toward perfection. Pascal's diligence passed into a proverb. Cardinal Polignac's "Anti-Lucretius," one of the finest Latin poems that modern Europe has produced, was the fruit of twenty years' incessant revision, and what applies to Polignac applies also to the "De Partu Virginis" of Sannazarius. How Petrarch labored at his sonnets may be gathered from the following memoranda, which were found on the original manuscript of one of them. We adopt the translation of Ugo Foscolo:

I began this by the impulse of the Lord, 10th of September, at the dawn of day after my morning prayers. . . . I must make these two verses over again, singing them (cantando), and I must transpose them. Three o'clock A.M., 19th of October. . . . I like this. 30th of October, ten o'clock in the morning. . . . No, this does not please me. 20th of December, in the evening. . . . I shall return to this again, I am called to supper. . . . 18th of February, towards noon; this is now well; however, look at it again.

And this is the history of *one* sonnet. Such is the labor of those who write for immortality!

The amount of toil expended by Sheridan on his comedies was almost incredible; every joke, every epigram, was as carefully elaborated as a paragraph in Gibbon; his easy, sparkling dialogue was little better than mosaic work painfully dovetailed. Those who would know the price at which Sheridan's fame is purchased would do well to consult the fifth chapter in the second volume of Moore's "Life" of him. The translation of Quintus Curtius by Claude Vaugelas, which was pronounced by Voltaire to be a model of classical composition, occupied its author for thirty years. John Lewes Balzac averaged a week to a page; Malherbe's fastidious diligence is illustrated by an anecdote which is worth repeating. A French nobleman had lost his wife, was inconsolable for her death, and, anxious to commemorate her virtues, employed Malherbe to dedicate an ode to her memory. The poet, though not needy, was by no means averse to receiving the handsome fee which was, on the

completion of the task, to reward his pains. Three years elapsed before he could finish the verses to his satisfaction, but just as he was about to present it he was disgusted to discover that his patron had solaced himself with a second wife, and there was nothing for it but for the unfortunate bard to turn his elegy into an epithalamium, or forfeit his fee. Among our own writers, Gray, Miss Austen, Charlotte Brontë, and Charles James Fox were conspicuously distinguished by their morbid sensibility to the niceties of style, and it is strange also to find in this class old Isaak Walton, whose simple homely diction was, it appears, the result of almost incredible labor. Even Goldsmith had bemoaned the trouble his graceful periods cost him. "Every one," he once said bitterly, "writes better because he writes faster than I." The account given by Rousseau of the labor his smooth and lively style cost him, is so curious that we shall let him tell his own tale:

My manuscripts blotted, scratched, interlined, and scarcely legible, attest the trouble they cost me. There is not one of them which I have not been obliged to transcribe four or five times before it went to press. I could never do anything when placed at a table pen in hand: it must be walking among the rocks or in the woods; it is at night in my bed, during my wakeful hours, that I compose—it may be judged how slowly, particularly for a man who has not the advantage of verbal memory. Some of my periods I have turned or re-turned in my head for five or six nights before they were fit to be put to paper.

Some authors, on the other hand, have been endowed with preternatural fluency, a quality which found, however, little favor in the eyes of the critics of antiquity.

Ennius, the Roman Chaucer, wrote with astonishing rapidity, and Lucilius with such ease that he boasted he could turn off two hundred verses while standing on one leg. Statius also appears to have been endowed with preternatural facility. In Cicero and Livy the faculty of eloquent expression resembled an instinct, though Cicero tells us that with him, at least, it was partly the result of sleepless diligence during the days of his literary apprenticeship. In one year Dryden produced four of his greatest works, "*Absalom and Achitophel*," "*The Medal*,"

"The Religio Laici," and "Mac Flecknoe." He was only six months in writing "The Hind and Panther," three years in translating the whole of "Virgil," and twelve mornings in composing his "Parallel between Poetry and Painting." The original draught of "Alexander's Feast" was struck off at a single sitting. Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" was written in a week to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. Sir Walter Scott's rapidity is one of the marvels of literature; he wrote literally as fast as the pen could move, and when he dictated, his amanuensis could scarcely keep pace with him. The original manuscripts of the Waverley novels may still be seen; they are frequently for many pages undeformed by a single blot or erasure. Beckford's "Vathek" was composed by the unbroken exertion of three whole days and two whole nights, the author supporting himself during his unnatural vigil by copious draughts of wine, and what adds to the wonder is that the work was written in French. Mrs. Browning's "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," a poem of great length in a peculiarly difficult meter, was completed in twelve hours, while the printer was waiting to put it into type. Sir Walter Scott tells us that Mickle—the translator of the "Lusiad," and the author of the beautiful ballad which suggested the romance of "Kenilworth"—frequently dispensed with manuscript altogether, and "set up" his poems himself, "hot from the brain." Most of our Elizabethan dramatists were remarkable for the ease and rapidity with which they wrote. One of them, old Heywood, was the author, "part or entire," of two hundred and thirty plays. It is interesting to know, and we know it on the best authority, that Shakespeare himself wielded a very facile pen. "His mind and hand," say the editors of the first folio, "went together, and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot on his papers." Milton was at times distinguished by the same fluency, and when the fits of inspiration were on him, his amanuensis could scarcely keep up with the flood of verses which came welling forth. In Milton's case

we may perhaps suspect that what he dictated with so much ease he had been long revolving, and that the breathless dictation was in itself an effort rather of memory than invention. "Paradise Lost" has all the appearance of being a highly elaborated work. Swift, Steele, and De Foe were all of them remarkable for their rapidity and ease, and to the same class belong Fielding and Smollett. Indeed, Steele and Fielding wrote many of their essays while the press was waiting. Johnson, like Gibbon, wrote at first with labor, but afterwards found that, with practice, a stately and highly finished style came as naturally as ordinary expression comes to ordinary people. We learn, for example, that some of the best papers in the "Rambler" were penned as easily as a letter—that forty-eight octavo pages of the "Life of Savage," a singularly polished work, were completed at a sitting, and that the "Lives of the Poets" cost him no more trouble than a slipshod article costs a professional journalist. But Johnson was, we may add, indefatigable in revising. Ben Jonson tells us that he wrote "The Alchymist" in six weeks; Fenelon, that "Telemaque" was produced in three months; and Brougham, that his "Edinburgh Review" articles averaged a few hours. But the most portentous example of literary fecundity on record is beyond question to be found in the person of Lope de Vega. He thought nothing of writing a play in a couple of days, a light farce in an hour or two, and in the course of his life he furnished the stage of Spain with upwards of two thousand original dramas. Hallam calculates that this extraordinary man was the author of at least twenty-one million three hundred thousand lines. The most voluminous writer in modern times—an author who was, in facility of composition, not far inferior to Lope—would certainly be Robert Southey, whose acknowledged works amount to no less than one hundred and nine volumes, in addition to which he contributed fifty-two essays to the "Annual Review," ninety-four to the "Quarterly," and to minor magazines articles without number. After Southey would come Voltaire and Sir Walter Scott.

Sheridan defined easy writing to be, as a rule, very hard reading. Some of the great men to whom we have alluded can scarcely be cited in support of the observation, though in reviewing the work thus hurriedly thrown off, there is one circumstance which must strike every one. If we except Scott (for Shakespeare, whatever may have been his facility of expression, so very far from being a voluminous author, has indeed all the marks of an exceptionally conscientious artist), the quality of the work produced bears no relation to its quantity. Nine-tenths of Voltaire's writing is now known only to the curious. Dryden would have stood much higher than he does, had he left us only his four or five best poems. Swift is remembered principally as the author of "Gulliver's Travels," De Foe as the author of "Robinson Crusoe," Bunyan as the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" only. Steele, in spite of Mr. Forster's vindication, lives chiefly as the friend of Addison. Southey's fame rests on his "Lives of Nelson and Wesley," and their popularity is beginning to decline. Even Scott's giant reputation, if not exactly waning, is gradually narrowing itself into his fame as a storyteller. His biographies have been superseded. His essays are seldom read. His poetry has not been able to hold its own against the poetry which has appeared since his death. His historical works have already been consigned to oblivion. Indeed the whole history of literature goes to show that no parts, however bright, no genius, however dazzling, are exempt from the curse of Adam.

Let us now look at the method of authors from another point of view, and see how their works have grown up under their hand. Godwin wrote "Caleb Williams" backward, beginning on principle with the last chapter and working up to the first. It is curious to note how many poets have clothed their thoughts first in prose. This, Donatus tells us, was Virgil's custom. The original form which the "Æneid" took was a prose narrative. This narrative was then gradually versified, the poet writing at first fluently, and then laboriously polishing

his lines till he had brought them as near perfection as he could. Thus Goldsmith worked at "The Traveler" and "The Deserted Village." Thus Johnson composed "Irene," Butler "Hudibras," Boileau his "Satires," Racine and Ben Jonson their dramas, and Pope the "Essay on Man." When Balzac was engaged on his novels, he sent off the skeleton of the story to the printers with huge interstices for the introduction of conversations, descriptions, and the like, and on receiving the printed sketch, shut himself up in his room, drank nothing but water, ate nothing but fruit and bread, till he had completed the work by filling up the blank spaces. Southey usually employed himself in passing three or even four works through the press at the same time, giving each its allotted space in the twenty-four hours. Richardson produced his romances by painfully working out different portions at different times, sometimes while engaged in his shop, sometimes while sitting surrounded by friends in his snug parlor at Hampstead. Peter Pindar's method was to compose the poem with which he was occupied, first of all in his head without committing a word of it to paper, and then, if his amanuensis was away, to tear a sheet of paper into four quarters. On each of these slips he inscribed a stanza of four or six lines according to the nature of the poem. The paper thus inscribed he placed on a book held in his left hand, and thus, in spite of his blindness, contrived to write not only legibly but with celerity and ease as well.

It has always been my practice [says Gibbon] to cast a long paragraph in a single mold, to try it by my ear, to deposit it in my memory, but to suspend the action of the pen till I had given the last polish to my work.

Warburton, Hurd, Locke, Parr, and Gibbon always read with commonplace books in front of them, and the same method was adopted also by Robert Burton, the eccentric author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," by the great scholars Earthius and Turnebus, by Thomas Fuller, the quaintest of historians, and by Butler, the author of "Hudibras." Casaubon studied with slips

of paper before him, on which he jotted down catchwords, the only assistance his gigantic memory required. Bentley, the prince of Grecians, took care to buy his books with broad margins, and on these margins he made his memoranda. Pope always carried a note-book with him, and never hesitated to jot down anything which struck him in conversation. A great deal of his "Homer" was executed in bed on odd scraps of paper, and many of his beautiful couplets were rounded off while taking the air in his bath-chair, or driving in his little chariot. Prideaux's great work was written to while away the time while the author was recovering from the effects of an agonizing operation. Shelley composed the "Revolt of Islam" while lying in a boat on the Thames at Marlow; Keats, his "Ode to the Nightingale" in a lane at Hampstead. Almost all Wordsworth's poetry was meditated in the open air and committed to paper on his return home. Burns composed his magnificent lyric "Scots wha' ha wi' Wallace bled" while galloping on horseback over a wild moor in Scotland, and "Tam O'Shanter" in the woods overhanging the Doon. Much of Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy" was fashioned while its author was engaged in his trade of shoe-maker, some of the verses being scratched on leather with an awl. Washington Irving's favorite studio was a stile in some pleasant meadow, where with his portfolio on his knees he used to mold his graceful periods. The "History of Thucydides" was, if we are to believe Marcellinus, composed under a plane-tree in his garden. The greater part of Arnold's "Roman History" was written in his drawing-room with his children playing about him, and lively conversation, in which he frequently joined, going on round the table on which his manuscript rested. Priestley and Beddoes were fond of writing under similar circumstances. What would to nine men out of ten be an intolerable distraction, was to them a gentle and welcome stimulus. Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes" was composed as he trudged backwards and forwards from Hampstead, and Tom

Paine usually clothed his thoughts in expression while walking rapidly in the streets. Hooker often meditated the "Ecclesiastical Polity" when rocking the cradle of his child, and Spinoza his "Tractatus" while grinding glasses. Robert Stephens thought out many of his works on horseback. Some of Fielding's comedies were scrawled in taverns. Descartes, Berni the Italian poet, and Boyse, the author of the once celebrated "Deity," usually wrote while lying in bed. Byron tells us that he composed the greater part of "Lara" at the toilet-table, and the prologue on the opening of Drury Lane Theater in a stage-coach. A great part of the best poem Savage ever penned, "The Wanderer," was executed piecemeal on scraps of paper which he picked up casually in coffee-houses or in the streets, and in the same miserable way poor Gerald Griffin composed "Gisippus." Under circumstances still less favorable the Spanish poet Ercilla completed the first part of the "Araucana." In the midst of a savage wilderness surrounded by hostile barbarians and under the naked canopy of heaven, he inscribed on small shreds of waste paper the fifteen cantos of his famous epic. Among all the distractions of the events they describe, Cæsar committed to paper the immortal "Commentaries." Moore's splendid Eastern romance, "Lallah Rookh," was written in a cottage blocked up by snow, with an English-winter howling round. Tasso indited some of his loveliest sonnets on the walls of the cell in which he was confined as a lunatic; and Christopher Smart his "Song to the Deity," one of the best sacred lyrics we have, in a madhouse.

It is a great testimony to the innate power of genius—to its capacity for triumphing over all obstacles—that some of its most laborious literary undertakings have been prosecuted under the most unfavorable conditions. It was in the midst of laborious political duties that Nieburh carried on his historical labors. In the intervals of a busy mercantile life Roscoe produced his "Histories of Lorenzo de Medici and Leo X." It was in the midst of a restless and feverish life that Scaliger, Bu-

-chanan, Erasmus, Robert Stephens, and Heinsius accomplished their gigantic tasks. Not only were Homer and Milton blind, but the same affliction had overtaken Prescott when he produced his various historical works, Vhierry when he composed his "History of the Conquest of England by the Normans," and Isaac D'Israeli when he compiled his "Amenities of Literature," and to this list must be added Blind Harry, the earliest of Scotland's epic poets, Blacklock, and our own Dr. Walcot. Half-famished in a miseraole garret, Heyne gave the world his edition of "Tibullus." Every one knows how the immortal poem of Dante was formulated as he wandered a needy exile from one place of refuge to another, how the "Pilgrim's Progress" was indited in Bedford jail, and "Don Quixote" in a wretched prison in Spain. But these great works are far from exhausting the literature which has emanated from the dungeon. We must add to the melancholy catalogue "The Kynge's Quhair"—one of the best poems which British poetry can boast between the death of Chaucer and the accession of Henry VIII., penned by James I. while a captive in Windsor Castle; some of the most pleasing of Lord Surrey's poems, Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World," Robert Southwell's "Peter's Complaint," Buchanan's Latin Version of the Psalms, Boethius's "Consolation of Philosophy," Fleta, De Foe's "Review," Voltaire's "Henriade," Howel's "Familiar Letters," much of Davenant's "Gondibert," Dodd's "Prison Thoughts," Grotius's "Commentary on St. Matthew," Coombe's "Adventures of Dr. Syntax," Thomas Cooper's "Purgatory of Suicides," and the list might be extended even further. Many too are the works produced while their authors were in exile. It was in exile that Thucydides composed his "History of the Peloponnesian War," Xenophon his "Anabasis," Ovid his "Tristia," Clarendon his "History of the Rebellion," Fortescue his "De Laudibus Legum Angliæ," Locke his famous "Letter Concerning Toleration," Bolingbroke his still more famous "Letter to Sir William Wyndham" and his "Reflections on Exile." That misfort-

should stimulate genius is not surprising, but that sleep should possess creative power is curious indeed. And yet Burns tells us that he dreamed one of his poems—it may be found in his works—and that he wrote it down just as he dreamed it. Voltaire informed his friend Wagniere that the whole of the second canto of the "Henriade" was composed by him in his sleep. Coleridge always said that he dreamed "Tubla Khan," and Campbell that he was indebted to the same source for the best line in "Lochiel's Warning." Dion Cassius solemnly assures us that he undertook his history solely in consequence of a vision in his sleep; Æschylus, as Pausanias tells us, was made a poet by a dream; so also was Cædmon; and Tartini, as every one knows, dreamed the "Devil's Sonata."

But one of the most extraordinary inducements to literary activity is that recorded by Captain Bell, the translator of Luther's "Table Talk," whose task was imposed on him by a ghost, and a very importunate ghost too. We will give the story in the good captain's own words. After alluding to the discovery of Luther's work, which had for many years been lost, he goes on to say that a friend had told him he would bestow a great and substantial service by translating it into English. He accordingly began it, but after a while, tiring of his task, laid it aside.

Then about six weeks after I had received the said book, it fell out that being in bed with my wife one night between twelve and one of the clock, she being asleep, but myself yet awake, there appeared unto me an ancient man, standing at my bedside, arrayed all in white, having a long and broad white beard hanging down to his girdle, who, taking me by my right ear, spake these words following unto me: "Sirrah! will not you take time to translate that book which is sent unto you out of Germany? I will shortly provide for you both place and time to do it," and then he vanished away out of my sight.

The whole strange story may be read at length in Captain Henry Bell's narrative, which is prefixed to Hazlitt's version of the "Table Talk." Rotru, the French dramatist, used to say that a demon frequently seized his pen, and that, helpless in the *sp's* hands, he let his pen drive on as his supernatural visitant

guided—which reminds us, by the way, of the well-known remark of Molière, made about Corneille.

Not less strange have been the habits and fancies of authors. Carneades, the philosopher, seldom wrote without dosing himself with hellebore. Æschylus, Eupolis, Cratinus, and Ennius are said never to have sat down to compose till they were intoxicated. Dryden often had himself bled, and, like Fuseli, ate raw meat to assist, so he said, his imagination. Shadwell, De Quincey, Psalmanaazar, Dean Milner, Coleridge, and Bishop Horsley stimulated themselves with opium, as De Musset was helpless without absinthe. Gray seldom sat down to compose without first reading through some cantos of the "Faery Queen." Corneille fired himself with the perusal of "Lucan." Blackstone never wrote without a bottle of port wine on his desk, nor Schiller without a flask of Rhenish within call. When his imagination was sluggish he would sit with his feet in hot water, drinking coffee "to thaw the frost on his wits." Montaigne was never happy without his cat, and with the pen in his right hand while his left was smoothing the glossy back of his favorite tabby, meditated his "Essays." Boxhorne, the great Dutch scholar, could never write a word without a pipe in his mouth, and as he preferred a long pipe and yet required the use of both hands, he bethought him of a very ingenious device. He had a hat with an enormous brim, which impended in front of his face; through this he made a hole to support his pipe, thus securing the double advantage of shading his eyes and enjoying without inconvenience his favorite luxury, and in this way he produced his voluminous and valuable writings. Hobbes had the same weakness, "ten or twelve pipes with a candle" being his invariable concomitants at the desk, and Dr. Parr was not less dependent on tobacco. Southey could never write a line except at his desk, with his books round him and with familiar objects by. Milton could, he said, never compose anything to his satisfaction except between the vernal and autumnal equinox. At those seasons his poetry came like an inspiration. At

other times, in spite of the most strenuous efforts, he would be unable to bring to the birth a single verse. Thomson, Collins, and Gray had the same superstition about themselves. Johnson, with his usual bluff common-sense, ridicules such fancies, and calls them unworthy of any sensible man—the good Doctor's theory being that a man, who had the power of writing always *could* write "if he set himself doggedly to it." Crabbe's fancies about himself are so curious that we will quote the passage in his son's biography of him which bears on the subject:

He fancied that autumn was on the whole the most favorable season for him in the composition of poetry, but there was something in the effect of a sudden fall of snow that appeared to stimulate him in a very extraordinary manner. It was during a great snowstorm that, shut up in his room, he wrote almost currente calamo his "Sir Eustace Grey." Latterly he worked chiefly at night after all the family had retired.

Even a robust and practical scholar like Bishop Warburton tells us that he could only write "in a hand-to-mouth style," and that the blowing of an east wind, a fit of the spleen, or the fact that he had not his books round him, completely destroyed his power of composition. George Wither the poet was obliged to watch and fast when he was engaged in making verses; his spirit he says was lost if at such times he tasted meat and drink; "even," he adds, "if I take a glass of wine I cannot write a line."

Sir Henry Wotton gives a curious account of Father Sarpi—Macaulay's favorite historian, and the author of the famous "History of the Council of Trent":

His mannèr was to sit fenced with a castle of paper about his chair and above his head, for he was of our Lord of St. Albans' opinion, that air is predatory, and especially hurtful when the spirits are most enlarged.

William Prynne, the voluminous author of the "Histriomastrix," was nothing "without a long quilted cap which came an inch over his eyes." Buffon was helpless without a spotless shirt and a starched frill. Still stranger were the whims of Graham, the author of "The Sabbath," and Hogg, the Ettrick

Shepherd, who, if we are to believe De Quincey, found their vein never ran happily unless they sat down to their tasks with boots and spurs on. An eminent modern novelist finds his pen and his imagination powerless unless he sits surrounded by lighted candles in a darkened room, and Horace Walpole tells us that Lord Orrery found no stimulus so efficacious as a sharp fit of the gout. The great Dutch scholar, Isaak Vossius, and our own poet, John Philipps, would employ a servant to comb their hair whilst they meditated their works. Coleridge told Hazlitt that when engaged in composition he never found his vein so happy as when he was walking over uneven ground, or making his way through a coppice with the twigs brushing his face. Wordsworth on the other hand preferred a straight gravel walk where he could wander mechanically and without any impediment to and fro; in this way almost all his later poems were composed. Lord Bacon had a fancy for inhaling the fumes of a bottle of claret poured out on earth which had been newly upturned. But here we must conclude, though we have by no means exhausted our list of the whims and oddities of the strange race to whom the world owes so much.

Temple Bar.

WHO WROTE "GIL BLAS"?

Le Sage's novel, "Gil Blas of Santillana," enjoys a world-wide reputation. It is a vivid picture of manners, an apotheosis of the indifferent worldling to whom neither virtue nor roguery is in itself commendable or hateful, but to whom the pursuit of happiness, and success in that pursuit, constitute the aim and end of existence. The book, it has been shrewdly said, is as moral as experience; it is also as useful; and hence the cause of its popularity. Besides, Le Sage possesses in the highest de-

gree the art of describing, in a fresh, pure, and simple style, that which is not pure, and of touching the evils of his time lightly, but always on the weak spot. Gil Blas tells his own story, and relates his illusions, his struggles, his failures and successes with unimpaired cheerfulness and good-humored philosophy. He dilates and reflects on all he sees, and on the whole exercises his wit as well on his own history as on the actions of the society in which he lives. All that he narrates is simple and drawn from the life; and yet there is hardly a minor feature of the picture which does not aim both at satirizing and finding excuses for the foibles of mankind. Gil Blas spares nothing and nobody, and even his own shortcomings are exposed with sparkling drollery and vengeful frankness, though he gives himself credit—and to others as well—for the upwellings of a better nature. He is a true type of men kindly disposed and not evil-intentioned, but withal weak in the flesh and unable always to resist temptation, even whilst he knows that he will repent of it afterwards.

It has been said that Le Sage, in his one-act farce, "*Le Temple de Mémoire*," represented at the Fair St. Laurent in 1725, and afterwards at the theater of the Palais Royal, ridiculed the exaggerated admiration for Voltaire—then only known by the tragedies of "*Cædipe*," "*Artémire*," and "*Mariamne*," and through his poem of "*La Ligue*," a feeble and first sketch of the "*Henriade*"—by making a poet who wishes to reach the Temple of Memory pick up a book from the ground whilst saying, "*Je prends mon vol terre à terre*." Le Sage's farce, interspersed with songs, opens with the appearance of Folly and Pierrot. Folly bewails the misfortune that so many men are anxious to flirt with her, but that none seems to wish to marry her; whereupon her confidant advises her to adopt the name of Glory, and to promise a perennial name in history to him who will make her his wife, for "*poets are not the only persons who love to be mâche-lauriers and amateurs de fumée*." Fame approves of this advice; Folly thereupon shakes her bauble, and, as if by magic,

the Temple of Memory arises on the top of a steep hill. Various suitors for her hand now come upon the stage. First, a conqueror, whose only delight is fighting, bullets, pistols and knives, and who declares it as his opinion that "any one at the head of a goodly number of cavalry, infantry, and artillery has a right to another man's property." Then a rich miller makes her a proposal. Next an artist asks for her hand, who is dressed as a Harlequin, professes to be a good fellow, promises to be very uxorial, and shows Folly how to borrow different colors from his variegated coat. Folly, under the disguise of Glory, recommends him to marry a rich woman, and not to sue for her hand, for he will have a fair chance of dying on a dunghill unless he acts up to her recommendation. But the artist replies that he will be happy to live with her on such a malodorous spot, whereupon Folly, carried away by enthusiasm, exclaims, "Vivent les Gueux!" an exclamation which the great French song-writer, Béranger, utilized, about ninety years later, as the last line of the burden of his song, "Les Gueux." M. Tout-Uni, or Mr. Quite-Smooth, a poet, now appears, and is anxious to obtain the hand of Glory, but is rebuked for his presumption by M. Prône-Vers, Extoller of Verses—by whom it is said Voltaire's friend Thiériot was meant—who sues her in the name of that "Phoenix of poets," his "illustreissime" friend, the "célébrissime" author of an "élégantissime" poem, "far superior to all poems past, present, and future, and whose praises he will never cease to sing." Folly replies that she knows by these hyperbolic epithets what kind of Homer is meant. Three other poets arrive as fresh suitors; but Folly now appears under her own true colors, argues that no real difference exists between herself and Glory, and expresses her willingness to marry them all. Voltaire, of whose poem, "La Ligue," Folly had already said—

Dans ce poème si vanté,
L'art se trouve un peu maltrahé.
Vous arrangez votre matière
Sans (sic) dessus dessous,

Sans devant derrière ;
 Et les bons morceaux y sont tous
 Sans devant derrière,
 Sans dessus dessous *—

may, perhaps, have felt still more bitterly the sting of a couplet, also sung by Folly, and referring to his tragedy, "Œdipus," written when he was only eighteen years old, performed in 1718 forty-five times in succession, and published the following year with some letters to a friend, in which are analyzed the "Œdipus" of Sophocles, a tragedy of the same name by Corneille, and his own. The lines sung by Folly in the fifteenth and last scene of the "Temple de Mémoire" are as follows :

Un sujet traité par Corneille
 N'avait qu'un prix très-incertain ;
 Mais il devient une merveille.
 En nous passant de main en main !
 Ha ! vraiment voire !
 Ziste, zeste et lonla,
 En grand trio te voilà,
 Dans le Temple de Mémoire.

Le Sage renewed his attack on the poet ten years later. In the last volume of "Gil Blas," which appeared in 1735, there is a portrait of Don Gabriel Triaquero, a fashionable playwright (bk. x. ch. 5), whom everybody runs to see, for no better reason than that he is fashionable, and which, it was generally believed, was intended for Voltaire. When, in 1752, five years after Le Sage's death, the "Age of Louis XIV." was published, the then celebrated Voltaire saw his way to pay off a literary grudge, and could not resist the temptation. He says in this work : "'Gil Blas' is still read because it is true to nature ; but it is entirely taken from the Spanish romance called 'La Vidad de lo Escudiero Dom Marcos d'Obrego.'"† This criticism of Voltaire was

* These words are not to be found in the sixth volume of the "Théâtre de la Foire," Amsterdam, Zacharie Châtelain, 1731, in which volume "Le Temple de Mémoire" is published.

† Ticknor, in his "History of Spanish Literature," vol. iii., p. 2, ch. 34, observes:

soon followed by others. The very trouble Le Sage had taken to render his novel perfect, the pains he had bestowed to become intimately acquainted with the habits and customs of the Spaniards of the times he describes, served as a reason for attacking him and his book, and for accusing him of impudent plagiarism. Father Juan d'Isla, a well-known Spanish author, stigmatized Le Sage as having stolen "Gil Blas" from a manuscript which an unknown Andalusian advocate had given to the Frenchman whilst in Spain. The padre had his own Spanish translation of the French novel printed and published in Madrid in 1787, omitting some parts and altering others, adding to it a long and not successful continuation, and stating on the title-page that "Gil Blas" was "now restored to its country and native language by a Spaniard who does not choose to have his nation trifled with." But nobody believed in the Spanish advocate and in the manuscript given to Le Sage in Spain, for he had never been there. In 1818 Count François de Neufchâteau read a dissertation before the French Academy, in which he tried to show that Le Sage was the author of "Gil Blas," and this dissertation he enlarged, improved, and published in 1820, as a preface to an edition of this novel.* The same year, a learned Spanish exile, Don Juan Antonio Llorente, who was then living in Paris, and who had just published a "History of the Inquisition in Spain," presented to the French Academy a Memoir of Critical Observations, in which he attempted to establish that "Gil Blas" had not been written by Le Sage, but by a Spaniard. This Memoir

"The idea that the 'Gil Blas' was taken entirely from the 'Marcos de Obregon' of Espinel, or was very seriously indebted to that work, is as absurd as Voltaire's mode of spelling the title of the book, which evidently he had never seen, and of which he could even have heard very little."

* This dissertation was really written by Victor Hugo, then a very young man. This is partly hinted at by the words Marius uses in the "Misérables": "She (Cosette) would not fail to esteem and value me if she knew that I am the real author of the dissertation on Marcos Obregon de la Ronda, which M. François de Neufchâteau appropriated, and used as a preface to his edition of 'Gil Blas;'" and is absolutely confirmed in a chapter of "Victor Hugo raconté par un témoin de sa vie," a work said to be written by Madame Hugo.

was forwarded to a committee, composed of MM. de Neufchâteau, Raynouard, and Lemontey; but no report seems ever to have been made. Eighteen months after the presentation of Llorente's Memoir, the first of these gentlemen read to the Academy an "Examen du nouveau système sur l'auteur de 'Gil Blas,' ou réponse aux Observations critiques de M. Llorente," which was published the same year. This was shortly afterwards replied to by M. Llorente, who amplified and sent forth, in the form of a book, his "Observations critiques sur le Roman de 'Gil Blas de Santillane,'" in which he maintains that this novel was the work of the Spanish historian de Solis, chiefly because no one but this gentleman could have planned such a fiction at the time "Gil Blas" is supposed to have been written. Llorente's book is divided into fourteen chapters, of which the first and twelfth contain the pretended history of the manuscript, whilst the other ten attempt to prove its existence. The second chapter is called "A Chronology of the Life of Gil Blas," and gives the days and the months when certain events of the novel are supposed to have happened. According to this chapter, Gil Blas, born in 1588, was about thirty-two or thirty-three years old when Philip III. died, and was fifty-eight or fifty-nine when he married for the second time, in 1646.

In the North American Review for October, 1827, appeared an article "Who wrote 'Gil Blas'?" of which the author, Mr. A. H. Everett, inclines to the belief that de Solis, and not Le Sage, was the author of "Gil Blas." He bases his opinion chiefly on Llorente's "Observations," and states frankly that he has not seen the "Examen" of the Count de Neufchâteau, in defense of that novel, but has derived the latter's reasons from the work of Llorente. Mr. Everett's arguments in favor of a Spanish origin of "Gil Blas" are:

- 1°. The minute acquaintance of the author with the political, geographical, and statistical situation of Spain, and with the manners of its inhabitants.

- 2°. The considerable number of errors, more or less obvious,

principally in the manner of writing the names of places and persons, and most naturally accounted for by considering them as the errors of a person transcribing names with which he was not perfectly familiar.

3°. The mixture of Spanish idioms, and even Spanish words and phrases, to be found in "Gil Blas."

4°. The illustrating by an example in French, "*les intermèdes font beauté dans une comédie*," the verbal niceties of the style of the Spanish poet, Gongora.

5°. The probability of Le Sage having taken "Gil Blas" from the same source as "The Bachelor of Salamanca," which came out in 1738 as an avowed translation from an unpublished Spanish manuscript.

These same arguments, amplified and worked out, as well as many fresh ones, have been used in an article also called "Who wrote 'Gil Blas'?" which appeared in the June number of Blackwood's Magazine for 1844, and in which are ably maintained the views of those who persist in believing that "Gil Blas" is of Spanish origin. Following chiefly Llorente, the writer of this article states that "Gil Blas" is translated from a manuscript written in Spanish by Don Antonio de Solis y Ribadeneira, author of "*Historia de la Conquista de Mejico*." The reasons given for this assertion are: 1°, that this novel abounds in facts and allusions which none but a Spaniard could know; and, 2°, that it abounds in errors which no Spaniard could make.

It is further stated that Le Sage obtained the manuscript from the library of his friend and patron, the Abbé de Lyonne, third son of Hugo, Marquis de Lyonne, a lover of Spanish literature, who was sent on a secret mission to Spain in 1656 (1658), and who, whilst there, lived in great intimacy with Louis de Haro, Duke of Montoro. As an additional argument, it is mentioned that "The Bachelor of Salamanca," published in 1738, which the author himself admitted to be a translation from a Spanish manuscript, and of which he never produced the original, bears

a great similarity to "Gil Blas," and contains part of that manuscript relating to America, and not found in the last-mentioned work of Le Sage. Nineteen points of resemblance are brought forward to prove this. It is also argued that the frequent allusions in "Gil Blas" to some of the most remarkable characters of the court of Louis XIV. only demonstrate "that the extremes of society are very uniform . . . and the abuses of government . . . the same, or nearly so, in every country."

The facts and allusions which none but a Spaniard could know are as follows:

1. The custom of traveling on mules, the coin ducats, the begging with a rosary as well as the extorting money in the manner which Gil Blas delineates, and the subterranean caves described by Captain Rolando.

2. The words "*dire son rosaire, rezar su rosario*," as foreign to the habits of a "*vieux militaire*;" traveling the whole day without meeting any one; the escorting of a coach, and the drawing of that vehicle by mules.

3. The treatment of prisoners in Spain.

4. The exact description of the class of women known in Spain by the name "*Beata*."

5. The dinner-hour at twelve during the reigns of Philip III. and Philip IV.

6. The description of the Spanish innkeepers, so different from the French, as well as the intimate knowledge displayed by Gil Blas of the houses of noblemen at Madrid (bk. ii. ch. 7, and bk. vii. ch. 13).

7. The acquaintance with Spanish habits and customs, as Mergelina putting on her mantle to go to mass (bk. ii. ch. 7); Gil Blas joining the muleteer (bk. iii. ch. 1); Rolando informing Gil Blas that his comrades were three days in prison before being put to death (bk. iii. ch. 2); the allusion to the Andalusian way of managing a cloak (bk. iii. ch. 5); and to the "*Caballeros en Plaza*," or amateur gentlemen bull-fighters (bk. iv. ch. 7); the dress of the inquisitor and his servants; the inkstand called

"Tintero de Escribano," which the Spanish scribes always carry about with them, as well as the whole scene between Ambrosia de Lamela and Simon (bk. vi. ch. 1); the custom of carrying wine in leathern bags (bk. ii. ch. 6); the appointment of Ignatio to the archdeaconry of Granada, by virtue of a particular bull (bk. x. ch. 12); and the allusion which the Count-Duke of Olivarez makes to Don Alphonso de Leyva about the objection of the Aragonese to be governed by any other but the king himself, or by a person of the royal blood (bk. xi. ch. 12).

8. The use in "Gil Blas" of "Don" prefixed in Spanish to the Christian, and never to the surname, as Don Juan, whilst its synonym "Dom" is in France prefixed to the surname, as Dom Calmet; "dame" as a translation of "señora," and the latter word itself; as well as the employment of many other Spanish expressions and idioms, such as señor escudero, señor caballero, famosa comedia, hidalgo, contador mayor, oidor, escribano, hospital de niños, olla podrida, marmalada de berengaria, picaro, etc."

9. The knowledge that during the reign of Philip IV. the actors lodged in the provinces in the buildings in which dramatic performances were represented.

10. The idiomatic Spanish verses which Don Gaston de Cogollos sings in the Tower of Segovia (bk. ix. ch. 5).

11. The words which Le Sage has evidently translated from the Spanish, such as "seigneur, dame, cavalier," as well as many expressions of Spanish origin, such as "à Dieu ne plaise, ils sont tous plus durs que des Juifs, grâces au ciel, patriarche des Indes, garçon de famille, bénéfice simple, garçon de bien et d'honneur, fameux directeur, laboureur, disciple, viceroi, Juif comme Pilate, dormir la sieste, rendre de très-humbles grâces. etc."

12. The local knowledge of Spanish towns, as shown by Gil Blas, such as the mentioning of a church at Toledo called "de los Reyes," the speaking of the Prado of Madrid as the "pré de Saint-Jérôme," the quoting the "Rue des Infantes" and the "Maison des Repenties" in the same town; and the statement that Lucretia, the repentant mistress of Philip IV., is going into

the nunnery of "la Incarnacion," reserved expressly for nuns connected in some way with the royal family of Spain. To this should be added the mentioning of no less than seventy provinces and large towns in Spain, and of one hundred and three Spanish villages and towns of inferior importance, many of them unknown out of that country.

13. The citing of the names of thirteen dukes and eight counts, of which four only are fictitious, whilst the title of "Admirante de Castilia," also quoted, did not exist when "Gil Blas" was published; the naming of about sixty persons celebrated in their day among the inhabitants of the Peninsula, belonging to distinguished families, and the employment of twenty-nine names, really Spanish, but applied to imaginary characters, as well as forty-five names "intended to explain the character of those to whom they are given, like Mrs. Slipslop and Parson Trulliber in English, retained by Le Sage, notwithstanding the loss of their original signification."

The errors which no Spaniard would make are :

1. The orthographical mistakes which abound in "Gil Blas," and which prove that Le Sage transcribed his novel from a manuscript, such as "Corcuelo" instead of "Corzuelo," "Manjuelo" for "Majuelo," "Londona" for "Londofio," "carochas" for "corozas," "cantador" for "contador," "Segiar" for "Seguiar," "Moyadas" for "Miajadas," "Priego" for "Pliego."

2. Le Sage's ignorance of Spanish etiquette by supposing as equivalent words "Señor" and "Señoria," the latter title being only given to people of high station and illustrious rank.

3. The anecdote about the rector of the University of Salamanca being found in the streets intoxicated; which does not tally with Spanish manners, but was interpolated by Le Sage.

4. The many errors in the spelling of Spanish places, which go far to prove that Le Sage did not copy these names from printed books.

5. The historical errors to be found in "Gil Blas," and of which only one, which occurs in the history of Don Pompeyo

de Castro (bk. iii. ch. 7), is confessed by Le Sage, "though the original Spanish author may have fallen into some of them."

6. The errors of Le Sage himself, such as Donna Mencia's first husband dying in the service of the King of Portugal, five or six years after the beginning of the seventeenth century; "*Le Mariage de Vengeance*" (bk. iv. ch. 4), which did not take place, as described, in the time of Philip II., but three hundred years before, during the Sicilian Vespers, 1283; Gil Blas, after his release from the Tower of Segovia, telling his patron, Alphonso de Leyva, that four months before he had held an important office under the Spanish crown (bk. ix. ch. 10), while he states to Philip IV. that he was six months in prison at Segovia (bk. xi. ch. 2); and, above all, the error of Scipio (bk. xi. ch. 1) returning to his master in 1621, and informing him that Philip III. had died, that the Cardinal Duke of Lerma had lost his office, and that the Count of Olivarez was appointed prime minister, whilst in reality the Duke of Lerma had been dismissed three years before the death of the king, and was succeeded by his son, the Duke of Uzeda. Hence it is inferred that Le Sage, in transcribing from the supposed Spanish manuscript, left out the words "the Duke of Uzeda, son of," for that nobleman was really turned out of office at the death of Philip III.

Moreover, the reasons given why Le Sage claims to be the author of "*Gil Blas*," but merely the translator of the "*Bachelor of Salamanca*," are, that the "*Bachelor*" "had been long in the possession of the Marquis de Lyonne and his son before it became the property of Le Sage; and, although tolerably certain that it had never been diligently perused, the French author could not be sure that it had not attracted superficial notice, and that the name was not known to many people." Then, after expressing "the tenderness to the friend and companion of our boyhood, and gratitude to him who has enlivened many an hour, and added so much to our stock of intellectual happiness," the article in *Blackwood* ends by affirming that "the main fact contended for by M. Llorente—that is, the Spanish origin of '*Gil*

Blas'—is undeniable; and the subordinate and collateral points of his system [are] invested with a high degree of probability."

A late German author and well-known Spanish scholar, Charles Frederic Franceson, published in 1857 a pamphlet, written in French, "*Essai sur la Question de l'Originalité de 'Gil Blas,'*" in which he defended Le Sage against the accusations of Llorente. In this essay he argues that "*The Bachelor of Salamanca,*" being published after "*Gil Blas,*" can only be called a weakened reflex of the earlier written novel; that there are as many Spanish words and phrases in Le Sage's avowed translations, "*Le Diable Boiteux,*" "*Guzman d'Alfarache,*" and "*Estevanille Gonsalez,*" as in "*Gil Blas;*" and that Spanish words have not always an equivalent in French, so that "*pré*" is not the same as "*prado,*" "*maire*" as "*corregidor,*" etc. He further observes that even Voltaire, who did not know Spanish well, in the first two chapters of his tale, "*Jenni, ou l'Athée,*" of which the action takes place at Barcelona, employs a certain number of allegorical names, indicating the character or profession of the personages to which they belong, such as *Señora Boca Vermeja* (ruddy-mouth), *Señor Don Inigo y Mendrozo* (coward), and some others. He also states that the accusation that Le Sage sometimes writes "*Juan, Pedro,*" and similar Spanish names, and sometimes "*Jean, Pierre,*" in French, is not quite correct. The novelist always employs Spanish names when they are written differently from French ones, and often accompanies them by "*Don;*" but when they are identical, or nearly so, in both languages, he writes the French form, as "*Don Gaston, don Alphonse, don Louis, don Félix.*" "*Dom*" is not the equivalent of the Spanish "*Don,*" but is applied in French to certain members of religious orders; "*dame*" and "*maître*" are used by Molière in the "*Avare,*" as "*dame Claude,*" "*maître Jacques;*" "*seigneur*" and "*cavalier*" are only written to give local coloring to "*Gil Blas;*" the four lines which Don Gaston de Cogollos sings are possibly taken from a Spanish author, whilst the misspelling of proper names, towns, places, etc., is

probably owing to printers' errors or to carelessness. M. Franceson gives also in his pamphlet the translation of all the passages which Le Sage has borrowed from Espinel's "*Marcos de Obregon*," and a list of Spanish authors laid under contribution by the French novel-writer, as well as the original passages of Firenzuola's Italian translation of Apuleius's "*Golden Ass*," from which Gil Blas's adventures in the cave of the robbers have been taken.

"The Chronology of the Life of Gil Blas," as given by M. Llorente, is wrong, though it seems ridiculous to treat a novel like an historical work, and to verify every date on which certain actions of the hero are supposed to have taken place. Gil Blas left Oviedo when he was seventeen years old (bk. i. ch. 1), and about six months afterwards Donna Mencia de Mosquera relates to him that her husband died seven years ago, when the Portuguese army was at Fez (bk. i. ch. 11). As Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, went in 1578 with an army to Morocco, where he was killed the same year, Donna Mencia must have spoken in 1585; therefore Gil Blas was born in 1568, and not in 1588, as Llorente says. Then arises the difficulty of explaining how, some time after Donna Mencia's adventure, and after Portugal had been annexed to Spain in 1580, the master of Gil Blas, Don Bernard de Castil-Blazo, could pass for a spy of the King of Portugal (bk. iii. ch. 1), and how Don Pompeyo de Castro could mention a King of Portugal when no such monarch existed—Le Sage, in the later editions of "*Gil Blas*," altered this potentate into a King of Poland (bk. iii. ch. 7)—and how Captain Rolando could say to Gil Blas (bk. iii. ch. 2) that, when he entered the town of Leon, the people would not have been more eager to see him if he had been a Portuguese general taken prisoner in war. Moreover, Gil Blas was imprisoned in the tower of Segovia a few months before the dismissal of the Duke of Lerma, which took place in 1618. Our hero was then fifty years old, and married Antonia some time afterwards. When the Count-Duke of Olivarez was exiled in 1643, Gil Blas would be more

than seventy; yet, nothing daunted, he returns to his estate, after the count's death in 1646, calls himself a man "who begins to grow old," marries again, twenty-eight years after his first marriage, a young lady between nineteen and twenty, and begets two children, "of whom he devoutly believes himself to be the father."

It must be obvious that any literary man, before beginning to write such a work as "*Gil Blas*" and to describe the events of such an adventurous career at a peculiar period of history and in a particular country, would consult the different travels and descriptions of the land in which his story takes place—would, so to speak, try to assimilate himself with the natives, and, by dint of reading and studying, become, as it were, bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. In this article the attempt will be made to prove that Le Sage did so. Let it, however, be remembered that the first two volumes of "*Gil Blas*" were published in 1715, the third in 1721, and the last in 1735.

(a) Le Sage acquired the habits and customs of Spain (see Nos. 1-7, page 6) in some of the books which he perused. The traveling by mules and the filthy state of the beds is mentioned: "*Le samedi quatrième d'octobre, ayant changé de mules, je partis de Pampélone, ayant acheté des draps à cause de la malpropreté des lits.*"* The same book speaks of the subterranean caves in Castile, where it is said "the Spaniards retired during the time of the Moors"—though Le Sage places the cave of Rolando in the Asturias—and of the bull-fights "at Erija, five leagues from Fuentes . . . where there were four noblemen (*Caballeros en Plaza*), who fought all dressed in black, and with feathers in their hats." The Countess d'Aulnoy† describes also at full length a bull-fight which took place at Madrid in 1679, where six noble knights were engaged, and she mentions another fight in her "*Mémoires.*"‡ In her "*Relation*"§ she employs the

* "*Journal du Voyage d'Espagne,*" etc. Paris, 1669.

† "*Relation du Voyage en Espagne.*" Paris, 1690. Lettre X.

‡ "*Mémoires de la Cour d'Espagne.*" Paris, 1690. § Lettre VIII.

phrase "réciter le rosaire," and says that all the Spanish ladies have one "attaché à leur ceinture." The same book gives also many examples of the tricks of inn-keepers in Spain. The leathern bag of wine is spoken of by her:* "The wine is put in prepared goat-skins, and it always smells of pitch or burning." Another book of travels† says that "they (the Spaniards) have no other casks but goat-skins, which they call *Bollegos*, and which are so pitched that when I drink I seem to swallow the awl (*le Saint Crespín*) of a shoemaker." The Countess, in speaking of the condemned to death, states:‡ "Les lois du royaume de Valence . . . accordent quelques jours aux criminels après qu'ils ont été jugés." Le Sage says that this law existed also in Leon. The particular bull allowing the Spanish kings to appoint archbishops is spoken of by Lenglet du Fresnoy,§ who says: "Le Roi seul, en vertu d'Indults du Saint Siège, nomme aux évêchés en Espagne." What "indults" are is to be found in Richelet's Dictionary, 1719: "Il y a deux sortes d'indults, actifs et passifs. Les indults actifs donnent le pouvoir de nommer et présenter des bénéfices et de les conférer. Les papes accordent ces indults aux Princes, aux Cardinaux, aux Archevêques, Evêques et autres Prélats." M. Llorente also pretends that the use of chocolate was unknown in France at the time Le Sage wrote "Gil Blas;" but Brillat-Savarin, in his "Physiologie du Goût," says||: "During the beginning of the Regency (1715-23), chocolate was in more general use than coffee; because it was then taken as an agreeable nourishment, whilst coffee was only looked upon as a curious and extravagant drink."

(b) The words and passages in "Gil Blas," evidently translated from the Spanish (see No. 8, page 7), and which are said not to be French, were partly used, as M. Franceson has already stated, to give a local coloring to the original, and are, as such,

* Lettre IX.

† "Relation de Madrid." Cologne, 1665.

‡ "Mémoires de la Cour d'Espagne."

§ "Méthode pour étudier la Géographie." Vol. VI., 1716.

|| "Méditation VI.," Section 2, § 10.

found in some of the books of travels which have been mentioned. The Countess d'Aulnoy* uses "Señior cordonnier, hidalgos, señor escudero, oidor, l'Hôpital de los Niños, la famosa comedia." Another traveler in Spain, a Dutch diplomatist, Aarsens van Sommelsdyck, who wrote in French,† says also, "Entre eux ils se traitent de Señiores Cavalleros."‡ Le Sage appears not always to have lodged the actors in the "posadas de los representantes" (see No. 9, page 7), for Laura relates to Gil Blas that Phenicia lived "with the whole troop in a large hôtel garni" (bk. vii. ch. 7).

(c) The dinner-hour was twelve o'clock in Paris as well as in Madrid (see No. 5, page 6). Boileau, in his third Satire, written in 1665, the very year of Philip IV.'s death, says that, "coming from Mass, P. hastens to a dinner to which he was invited, just as the clock struck twelve."

(d) Llorente accuses Le Sage of not knowing his own language (see No. 11, page 7), or, in other words, of introducing Spanish expressions into French. This accusation is totally wrong. Nearly all of the words or phrases quoted as not French are to be found in Richelet's Dictionary, of which the third edition, which I have consulted, was published in 1719. There we see "cavalier" described as "gentilhomme qui porte l'épée;" "seigneur," sometimes used "en riant," as "Seigneurs Chevaliers Catalans;" "à Dieu ne plaise;" "grâces à Dieu," though not "au ciel;" but, says the French lexicographer, "cette expression est basse;" "rendre grâces, rendre des actions des grâces," though not "rendre de très-humbles grâces;" "femme de bien et d'honneur." Richelet has also "famille," "viceroi," "bénéfice simple;" he defines "laboureur" as "celui qui cultive la terre avec la charue" (sic), and gives as an example "un riche laboureur," which expression Le Sage likewise uses ("Gil Blas," bk. v. ch. 1), and which evidently cannot mean "a rich day-laborer," as Llorente thinks it does. "Disciple,"

* "Relation du Voyage en Espagne.

† "Voyage d'Espagne" (fait en 1655), etc. Cologne, 1666. ‡ Ibid.

spelled "diciple," is defined as "écolier;" "fameux," which, according to Llorente, no Frenchman would use in the sense of "célèbre," was, according to Richelet, precisely employed in that sense in Le Sage's time. Llorente says about the word "directeur": "Only a Spaniard, or at least some one who has lived a long time in Spain, can know the difference between a monk who is only seen in the confessional, and a very reverend father, of the 'Cordon Alto,' of the 'Haut Cordon,' who is called spiritual director of consciences, and whom the devotees treat to pigeons, partridges, and other little dainty dishes." In Richelet's Dictionary "directeur" is defined as the "ordinary confessor of a person," and the two following lines are quoted from Boileau's tenth "Satire": "But of all mortals, thanks to the pious souls, none is so well cared for as a directeur de femmes." The Countess d'Aulnoy says in her "Relation du Voyage en Espagne":* "M. Mellini, the Apostolic Nuncio, consecrated the 'patriarche des Indes' on Trinity, and the king was present."

(e) The local knowledge of Spanish towns displayed by Le Sage (see No. 12, page 7) might easily have been acquired; for in d'Aulnoy's "Relation," in the thirteenth letter, the Countess says: "We went to hear mass in the Church de Los Reyes at Toledo."† The "Maison des Repenties," to which Sirena is sent ("Gil Blas," bk. ix. ch. 7), may have been anywhere; the Countess d'Aulnoy speaks of one in her "Relation;" and so she does four times of the existence of a convent, "Las Descalzas Reales," called by Le Sage "Monastère de l'Incarnation," where the widows and mistresses of the kings of Spain used to retire. In the third letter she says: "Philip IV. preferred Maria Calderona to a young lady of noble birth who was in attendance on the Queen, and who was so hurt by the fickleness of the King, whom she really loved, and by whom she had a son, that she withdrew to Las Descalzas Reales, where she became a nun. . . . The

* Lettre X.

† Llorente says the knowledge of the Church de los Reyes at Toledo "est une des preuves irrécusables de l'existence d'un manuscrit espagnol."

King sent word to La Calderona that she had to go in a nunnery, as it is the custom when the King quits his mistress." In the ninth letter the Countess writes: "This order of the Carmelites is held here in great veneration. Even Queens, when they become widows, are obliged to spend with them the rest of their lives. Don Juan (himself the illegitimate son of Philip IV.) has an illegitimate daughter who is a Carmelite nun. She is wonderfully beautiful, and it is said that she did not wish to take the veil; but it was her destiny, and so it is the fate of many others of her rank, who are scarcely more satisfied about it than she was. These nuns are called Descalzas Reales, which means 'royal ladies.' This rule applies even to the King's mistresses, whether they are unmarried or widows. When he ceases to love them, they must become nuns." The Countess repeats this in her fifteenth and last letter, and also in her "*Mémoires*." The knowledge that there was such a convent, says the author of the article in Blackwood, is "a still stronger argument in favor of the existence of a Spanish manuscript." Calling the Prado of Madrid by its right name, and quoting the "*Rue des Infantes*," is not to be wondered at, for there were several guide-books of Madrid printed before "*Gil Blas*" was published. The mentioning of so many provinces, large and small towns, and villages of Spain, is not marvelous, as there existed many geographical hand-books of Spain, written in Latin, as well as Colmenar's "*Délices d'Espagne et de Portugal*," 1707, translated into French, and all published long before "*Gil Blas*" saw the light. A large number of these names are also given in the books of travels in Spain already mentioned. The titles of the dukes, counts, and celebrated persons to be found in "*Gil Blas*" may be discovered in d'Aulnoy's "*Voyage*," in her "*Mémoires de la Cour d'Espagne*," in Salazar's "*Inventaire*,"* and in many other works. I find, in the "*Inventaire*" alone, the names of the nobles, their residences and incomes, with a list of archbishops

* Salazar, "*Inventaire général des plus curieuses recherches des royaumes d'Espagne*," traduit de l'Espagnol. Paris, 1615.

and bishops, viscounts, generals, admirals, priors, commanderies; and also the councils and councilors, presidents, auditors, secretaries, and other officers, and the way they are appointed, as well as their different incomes. In this little book are likewise given lists of the officers of the king's household, their salaries and pensions; and at the end of it a table showing the distances between the different towns and villages. In the Countess's "*Mémoires*" there is a list of the archbishops, bishops, and different *grandeos* of Spain; she also relates the history of the *Admirante* of Castile, a title abolished when Le Sage wrote, but not when the Countess penned her book. To say that forty-five Spanish names, such as those of Mrs. Slipslop and Parson Trulliber (see No. 13, page 8), were not likely to be invented by any but a Spaniard seems to me to be forgetting that Le Sage was an accomplished Spanish scholar; but, even if he were "only acquainted with the lighter part of Spanish literature," he might easily have compounded these names. The orthographical mistakes (see No. 1, page 8) are, as Mr. Franceson has already observed, chiefly printers' errors or faults of carelessness; though many of them, such as "*Contador*," "*Miyadas*," "*Majuelo*," and "*Pliego*," are rightly spelled in the early editions of "*Gil Blas*." The supposed error of Le Sage in imagining "*seigneur*," "*Señor*," and "*seigneurie*," "*Señoria*," to be equivalent, and on which so much stress has been laid by M. Llorente, as proving that the French author must have plagiarized from a Spanish manuscript, without understanding what he did (see No. 2, page 8), is no error at all.* Le Sage uses the word "*seigneurie*" in "*Gil Blas*" twelve times:

1°. When speaking of the actresses who treat great lords familiarly, and who, far from addressing them as "*Excellencies*," *ne leur donnaient pas même de la seigneurie*" (bk. iii. ch. 10).

2°. Don Rodrigo de Calderon calls Gil Blas "*Seigneur de Santillane*;" "he," says Gil Blas, "who had never yet addressed me

* Llorente says distinctly about the use of the word "*seigneurie*": "*Le Sage n'entendait pas même ce qu'il copiait.*"

in any other way but as 'vous, sans jamais se servir du terme de seigneurie'" (bk. viii. ch. 5).

3°. Don Roger de Rada, when relating his adventures, says to Gil Blas, "de peur d'ennuyer votre seigneurie" (bk. viii. ch. 8).

4°. Fabricio addresses Gil Blas as "Seigneur de Santillane," and then as "Seigneur, I am delighted with the prosperity of your seigneurie;" upon which Gil Blas replies, "Oh ! que diable ! trêve de seigneur et de seigneurie" (bk. viii. ch. 9).

5°. As love-messenger of the Prince of Spain, Gil Blas is addressed by the Señora Mencia as "votre seigneurie" (bk. viii. ch. 10).

6°. Gil Blas says of himself, "Gabriel Salero thought that he had found in 'ma seigneurie' the best match in Spain for his daughter" (bk. ix. ch. 1).

7°. Gil Blas addresses Señor Manuel Ordoñez: "My friend Fabricio would have done much better to remain with your 'seigneurie' than to cultivate poetry" (bk. x. ch. 2).

8°. In stopping at the house of Don Alphonso de Leyva at Valencia, Gil Blas relates: "I found in my room a good bed, on which my 'seigneurie,' having laid down, fell asleep" (bk. x. ch. 5).

9°. Joseph Navarro says to Gil Blas: "My master has promised to speak for you to the Count of Olivarez 'sur le bien que je lui ai dit de votre seigneurie'" (bk. xi. ch. 3).

10°. Scipio addresses Gil Blas: "You see that fortune has great designs on 'votre seigneurie'" (bk. xi. ch. 6).

11°. The dancing-master, Martin Ligeró, says to Gil Blas: "I have been told that it is 'votre seigneurie' who selects the masters for my lord Don Henry" (bk. xii. ch. 5).

12°. Scipio declares to Gil Blas: "I like better a good office with 'votre seigneurie' than to be again exposed to the perils of the sea" (bk. xii. ch. 6).

In none of these cases can "seigneurie" mean "Señoría," a title only given to Spanish grandees. In the first two examples Le Sage uses the word rightly, as it was then employed in

French for "title given by the estate." In the last ten examples he seems to apply this expression *en riant*, or for the sake of civility.*

(f) The anecdote about the rector of the University of Salamanca (see No. 3, page 8) is certainly not in accordance with Spanish manners, but only demonstrates that, however careful an author may be, the difficulties of letting the scenes of a novel take place on foreign ground must some time or other induce him to commit an error.

(g) The accusation of the many topographical errors to be found in "Gil Blas" (see No. 4, page 8), of which the enumeration is borrowed from Llorente, and which errors are partly reproduced by Blackwood, has been accepted by all Le Sage's defenders as true. But, if they had consulted two maps of Spain—a large one, "*Carte nouvelle du royaume d'Espagne, dédiée à Sa Majesté Catholique Philippe V.*," Paris, 1705; and a smaller one, "*L'Espagne divisée en tous ses royaumée, principautés, etc., à l'usage de Monseigneur le duc de Bourgogne*," Amsterdam, 1710—they would have found that Le Sage was nearly always right. Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, Betancos, Rodillas, Grajal (bk. i. ch. 11), Moyados, Valpuesta (bk. ii. ch. 9), Luceno† (bk. iii. ch. 2), Villardesa and Almodabar (bk. iv. ch. 11)—spelled on the large map Villardsaz and Almodovar, on the small map Villardesaz and Almoda-

* Richelet, in his Dictionary, defines "*seigneurie*" as "*une terre seigneuriale*," and quotes from Molière's "*L'Ecole des Femmes*" (Act I. sc. 1) Chrysalde's lines to Arnolphe, who had adopted the name of Monsieur de la Souche:

"Que diable vous a fait aussi vous aviser
A quarante et deux ans de vous débaptiser,
Et d'un vieux tronc pourri de votre métairie
Vous faire dans le monde un nom de seigneurie?"

Richelet says also, "'*seigneurie*' is used *en riant*, and has the same meaning as '*signoria*' among the Italians, when they speak to a person civilly;" and then he quotes from Molière's "*Cocu Imaginaire*": "*Très-humble serviteur à votre seigneurie*."

† Llorente says in his "*Observations*": "Il n'y a euen Espagne aucun village du nom de Luceno."

var—Castil Blazo* (bk. v. ch. 1), Llírias (bk. ix. ch. 10), Melilla, Toralva (bk. v. ch. 1), Ponte de Duero (bk. ii. ch. 8), are all in their right places and well spelt, whilst Almerin (bk. v. ch. 1), which ought to have been Almoharin according to M. Llorente, is printed so on the small map, but figures on the large one as "Lmorin," with the usual sign of a town before it, which makes it look like "Almorin." All these names were not altered in later editions, but are to be found in the edition of "Gil Blas" published in three volumes, Paris, 1721, and also in the first one in four volumes, Paris, 1735, except that "Carrillo"—another of Le Sage's supposed misspellings discovered by M. Llorente—was correctly printed in the edition of 1721, but with only one *r* in the one published fourteen years later. Le Sage's Orbisa (bk. x. ch. 10) ought to be Cobisa. Peñafiel is mentioned as lying on the road from Segovia to Valladolid (bk. x. ch. 1); "this ought to be Portillo," says Llorente, because Valladolid is twelve leagues from Peñafiel, and therefore it is impossible to arrive there in one day." Portillo is certainly on the road between Valladolid and Segovia, but it seems not impossible to go twelve leagues when one has, like Gil Blas, "une chaise tirée par deux bonnes mules." But M. Llorente is difficult to please. When Gil Blas leaves Oviedo, after his father's death, and continues his journey (bk. x. ch. 8) "à petites journées," our Spanish critic observes that a carriage drawn by two mules ought not to go at so slow a pace. The blunder of placing Alcala de Henarez on the road from Madrid to Segovia seems to be Le Sage's own. The author of the article in Blackwood asks: "If Le Sage had invented the story, and clothed it with names of Spanish cities and villages, taken from *printed* books, can any one suppose that he would have fallen into all these errors?" It has been proved that they are not errors of Le Sage, but of M. Llorente; though, in justice to this gentleman, it ought to be stated that

* Llorente writes: "Le traducteur Isla s'est permis d'omettre les mots (Castil-
title orry" gu'il savait bien qu'il n'y avait point de pays de ce nom en Espagne."
Le Sage uses not mean by "pays" "country," but "village."

several of the towns mentioned by the French author are not found on modern maps.

(h) In a novel, even a so-called historical one, errors are generally found; how much more are these, then, to be expected in a tale like "Gil Blas"? Le Sage attempted to correct one of these errors which occurs in the history related by Don Pompeyo de Castro, by transferring the scene from Portugal to Poland; "but how comes it pass," asks the author of the article in Blackwood, "that Le Sage, who singles out with such painful anxiety the error to which we have adverted, suffers others of equal importance to pass altogether unnoticed?" (See No. 5, page 8.) This assertion is not quite correct, for the following notice pre-faced the edition of "Gil Blas" of 1735:

"In the third volume an epoch is mentioned (the time of the flight of Laura with Zendono to Portugal) which does not agree with the history of Don Pompeyo de Castro, to be found in the first volume (bk. iii. ch. 7). It appears that Philip the Second had not yet conquered Portugal,* and we see here suddenly this kingdom under the sway of Philip the Third,† without Gil Blas being much the older for it. This is a chronological fault which the author has perceived too late, but which he promises to correct later, as well as many others, if ever a new edition of his works should appear."

He corrected this fault there and then, and left the others to be altered afterwards. But in 1735 Le Sage was sixty-seven years old; and increasing infirmities, and other literary labor probably prevented him from accomplishing what he intended. To argue from this—as is done in Blackwood's Magazine—that Le Sage left "to posterity a lasting and unequivocal proof of his plagiarism . . . by dwelling on one anachronism as an error which he intended to correct, in a work swarming in every part with others equally flagrant, of which he takes no notice," is, to say the least of it, a general accusation which requires other proofs than

* The Duke of Alba conquered Portugal in 1580. (Original note of Le Sage.)

† Philip III. began to reign in 1598, and died in 1621. (Original note of Le Sage)

the remark that these mistakes were those "into which the original author had fallen, and which, as his object was not to give an exact relation of facts, he probably disregarded altogether." However, what is excusable in a Spaniard must equally be so in a Frenchman.

(2) In extenuation of the errors of Le Sage himself (see No. 6, page 8) may be brought forward the remark about these being mistakes "which the original author . . . probably disregarded altogether." Moreover, there is a lapse of fourteen years between the publication of the third and fourth volumes of "*Gil Blas*," and therefore Le Sage may well have forgotten that the hero of his novel, after having left the tower of Segovia, says to Don Alphonso de Leyva, in the third volume, that "four months ago he occupied an important post at Court" (bk. ix. ch. 10); and may have allowed *Gil Blas* to tell the king, in the first book of the fourth volume, that "he had been six months in prison" (bk. xi. ch. 2). That Le Sage was very negligent in writing his fourth volume is also proved by the supposed age of the hero of his novel, as compared with his birth and adventures, described in the first three volumes. The error of mentioning the dismissal of the Duke of Lerma, when Philip III. died, instead of saying "the Duke of Uzeda, son of the Duke of Lerma," can only be accounted for by carelessness, for Le Sage speaks rightly of the exile of the Duke of Uzeda in another part of "*Gil Blas*" (bk. xi. ch. 5). It seems to have been a fancy of our author to call Valcancel Valcazar; for the whole history of Don Henry de Guzman was published in many books well known at the time Le Sage wrote.

(3) M. Franceson has already stated that "*The Bachelor of Salamanca*," published after "*Gil Blas*," is a weakened reproduction of this last novel. Mr. Ticknor, one of the best Spanish scholars of modern times, says, in his "*History of Spanish Literature*," that two chapters of "*The Bachelor*" are taken from Moreto's play, "*Desdén con el Desdén*," whilst Sainte-Beuve maintains that several chapters are borrowed from *Ths. Gage*,

the English-American, "His Travail by Sea and by Land; or, a New Survey of the West Indies, containing a Journall of three thousand and three hundred miles within the main land of America, etc.," London, 1648, which was translated into French by Le Sieur de Beaulieu, H. O'Neil (i.e. A. Baillet), Paris, 1677. It becomes therefore difficult to see how "The Bachelor" can have formed part of an *original* Spanish manuscript long in the possession of the Marquis de Lyonne and his son; for a great deal of the French work appears to have been borrowed from printed books, one of them not even translated into Spanish.* As for "Gil Blas," Llorente and Blackwood both mention that two-thirds of this novel are taken from well-known Spanish works. If, therefore, Le Sage copied "Gil Blas" from a manuscript of de Solis, that manuscript was chiefly composed of plagiarisms, and the Spanish author must have been more stupid than men ordinarily are to steal from books so well known in Spain and to his contemporaries. Moreover, if the "literary larcenies" committed in "Gil Blas" amount to so heavy a bulk, how can Le Sage have pilfered his world-famed novel from a manuscript? There is not the shadow of an evidence that he has done so. The readers of this article will have seen how Le Sage became possessed of his intimate knowledge of Spain, and may also have perceived that his French was not quite so bad as M. Llorente wishes to prove it, nor that his errors were as manifold, and, in fact, as clearly faults of a copyist, as his literary enemies desire to make it out.

The life of an author is not that of a sybarite. .. It is passed in laborious and sedentary occupations, which are generally rewarded by a not over-abundant pay, and cause many mental anxieties. Envy, hatred, and malice not seldom attack him whilst he is alive, and are not even silenced after his death. The career of Le Sage is no exception to this almost general rule.

* In justice to M. Llorente it ought to be stated that he says in his "Observations," ch. i.: "On pourrait bien soutenir que Le Sage est l'auteur original d'une grande partie du 'Bachelier,' beaucoup plus qu'il ne le fut du 'Gil Blas.'"

He was no flatterer of the great; he did not attach himself to any then existing party or influential nobleman; and he dared to have opinions of his own. He was not to be bribed, worked hard for his daily bread, and gained a mere pittance; and he was finally obliged, by increasing age and infirmities, to take shelter with his only living son, a clergyman at Boulogne-sur-Mer, where he died. His fame, of course, increased when he was no longer alive to give umbrage; but this did not prevent a few of his contemporaries from attacking his works, and, above all, his masterpiece, "Gil Blas." Voltaire and others began the fray, the Spaniards took it up through national vanity, and they succeeded in making some critics believe what they brought forward, and in making not a few literary men incline to the opinion that "Gil Blas" was merely a copy of a Spanish manuscript. If that delusion has been dispelled by the present article, the labor bestowed upon it has not been in vain.

HENRI VAN LAUN, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE MORALITY OF THE PROFESSION OF LETTERS.

The profession of letters has been lately debated in the public prints; and it has been debated, to put the matter mildly, from a point of view that was calculated to surprise high-minded men, and bring a general contempt on books and reading. Some time ago, in particular, a lively, pleasant, popular writer devoted an essay, lively and pleasant like himself, to a very encouraging view of the profession. We may be glad that his experience is so cheering, and we may hope that all others who deserve it shall be as handsomely rewarded; but I do not think we need be at all glad to have this question, so important to the public and ourselves, debated solely on the ground of money. The salary in any business under heaven is not the only, nor indeed the first, question. That you should continue to exist is

a matter for your own consideration ; but that your business should be first honest, and second useful, are points in which honor and morality are concerned. If the writer to whom I refer succeeds in persuading a number of young persons to adopt this way of life with an eye set singly on the livelihood, we must expect them in their works to follow profit only, and we must expect in consequence, if he will pardon me the epithets, a slovenly, base, untrue, and empty literature. Of that writer himself I am not speaking ; he is diligent, clean, and pleasing ; we all owe him periods of entertainment, and he has achieved an amiable popularity which he has adequately deserved. But the truth is, he does not, or did not when he first embraced it, regard his profession from this purely mercenary side. He went into it, I shall venture to say, if not with any noble design, at least in the ardor of a first love ; and he enjoyed its practice long before he paused to calculate the wage. The other day an author was complimented on a piece of work, good in itself and exceptionally good for him, and replied in terms unworthy of a commercial traveler, that as the book was not briskly selling he did not give a copper farthing for its merit. It must not be supposed that the person to whom this answer was addressed received it as a profession of faith ; he knew, on the other hand, that it was only a whiff of irritation ; just as we know, when a respectable writer talks of literature as a way of life, like shoemaking, but not so useful, that he is only debating one aspect of a question, and is still clearly conscious of a dozen others more important in themselves and more central to the matter in hand. But while those who treat literature in this penny-wise and virtue-foolish spirit are themselves truly in possession of a better light, it does not follow that the treatment is decent or improving, whether for themselves or others. To treat all subjects in the highest, the most honorable, and the pluckiest spirit, consistent with the fact, is the first duty of the writer. If he be well paid, as I am glad to hear he is, this duty becomes the more urgent, the neglect of it the more disgraceful.

And perhaps there is no subject on which a man should speak so gravely as that industry, whatever it may be, which is the occupation or delight of his life ; which is his tool to earn or serve with ; and which, if it be unworthy, stamps himself as a mere incubus of dumb and greedy bowels on the shoulders of laboring humanity. On that subject alone even to force the note might lean to virtue's side. It is to be hoped that a numerous and enterprising generation of writers will follow and surpass the present one ; but it would be better if the stream were stayed, and the roll of our old, honest, English books were closed, than that esurient bookmakers should continue and debase a brave tradition and lower, in their own eyes, a famous race. Better that our serene temples were deserted than filled with trafficking and juggling priests.

There are two just reasons for the choice of any way of life : the first is inbred taste in the chooser ; the second some high utility in the industry selected. Literature, like any other art, is singularly interesting to the artist ; and in a degree peculiar to itself among the arts, it is useful to mankind. These are the sufficient justifications for any young man or woman who adopts it as the business of his life. I shall not say much about the wages. A writer can live by his writing. If not so luxuriously as by other trades, then less luxuriously. The nature of the work he does all day will more affect his happiness than the quality of his dinner at night. Whatever be your calling, and however much it brings you in the year, you could still, you know, get more by cheating. We all suffer ourselves to be too much concerned about a little poverty ; but such considerations should not move us in the choice of that which is to be the business and justification of so great a portion of our lives ; and like the missionary, the patriot, or the philosopher, we should all choose that poor and brave career in which we can do the most and best for mankind. Now nature, faithfully followed, proves herself a careful mother. A lad, for some liking to the jingle of words, betakes himself to letters for his life ; by and by, when he

learns more gravity, he finds that he has chosen better than he knew; that if he earns little, he is earning it amply; that if he receives a small wage, he is in a position to do considerable services; that it is in his power, in some small measure, to protect the oppressed and to defend the truth. So kindly is the world arranged, such great profit may arise from a small degree of human reliance on oneself, and such in particular is the happy star of this trade of writing, that it should combine pleasure and profit to both parties, and be at once agreeable, like fiddling, and useful, like good preaching.

This is to speak of literature at its highest; and with the four great elders who are still spared to our respect and admiration, with Carlyle, Ruskin, Browning, and Tennyson before us, it would be cowardly to consider it at first in any lesser aspect.* But while we cannot follow these athletes, while we may none of us, perhaps, be very vigorous, very original, or very wise, I still contend that, in the humblest sort of literary work, we have it in our power either to do great harm or great good. We may seek merely to please; we may seek, having no higher gift, merely to gratify the idle nine-days' curiosity of our contemporaries; or we may essay, however feebly, to instruct. In each of these we shall have to deal with that remarkable art of words which, because it is the dialect of life, comes home so easily and powerfully to the minds of men; and since that is so, we contribute, in each of these branches, to build up the sum of sentiments and appreciations which goes by the name of Public Opinion or Public Feeling. The total of a nation's reading, in these days of daily papers, greatly modifies the total of the nation's speech; and the speech and reading, taken together, form the efficient educational medium of youth. A good man or woman may keep a youth some little while in clearer air; but the contemporary atmosphere is all powerful in the end on the average of mediocre characters. The copious Corinthian

* Since this article was written, only three of these remain. But the other, being dead, yet speaketh.

baseness of the American reporter or the Parisian chroniqueur, both so lightly readable, must exercise an incalculable influence for ill; they touch upon all subjects, and on all with the same ungenerous hand; they begin the consideration of all, in young and unprepared minds, in an unworthy spirit; on all they supply some pungency for dull people to quote. The mere body of this ugly matter overwhelms the rarer utterances of good men; the sneering, the selfish, and the cowardly are scattered in broad sheets on every table, while the antidote, in small volumes, lies unread upon the shelf. I have spoken of the American and the French, not because they are so much baser, but so much more readable than the English; their evil is done more effectively, in America for the masses, in French for the few that care to read; but with us as with them, the duties of literature are daily neglected, truth daily perverted and suppressed, and grave subjects daily degraded in the treatment. The journalist is not reckoned an important officer; yet judge of the good he might do, the harm he does; judge of it by one instance only: that when we find two journals on the reverse sides of politics each on the same day openly garbling a piece of news for the interest of its own party, we smile at the discovery (no discovery now!) as over a good joke and pardonable stratagem. Lying so open is scarce lying, it is true; but one of the things that we profess to teach our young is a respect for truth; and I cannot think this piece of education will be crowned with any great success, so long as some of us practice and the rest openly approve of public falsehood.

There are two duties incumbent upon any man who enters on the business of writing: truth to the fact and a good spirit in the treatment. In every department of literature, though so low as hardly to deserve the name, truth to the fact is of importance to the education and comfort of mankind, and so hard to preserve, that the faithful trying to do so will lend some dignity to the man who tries it. Our judgments are based upon two things: first, upon the original preferences of our soul; but,

second, upon the mass of testimony to the nature of God, man, and the universe which reaches us, in divers manners, from without. For the most part these divers manners are reducible to one, all that we learn of past times and much that we learn of our own reaching us through the medium of books or papers, and even he who cannot read learning from the same source at second hand and by the report of him who can. Thus the sum of the contemporary knowledge or ignorance of good and evil is, in large measure, the handiwork of those who write. Those who write have to see that each man's knowledge is, as near as they can make it, answerable to the facts of life; that he shall not suppose himself an angel or a monster; nor take this world for a hell; nor be suffered to imagine that all rights are concentrated in his own caste or country, or all veracities in his own parochial creed. Each man should learn what is within him, that he may strive to mend; he must be taught what is without him, that he may be kind to others. It can never be wrong to tell him the truth; for, in his disreputable state, weaving as he goes his theory of life, steering himself, cheering or reproving others, all facts are of the first importance to his conduct; and even if a fact shall discourage or corrupt him, it is still best that he should know it; for it is in this world as it is, and not in a world made easy by educational suppressions, that he must win his way to shame or glory. In one word, it must always be foul to tell what is false; and it can never be safe to suppress what is true. The very fact that you omit may be what somebody was wanting, for one man's meat is another man's poison, and I have known a person who was cheered by the perusal of "Candide." Every fact is a part of that great puzzle we must set together; and none that comes directly in a writer's path but has some nice relations, unperceivable by him, to the totality and bearing of the subject under hand. Yet there are certain classes of fact eternally more necessary than others, and it is with these that literature must first bestir itself. They are not hard to distinguish, nature once more easily leading us; for the

necessary, because the efficacious, facts are those which are most interesting to the natural mind of man. Those which are colored, picturesque, human, and rooted in morality, and those, on the other hand, which are clear, indisputable, and a part of science, are alone vital in importance, seizing by their interest, or useful to communicate. So far as the writer merely narrates, he should principally tell of these. He should tell of the kind and wholesome and beautiful elements of our life; he should tell unsparingly of the evil and sorrow of the present, to move us with instances; he should tell of wise and good people in the past, to excite us by example; and of these he should tell soberly and truthfully, not glossing faults, that we may neither grow discouraged with ourselves nor exacting to our neighbors. So the body of contemporary literature, ephemeral and feeble in itself, touches in the minds of men the springs of thought and kindness, and supports them (for those who will go at all are easily supported) on their way to what is true and right. And if, in any degree, it does so now, how much more might it do so if the writers chose! There is not a life in all the records of the past but, properly studied, might lend a hint and a help to some contemporary. There is not a juncture in to-day's affairs but some useful word may yet be said of it. Even the reporter has an office, and, with clear eyes and honest language, may unveil injustices and point the way to progress. And for a last word: in all narration there is only one way to be clever, and that is to be exact. To be vivid is a secondary quality which must presuppose the first; for vividly to convey a wrong impression is only to make failure conspicuous.

But a fact may be viewed on many sides; it may be chronicled with rage, tears, laughter, indifference, or admiration, and by each of these the story will be transformed to something else. The newspapers that told of the return of our representatives from Berlin, even if they had not differed as to the facts, would have sufficiently differed by their spirit; so that the one description would have been a second ovation, and the other a pro-

longed insult. The subject makes but a trifling part of any piece of literature, and the view of the writer is itself a fact more important because less disputable than the others. Now this spirit in which a subject is regarded, important in all kinds of literary work, becomes all important in works of fiction, meditation, or rhapsody; for there it not only colors but itself chooses the facts; not only modifies but shapes the work. And hence, over the far larger proportion of the field of literature, the health or disease of the writer's mind or momentary humor forms not only the leading feature of his work, but is, at bottom, the only thing he can communicate to others. In all works of art, widely speaking, it is first of all the author's attitude that is narrated, though in the attitude there be implied a whole experience and a theory of life. An author who has begged the question and reposes in some narrow faith, cannot, if he would, express the whole or even many of the sides of this various existence; for his own life being maim, some of them are not admitted in his theory, and were only dimly and unwillingly recognized in his experience. Hence the smallness, the triteness, and the inhumanity in works of merely sectarian religion; and hence we find equal although unsimilar limitations in works inspired by the spirit of the flesh or the despicable taste for high society. So that the first duty of any man who is to write is intellectual. Designedly or not, he has so far set himself up for a leader of the minds of men; and he must see that his own mind is kept supple, charitable, and bright. Everything but prejudice should find a voice through him; he should see the good in all things; where he has even a fear that he does not wholly understand, there he should be wholly silent; and he should recognize from the first that he has only one tool in his workshop, and that tool is sympathy.*

* A foot-note, at least, is due to the admirable example set before all young writers in the width of literary sympathy displayed by Mr. Swinburne. He runs forth to welcome merit, whether in Dickens or Trollope, whether in Villon, Milton, or Pope. This is, in criticism, the attitude we should all seek to preserve, not only in that, but in every branch of literary work.

The second duty, far harder to define, is moral. There are a thousand different humors in the mind, and about each of them, when it is uppermost, some literature tends to be deposited. Is this to be allowed? not certainly in every case, and yet perhaps in more than rigorists would fancy. It were to be desired that all literary work, and chiefly works of art, issued from sound, human, healthy, and potent impulses, whether grave or laughing, humorous, romantic, or religious. Yet it cannot be denied that some valuable books are partially insane; some, mostly religious, partially inhuman; and very many tainted with morbidity and impotence. We do not loathe a masterpiece although we gird against its blemishes. We are not, above all, to look for faults but merits. There is no book perfect, even in design; but there are many that will delight, improve, or encourage the reader. On the one hand, the Hebrew Psalms are the only religious poetry on earth; yet they contain sallies that savor rankly of the man of blood. On the other hand, Alfred de Musset had a poisoned and a contorted nature; I am only quoting that generous and frivolous giant, old Dumas, when I accuse him of a bad heart; yet, when the impulse under which he wrote was purely creative, he could give us works like "Carmosine" or "Fantasio," in which the lost note of the romantic comedy seems to have been found again to touch and please us. When Flaubert wrote "Madame Bovary," I believe he thought chiefly of a somewhat morbid realism; and behold! the book turned in his hands into a masterpiece of appalling morality. But the truth is, when books are conceived under a great stress, with a soul of nine-fold power nine times heated and electrified by effort, the conditions of our being are seized with such an ample grasp, that, even should the main design be trivial or base, some truth and beauty cannot fail to be expressed. Out of the strong comes forth sweetness; but an ill thing poorly done is an ill thing top and bottom. And so this can be no encouragement to knock-kneed, feeble-wristed scribes, who

must take their business conscientiously or be ashamed to practice it.

Man is imperfect ; yet in his literature he must express himself and his own views and preferences ; for to do anything else is to do a far more perilous thing than to risk being immoral : it is to be sure of being untrue. To ape a sentiment, even a good one, is to travesty a sentiment ; that will not be helpful. To conceal a sentiment, if you are sure you hold it, is to take a liberty with truth. There is probably no point of view possible to a sane man but contains some truth and, in the true connection, might be profitable to the race. I am not afraid of the truth, if any one could tell it me, but I am afraid of parts of it impertinently uttered. There is a time to dance and a time to mourn ; to be harsh as well as to be sentimental ; to be ascetic as well as to glorify the appetites ; and if a man were to combine all these extremes into his work, each in its place and proportion, that work would be the world's masterpiece of morality as well as of art. Partiality is immorality ; for any book is wrong that gives a misleading picture of the world and life. The trouble is that the weakling must be partial ; the work of one proving dank and depressing ; of another, cheap and vulgar ; of a third, epileptically sensual ; of a fourth, sourly ascetic. In literature, as in conduct, you can never hope to do exactly right. All you can do is to make as sure as possible ; and for that there is but one rule. Nothing should be done in a hurry that can be done slowly. It is no use to write a book and put it by for nine or even ninety years ; for in the writing you will have partly convinced yourself ; the delay must precede any beginning ; and if you meditate a work of art, you should first long roll the subject under the tongue to make sure you like the flavor, before you brew a volume that shall taste of it from end to end ; or if you propose to enter on the field of controversy, you should first have thought upon the question under all conditions, in health as well as in sickness, in sorrow as well as in joy. It is this

nearness of examination necessary for any true and kind writing, that makes the practice of the art a prolonged and noble education for the writer.

There is plenty to do, plenty to say, or to say over again, in the meantime. Any literary work which conveys faithful facts or pleasing impressions is a service to the public. It is even a service to be thankfully proud of having rendered. The slightest novels are a blessing to those in distress, not chloroform itself a greater. Our fine old sea-captain's life was justified when Carlyle soothed his mind with "The King's Own" or "Newton Forster." To please is to serve; and so far from its being difficult to instruct while you amuse, it is difficult to do the one thoroughly without the other. Some part of the writer or his life will crop out in even a vapid book; and to read a novel that was conceived with any force, is to multiply experience and to exercise the sympathies. Every article, every piece of verse, every essay, every entre-filet, is destined to pass, however swiftly, through the minds of some portion of the public, and to color, however transiently, their thoughts. When any subject falls to be discussed, some scribbler on a paper has the invaluable opportunity of beginning its discussion in a dignified and human spirit; and if there were enough who did so in our public press, neither the public nor the parliament would find it in their minds to drop to meaner thoughts. The writer has the chance to stumble, by the way, on something pleasing, something interesting, something encouraging, were it only to a single reader. He will be unfortunate, indeed, if he suit no one. He has the chance, besides, to stumble on something that a dull person shall be able to comprehend; and for a dull person to have read anything and, for that once, comprehended it, makes a marking epoch in his education.

Here then is work worth doing and worth trying to do well. And so, if I were minded to welcome any great accession to our trade, it should not be from any reason of a higher wage, but because it was a trade which was useful in a very great and in a

very high degree; which every honest tradesman could make more serviceable to mankind in his single strength; which was difficult to do well and possible to do better every year; which called for scrupulous thought on the part of all who practiced it, and hence became a perpetual education to their nobler natures; and which, pay it as you please, in the large majority of the best cases will still be underpaid. For surely, at this time of day in the nineteenth century, there is nothing that an honest man should fear more timorously than getting and spending more than he deserves.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Those who from however great a distance have shared in the long vigil held in that "little house at Chelsea," of which so much has been heard and said in recent days, must have felt it something like a personal relief and solemn satisfaction when the last bonds were loosened, and the old man, so weary and worn with living, was delivered from his earthly troubles. "They will not understand that it's death I want," he said one of the last times I saw him. He said the same thing to all his visitors. As he sat, gaunt and tremulous, in the middle of the quiet, graceful little room, with still a faint perfume about it of his wife and her ways, still so like himself, talking in the cadenced and rhythmic tones of his native dialect, which suited so well the natural form of his diction, with now and then an abrupt outburst of that broken laugh which is so often only another form of weeping, weariness had entered into his soul. Great weakness was no doubt one of its chief causes; but also the loneliness of the heart, the solitude of one whose companion had gone from his side, and who, though surrounded by tender friends

and loving service, had no one of the primary relationships left to him, nothing of his very own still remaining out of the wrecks of life. His course was over years ago—nothing left for him to do, no reason for living except the fact that he was left there, and could do no other. It is scarcely too much to say that the whole nation, in which nevertheless there are so many to whom he was but a name, attended him, with uncovered head, and unfeigned reverence, to the little churchyard in Annandale where he is gathered to his fathers. No one now living perhaps, apart from the warmer passion of politics, on the ground of mere literary fame, would call forth so universal a recognition—certainly no one whose voice had been silent and his visible presence departed for so long before the actual ending of his pilgrimage.

It is possible that any disturbance so soon of the religious calm and subduing influence of that last scene would have seemed harsh and unseasonable; but there is more than any mere sentimental objection to the immediate awakening of contending voices over the Master's grave, in the feeling with which we regard the book which has been so hurriedly placed in our hands—the last utterance of the last prophet and sage, what should have been the legacy of ripest wisdom, and calm at least, if not benignant philosophy. That Carlyle was not one who regarded contemporary progress with satisfaction, or had any optimist views about the improvement of the world, we were all well aware. But never had his great spirit stooped to individual contention, to anything that could be called unkindness; and we had no reason to expect that any honest and friendly contemporary on opening this posthumous record should receive a sting. But now the book, so long mysteriously talked of, and to which we have looked as, when it should come, one of the most touching and impressive of utterances, has burst upon the world like a missile, an angry meteor, rather than with the still shining as of a star in the firmament which we had looked for. The effect would scarcely have been more astonishing if, after having laid down that noble and mournful figure to his everlasting rest,

he had risen again to pour forth an outburst of angry words upon us. Had we been less near the solemn conclusion, perhaps the shock and surprise would have been less painful; and it is possible, as some one says, that "a hundred years hence people will read it with the same interest." But this has little to do with the immediate question, which is that this record of so much of his life reveals to us a far less impressive and dignified personality than that which—in the reverential myths and legends of the gods of which Carlyle in his old age has been so long the subject—his generation has attributed to him. It is hard to contend against the evidence supplied by his own hand, and it will be very difficult to convince the world that we who think differently of him knew better than himself. Nevertheless, there will no doubt be many eager to undertake this forlorn hope, and vindicate the character he has aspersed.

It is scarcely possible that there should not be an outcry of derision at such an idea. Who, the reader will say, could know him so well as himself?—which is unanswerable, yet a fallacy, so far as I can judge. No one has ever set a historical figure so vividly before us, with dauntless acceptance of its difficulties, and bold and strong presentment of an individual, be he the real Cromwell or Frederick or not, yet an actual and living Somebody not unworthy (if not perhaps too worthy) of the name. But in this latest work of all, where he has to deal not with historical figures but with those nearest and most dear to himself, I venture to think, with respect, that Carlyle has failed, not only in the drawing of himself (made in one sad and fevered mood) but also of those in whom he was most deeply interested and ought to have known best. Nothing can prove more curiously the inadequacy of personal impressions and highly wrought feeling to reach that truth of portraiture which the hand of an unconcerned spectator will sometimes lightly attain. The only figure in this strange and unhappy book which has real life in it, and stands detached all round from the troubled background, is that of the man who was least to the writer of

all the group, most unlike him, the vivacious, clear-headed, successful, and brilliant Jeffrey, a man in respect to whom there was no passionate feeling in his mind, neither love, nor compunction, nor indignant sympathy, nor tender self-identification. The sketch of James Carlyle, which for some time has been talked about in literary circles, with bated breath, and which critics in general, confused and doubtful of their own opinion, have turned to as the one thing exquisite in these reminiscences, is after all not a portrait but a panegyric—a strange outpouring of love and grief, in which the writer seems half to chant his own funeral oration with that of his father, and enters into every particular of character with such a sense of sharing it, and into the valley and shadow of death with such a reflection of solemnity and awe and the mystery of departure upon his own head, that our interest is awakened much more strongly for him, than by any distinct perception we have of his predecessor. It is impossible not to be touched and impressed by this duality of being, this tremulous solemn absorption of self in the shadowy resemblance; but the real man whom we are supposed to be contemplating, shapes very confusedly through those mists. This sketch, too, was made in the immediate shock of loss, while yet the relations of the dead to ourselves are most clear, strengthened rather than diminished by their withdrawal out of our sight. At such a moment it would be strange indeed if the light were clear enough and the hand steady enough to give due firmness to the outline. That good craftsman, that noble peasant, looms out of those mists a hero and prophet like those reflections upon the mountains which turn a common figure into that of a giant. A tear is as effectual in this way as all the vapors of the Alps. Looking back through this haze it is no wonder that the gifted son with all the reverential recollections of his childhood roused and quickened, should see the figures of his kindred and ancestors, his father chief of all, like patriarchs in the country which in his consciousness had produced nothing nobler. "They were among the best and truest men (perhaps the very best) in their

district and craft," they were men of "evidently rather peculiar endowment." The father was "one of the most interesting men I have ever known," "the pleasantest man I had to speak with in all Scotland," "a man of perhaps the very largest natural endowment of any it has been my lot to converse with."

All this is very touching to read; and it is infinitely interesting and fine to see a man so gifted, whose genius has given him access out of the lowliest to the highest class of his contemporaries, thus turning back with grateful admiration and love to the humble yet noble stock from which he sprang. But with all this it is not a portrait, nor are we much the wiser as to the individual portrayed. "I call him a natural man, singularly free from all manner of affectation," Carlyle proceeds, as if the children and the friends were all met together to render honor to the dead, and could respond out of their own experience with emphatic "Ayes!" with sympathetic shakings of the head, "he was among the best of the true men which Scotland on the old system produced or can produce; a man healthy in body and mind, fearing God and diligently working on God's earth with contented hope and unwearied resolution." It is an eloquent *éloge*, like those which in France are pronounced over the grave in the hearing of friends specially qualified to assent, and to confirm the truth. But at the very highest that can be said of it this is description merely, and James Carlyle never stands before us—let us not say as Cromwell does, but even like Father Andreas in "*Sartor Resartus*," who was partly, no doubt, drawn from him, and who with half the pains comes out before us a veritable man.*

* The difference between this descriptive treatment and distinct portraiture could scarcely be better shown than by the following delightful story recalled to me by a noble lady, an older friend than myself, as told by Mrs. Carlyle of her father-in-law. When they met after her marriage, she offered him a filial kiss, which the old man felt to be too great an honor. "Na, na, Mistress Jean," he said, too respectful of his son's lady-wife to call her bluntly by her Christian name, "I'm no fit to kiss the like of you."—"Hoot, James," his wife cried, distressed by the rudeness, though not without her share in the feeling, "you'll no refuse her when it's her pleasure." "Na, na," repeated old Carlyle, softly putting away the pretty young gentlewoman with his hand. He disappeared for some time after this, then returned, clean-

This is true also I think, with the exception already noted, of all we have in these volumes. There are facts and incidents which no man but he could have reported—some of great interest, some, as was inevitable, of no interest at all—but he whose power of pictorial representation was so great, has not been able to make either his dear friend or dearest wife a living image to our eyes. For this purpose, an imagination not limited by details so well remembered, a mind more free, a heart less deeply engaged was necessary. It is not in nature that we should look upon the figures which walk by our side through life, and share every variety of our existence, as we behold others more distant. Carlyle had neither the cold blood nor the deliberate purpose which would have made such a piece of intellectual vivisection possible. Goethe could do it, but not the enthusiast who fixed his worship upon that heathen demi-god, the being of all others most unlike himself in all the lists of fame. It is hard to understand why Carlyle took Irving in hand at all. It was in the heat and urgency of troubled thoughts, when his wife's death had stirred up all the ancient depths, and carried him back to his youth and all his associations: and many a beautiful stretch of that youth, of walks and talks, of poetic wanderings, of dreams and musings which we should have been sorry to lose, is to be found in the long and discursive chapter of recollections which he has inscribed with his friend's name; but of Irving little, not much more than a silhouette of him, dark against the clear background of those spring skies. It may perhaps be supposed that I am scarcely likely to touch upon this subject without bias; but I do not think there was the slightest unwillingness in my mind to receive a new light upon it, nor any anticipation of hostility in the eagerness with which I turned over those pages

shaven and in his best Sunday clothes, blue coat, most likely with metal buttons, and all his rustic bravery, and approached her with a smile. "If you'll give me a kiss now!" he said.

Could there be a more delightful instance of the most chivalrous delicacy of feeling? It is worth a whole volume of panegyric.

coming from the hand of a beloved Master, as much nearer to Edward Irving as he was superior to any of us. But here, save by glimpses, and those mostly of the silhouette kind as has been said, is no Irving. There is but a vague comrade of Carlyle's youth, mostly seen on his outer side, little revealing any passion, prophetic or otherwise, in him, a genial stalwart companion, of whom the writer is unwilling to allow even so much as that the light which led him astray was light from heaven. And yet it is with no petty intention of pulling down from its elevation the figure of his friend that this is done, but rather to vindicate him as far as possible from the folly with which he threw himself into what was nothing but wretched imposture and hysterical shrieking and noise to the other. Rather that it should be made out to be mere excitement, the ever-quickenning tide of a current from which the victim could not escape, than that any possibility of consideration should be awarded to those strange spiritual influences which swayed him. But not to enter into this question, upon which it was natural that there should be no mutual comprehension between the friends, we think the reader will make very little of the man who occupies nominally the greater part of one of these volumes. His open-air aspect, his happy advent when he came on his early visits to Annandale, giving to Carlyle delightful openings out of his little farm-house circle, afford a succession of breezy sketches; and we see with pleasure the two young men strolling along "the three miles down that bonny river's bank, no sound but our own voices amid the lullaby of waters and the twittering of birds;" or sitting together among the "peat-hags" of Drumclog Moss "under the silent bright skies." All these are pictures "pretty to see," as Carlyle says. But there is no growing of acquaintance with this big friendly figure, and when we see him in London, always against a background more distinct than himself, though no longer now of "bright silent skies," but of hot interiors full of crowding faces, mostly (alas for the careless record made in an unhappy moment!) represented as of the ignoble sort—it is less and less

possible to identify him, or make out, except that he is always true and noble, amid every kind of pettiness and social vulgarity, what manner of man he was. This difficulty is increased by the continual crossing and re-crossing of Carlyle himself over the space nominally consecrated to Irving, sometimes striking him out altogether, and always throwing him back so that even the silhouette fails us. Had he lived a hundred years earlier the historian perhaps would have been no more tolerant of the Tongues or the miracles: but he would have picked out of the manifold ravings of the time, however dreary or unintelligible, such a picture of the heroic and stainless soul deceived, as should have moved us to the depths of our heart: perhaps thrown some new light upon spiritual phenomena ever recurring, whether as a delusion of the devil, or a mortal mistake and blunder; at least have set the prophet before us in a flood of illumination, of reverence, and compunction and tenderness.

But this gift which has made Abbot Sampson one of our dearest friends, stands us in no stead with the man who stood by the writer's elbow, whose breath was on his cheek, who was the friend and companion of his early years. Strange! and yet so natural, that we have only to interrogate ourselves to understand such a disability. He knew his friend far too well to know him at all in this way. He was not indifferent enough to perceive the tendencies of his being or the workings of his mind. These tendencies moved him, not to calm observation, but to hot opposition and pain, and anxious thought of the results—to the anger and the impatience of affection, not to the tolerance and even creative enjoyment of the poet who finds so noble a subject ready to his hand.

In a very different fashion which is yet the same, the prolonged sketch of his wife, which almost fills one volume, and more or less runs through both, will fail to give to the general reader any idea of a very remarkable woman full of character and genius. This memoir shares the ineffectiveness of the others, and labors under the same disadvantages, with this additional, that his "dearest

and beautifullest;" his "little darling," his "bonnie little woman," continues always young to him, more or less surrounded with the love-halo of their youth, a light which, after the rude tear and wear of the world which they both went through, it is hard to understand as existing thus unmodified either in his eyes or about her remarkable and most individual person. To many of those who loved her there must be a painful want of harmony between the woman they knew, not old because of her force and endless energy, but worn into the wrinkles and spareness of age, with her swift caustic wit, her relentless insight, and potent humor—and all those gentle epithets of tenderness, and the pretty air of a domestic idol, a wife always enshrined and beautiful which surrounds her in these pages. That such was her aspect to him we learn with thankfulness for her sake; though it is very doubtful how far she realized that it was so; but this was not her outside aspect, and I shrink a little, as if failing of respect to so dear and fine a memory, when I read out the sentences in which she appears, though with endless tributes of love and praise, as the nimble, sprightly, dauntless, almost girlish figure, which she seems to have always appeared to him. It must be added that a strong compunction runs through the tale, perhaps not stronger than the natural compunction with which we all remember the things we have left unsaid, the thanks unrendered, the tenderness withheld, as soon as the time has come when we can show our tenderness no longer; but which may make many believe, and some say, that Carlyle's thousand expressions of fondness were a remorseful make up for actual neglect. I am not one of those who think so; but it would be natural enough. That he had any intention of neglect, or that his heart ever strayed from her, I am very little disposed to believe; but there were circumstances in their life which to him, the man, were very light; but to her were not without their bitterness, little appreciated or understood by him.

Here is one case for instance. "We went pretty often, I think I myself far the oftener, as usual in such cases my loyal little

darling taking no manner of offense not to participate in my lionings, but behaving like the royal soul she was, I dullard egoist, taking no special recognition of such nobleness." She "took no manner of offense," was far too noble and genuine to take offense. Yet with a little humorous twitch at the corner of her eloquent mouth would tell sometimes of the fine people who left her out in their invitations as the great man's insignificant wife, with a keen mot which told of individual feeling not extinguished, though entirely repressible and under her command. And Carlyle did what most men—what almost every human creature does when attended by such a ministry in life as hers; accepted the service and sacrifice of all her faculties which she made to him, with, at the bottom, a real understanding and appreciation no doubt, but, on the surface, a calm ease of acquiescence as if it had been the most natural thing in the world. She for her part—let us not be misunderstood in saying so—contemplated him, her great companion in life, with a certain humorous curiosity not untinged with affectionate contempt and wonder that a creature so big should be at the same time so little, such a giant and commanding genius with all the same so many babyish weaknesses for which she liked him all the better! Women very often, more often than not, do regard their heroes so,—admiration and the confidence of knowledge superior to that of any one else of their power and bright qualities, permitting this tender contempt for those vagaries of the wise and follies of the strong. To see what he will do next, the big blundering male creature, unconscious entirely of that fine scrutiny, malin but tender, which sees through and through him, is a constant suppressed interest which gives piquancy to life, and this Carlyle's wife took her full enjoyment of. He was never in the least conscious of it. I believe few of its subjects are. Thus she would speak of *The Valley of the Shadow of Frederick* in her letters, and of how the results of a bad day's work would become apparent in the shape of a gloomy apparition, brow lowering, mouth shut tight, cramming down upon the fire, not a word said—at least till after this

burnt-offering, the blurred sheets of unsuccessful work. Never a little incident she told but the listener could see it, so graphic, so wonderful was her gift of narrative. It did not matter what was the subject, whether that gaunt figure in the gray coat, stalking silently in, to consume on her fire the day's work which displeased him, or the cocks and hens which a magnanimous neighbor sacrificed to the rest of the Sage; whether it was the wonderful story of a maid-of-all-work, most accomplished of waiting-maidens, which kept the hearer breathless, or the turning outside in of a famed philosopher. Scherazade was nothing to this brilliant story-teller; for the Sultana required the aid of wonderful incident and romantic adventure, whereas this modern gentlewoman needed nothing but life, of which she was so profound and unpretending a student. I have never known a gift like hers, except far off in the person of another Scotch gentlewoman, unknown to fame, of whom I have been used to say that I remembered the incidents of her youth far more vividly than my own.

The story of the cocks and hens above referred to is a very good illustration both of the narrator and her gift, though I cannot pretend to give it the high dramatic completeness, the lively comic force of the original. There is another incident of a similar character mentioned in these "Reminiscences," when the heroic remedy of renting the house next door in order to get rid of the fowls was seriously thought of. But, in the case which she used to tell, there were serious complications. The owners of the poultry were women,—alas, not of a kind to be recognized as neighbors. How it came about that members of this unfortunate class should have domiciled themselves next door to the severe philosopher in the blameless atmosphere of Cheyne Row I cannot tell; but there they were, in full possession. Nor do I remember how they discovered that Mr. Carlyle's rest, always so precarious, was rendered altogether impossible by the inhabitants of their little fowl-house. When, however, a night or two of torture had driven the household frantic, this intelligence was

somehow conveyed to the dwellers next door ; and the most virtuous of neighbors could not have behaved more nobly. That very evening a cab drove up to the door, and, all the inhabitants crowding to the windows to see the exodus—a cackling and frightened procession of fowls was driven, coaxed, and carried into it, and sent away with acclamations. Mrs. Carlyle pondered for some time what to do, but finally decided that it was her duty to call and thank the author of this magnanimous sacrifice. Entirely fearless of remark by nature, past the age, and never of the temperament to be alarmed by any idea of indecorum, she was also, it must be allowed, a little curious about these extraordinary neighbors. She found a person noted among her kind, a bright and capable creature, as she described her, with sleeves rolled up on her round arms making a pie ! almost, one would have said, a voucher of respectability : who accepted her thanks with simplicity, and showed no alarm at the sight of her. It was characteristic that any thought of missionary usefulness, of persuading the cheerful and handsome sinner to abandon her evil life, never seems for a moment to have suggested itself. Was it something of that disgust with the hollowness of the respectable, and indignant sense of the depths that underlie society, and are glossed over by all decorous chroniclers, which appears in everything her husband wrote, that produced this strange impartiality ? It would be hard to say ; but she was a much closer student of actual life than he, and with a scorn beyond words for impurity,* which to her was the most impossible thing in life, had sufficient experience of its existence elsewhere to give her something of a cynical indifference to this more honest turpitude. She went with no intention of judging or criticising, but with a frank gratitude for service done, and (it cannot be denied) a little curiosity,

* I have been told a most characteristic anecdote on this point : how returning one evening alone from a friend's house, in her dauntless way, she was accosted, being then a young and pretty woman, by some man in the street. She looked at him with, one can well imagine what immeasurable scorn, uttered the one word "Idiot !" and went upon her way.

to see how life under such circumstances was made possible. And there must have been perceptions (as the visitor perceived) in the other woman; she showed her gratitude for this human treatment of her by taking herself and her household off instantly into more congenial haunts.

Even this incident, so small as it is, will show how little in her characteristic force such a woman is represented by Carlyle's compunctious, tender apostrophes to his "little darling." The newspaper tributes to his "gentle wife," and the "feminine softness" which she shed about him, which abounded at the time of her death, struck me with a sort of scorn and pain as more absurdly conventional and fictitious, in reference to her, than any blind panegyrics I had ever heard—the sort of adjectives which are applied indiscriminately, whether the subject of them is a heroic Alcestis or a mild housewife. It was to the former, rather than the latter, character that Mrs. Carlyle belonged, notwithstanding the careful orderliness of which her husband was so proud—the gracefulness and fitness with which she made her home beautiful, of which he brags with many a tender repetition: and that fine gift of household economy which carried them safe through all their days of struggle. Her endless energy, vivacity, and self-control, her mastery over circumstances, and undaunted acceptance for her own part in life of that mingled office of protector and dependent, which to a woman conscious of so many powers must have been sometimes bitter if sometimes also sweet—it is perhaps beyond the power of words to set fully forth. It is a position less uncommon than people are aware of; and the usual jargon about gentle wives and feminine influences is ludicrously inapplicable in cases where the strongest of qualities and the utmost force of character are called into play. Equally inadequate, but far more touching, are those prolonged maunderings (forgive, O Master revered and venerable, yet foolish too in your greatness as the rest of us!) of her distracted and desolate husband over his Jeanie, which one loves him the better for having poured forth in sacred grief and soli-

tude, like heaped up baskets of flowers, never too many or too sweet, over her grave, but which never should have been produced to the common eye by way of showing other generations and strange circles what this woman was. It will never now in all likelihood be known what she was, unless her letters, which we are promised, and the clearer sight of Mr. Carlyle's biographer accomplish it for us—a hope which would have been almost certainty but for this publication, which makes us tremble lest Mr. Froude should have breathed so long the same atmosphere as the great man departed, to whom he has acted the part of the best of sons—as to blunt his power of judgment, and the critical perception, which in such a case is the highest proof of love. Doubtless he felt Carlyle's own utterances too sacred to tamper with. We can only with all our hearts regret the natural but unfortunate superstition.

It has been said that these "Reminiscences" are full of compunction. Here is one of the most distinct examples of the husband's inadvertence—so common, so daily recurring—an inadvertence of which we are all guilty, but such as has been seldom recorded with such fullness of after-comprehension and remorseful sorrow:

"Her courage, patience, silent heroism—meanwhile must often have been immense. Within the last two years or so she has told me about my talk to her of the Battle of Mollwitz on those occasions [i.e., the half-hour he spent with her on returning from his walk] while that was on the anvil. She was lying on the sofa weak—but I knew little how weak—and patient, kind, quiet, and good as ever. After tugging and wriggling through what inextricable labyrinth and slough of despond I still remember, it appears I had at last conquered Mollwitz, saw it all clear ahead and round me, and took to telling her about it, in my poor bit of joy, night after night. I recollect she answered little, though kindly always. Privately at that time she felt convinced she was dying; dark winter, and such the weight of misery and utter decay of strength, and, night after night

theme to her, Mollwitz! This she owned to me within the last year or two, which how could I listen to without shame and abasement? Never in my pretended superior kind of life have I done for love of any creature so supreme a kind of thing. It touches me at this moment with penitence and humiliation, yet with a kind of soft religious blessedness too."

This and a hundred other endurances of a similar kind had been her daily use and wont for years, while she too toiled through the "valley of the shadow of Frederick," her mind never free of some preoccupation on his account, some expedient to soften to him those thorns of fate with which all creation was bristling. She showed me one day a skillful arrangement of curtains, made on some long-studied scientific principle by which "at last" she had succeeded in shutting out the noises, yet letting in the air. Thus she stood between him and the world, between him and all the nameless frets and inconveniences of life, and handed on to us the record of her endurance, with a humorous turn of each incident as if these were the amusements of her life. There was always a comic possibility in them in her hands.

While we are about it we must quote one short description more, one of those details which only he could have given us, and which makes the tenderest picture of this half-hour of fire-side fellowship. Carlyle has been describing his way of working, his long wrestling "thirteen years and more" with the "Friedrich affair," his disgusts and difficulties. After his morning's work and afternoon ride he had an hour's sleep before dinner: "but first always came up for half an hour to the drawing-room and her; where a bright kindly fire was sure to be burning, candles hardly lit, all in trustful chiar-oscuro, and a spoonful of brandy in water with a pipe of tobacco (which I had learned to take sitting on the rug with my back to the jamb, and door never so little open, so that all the smoke, if I was careful, went up the chimney) this was the one bright portion of my black day. Oh those evening half-hours, how beautiful and blessed

they were, not awaiting me now on my home coming! She was oftenest reclining on the sofa, wearied enough she, too, with her day's doings and endurings. But her history even of what was bad had such grace and truth, and spontaneous tinkling melody of a naturally cheerful and loving heart, that I never anywhere enjoyed the like."

This explains how there used to be sometimes visible reposing in the corner of the fireplace, in that simple, refined, and gracious little drawing-room so free of any vulgar detail, a long white clay *pipe*, of the kind I believe which is called churchwarden. It was always clean and white, and I remember thinking it rather pretty than otherwise with its long curved stem, and bowl unstained by any "color." There was no profanation in its presence, a thing which could not perhaps be said for the daintiest of cigarettes; and the rugged philosopher upon the hearthrug pouring out his record of labors and troubles, his battles of Mollwitz, his Dryasdust researches—yet making sure "if I was careful" that the smoke should go up the chimney and not disturb the sweetness of her dwelling-place—makes a very delightful picture. He admired the room, and all her little decorations and every sign of the perfect lady she was, with an almost awe of pleasure and pride, in which it was impossible not to feel his profound sense of the difference which his wife, who was a gentlewoman, had made in the surroundings of the farmer's son of Scotsbrig.

My first interview with Mrs. Carlyle was on the subject of Irving, her first tutor, her early lover, and always her devoted admirer and friend. To have been beloved by two such men was no small glory to a woman. She took to me most kindly, something on the score of a half imaginary East Lothianism which she thought she had detected, and which indeed came from no personal knowledge of mine, but from an inherited memory of things and words familiar there. And I shall not easily forget the stream of delightful talk upon which we were instantly set afloat, she with all the skill and ease and natural unteachable

grace of a born minstrel and improvisatore, flowing forth in story after story, till there stood before me, as clear as if I saw it, her own delightful childhood in quiet old-fashioned Haddington long ago, and the big grand boyish gigantic figure of her early tutor teaching the fairy creature Latin and logic, and already learning of her something more penetrating than either. There were some points about which she was naturally and gracefully reticent—about her own love, and the preference which gradually swept Irving out of her girlish fancy if he had ever been fully established there, a point on which she left her hearer in doubt. But there was another sentiment gradually developed in the tale which gave the said hearer a gleam of amusement unintended by the narrator, one of those side-lights of self-revelation which even the keenest and clearest intelligence lets slip—which was her perfectly genuine feminine dislike of the woman who replaced her in Irving's life, his wife to whom he had been engaged before he met for the second time with the beautiful girl grown up to womanhood, who had been his baby pupil and adoration, and to whom—with escapades of wild passion for Jane, and wild proposals to fly with her to Greece, if that could be, or anywhere—he yet was willingly or unwillingly faithful. This dislike looked to me nothing more than the very natural and almost universal feminine objection to the woman who has consoled even a rejected lover. The only wonder was that she did not herself, so keen and clear as her sight was, so penetrating and impartial, see the humor of it, as one does so often even while fully indulging a sentiment so natural, yet so whimsically absurd. But the extraordinary sequence of this, the proof which Carlyle gives of his boundless sympathy with the companion of his life, by taking up and even exaggerating this excusable aversion of hers, is one of the strangest of mental phenomena. But for the marriage to which Irving had been so long pledged, it is probable that the philosopher would never have had that brightest, "beautifullest" of companions; and yet he could not forgive the woman who healed the heart which his Jeanie had

broken! glorious folly from one point of view, strangest, sharp, painful prejudice on the other.

All that Carlyle says about his friend's marriage and wife is disagreeable, painful, and fundamentally untrue. He goes out of the way even to suggest that her father's family "came to no good" (an utter mistake in fact), and that the excellent man who married Mrs. Irving's sister was "not over well" married, an insinuation as completely and cruelly baseless as ever insinuation was. It is no excuse perhaps to allege a prejudice so whimsical as the ground of imputations so serious, and yet there is a kind of mortal foolishness about it, which, in such a pair, is half ludicrous, half pitiful, and which may make the offended more readily forgive.

Other instances of his curious loyal yet almost prosaic adoption of suggestions, taken evidently from his wife, will readily be noticed by the judicious reader. There is a remark about a lady's dress, which "must have required daily the fastening of sixty or eighty pins," unquestionably a bit of harmless satire upon the exquisite arrangement of the garment in question flashed forth in rapid talk, and meaning little; but fastening somehow with its keen little pin-point in the philosopher's serious memory, to be brought out half a lifetime after, alack! and give its wound. It is most strange and pitiful to see those straws and chips which she dropped unawares thus carefully gathered and preserved in his memory, to be reproduced with a kind of pious foolishness in honor of her who would have swept them all away, had she been here to guard his good name as she did all her life.

I must say something here about the tone of remark offensive to so many personally, and painful above measure to all who loved or revered Carlyle, which is the most astonishing peculiarity of this book. The reader must endeavor to call before himself the circumstances under which all of it, except the sketch of his father, was written. He had lost the beloved companion whom, as we all do, yet perhaps with more remorse and

a little more reason than most, he for the first time fully perceived himself never to have done full justice to: he had been left desolate with every circumstance of misery added which it is possible to imagine, for she had died while he was absent, while he was in the midst of one of the few triumphs of his life, surrounded by uncongenial noise of applause which he had schooled himself to take pleasure in, and which he liked too, though he hated it. It was when he found himself thus for the first time in the midst of acclamations which gratified him as signs of appreciation and esteem long withheld, scarcely looked for in this life, but which in every nerve of his tingling frame he shrank from—at that moment of all others, while he bravely endured and enjoyed his climax of fame, that he was struck to the heart by the one blow which life had in reserve for him, the only blow which could strike him to the heart! How strange, how over-appropriate this end to all the remaining possibilities of existence! He was a man in whose mind a morbid tendency to irritation mingled with everything; and there is no state of mind in which we are so easily irritated as in grief. If there is indeed “a far-off interest of tears,” which we may gather when pain has been deadened, this is seldom felt at the moment save in the gentlest nature. He was not prostrated as some are. On the contrary, it is evident that he was roused to that feverish energy of pain which is the result in some natures of a shock which makes the whole being reel. And after the first terrible months at home, kind friends, as tender of him as if they had been his children, would not let him alone to sit forlorn in the middle of her room, as I found him when I saw him first after her death, talking of her, telling little broken anecdotes of her, reaching far back into the forgotten years. They insisted on applying to him the usual remedies which in our day are always suggested when life becomes intolerable. Not to take away that life itself for a time which would be the real assuagement, could it be accomplished, but to take the mourner away into new scenes, to “a thorough change,” to beautiful and unfamiliar places, where it is supposed

the ghosts of what has been cannot follow him, nor associations wound him. He was taken to Mentone, of all places in the world, to the deadly-liveliness and quiet, the soft air, and invalid surroundings of that shelter of the suffering. When he came back he described it to me one day with that sort of impatient contempt of the place which was natural to a Borderer, as "a shelf" between the hills and the sea. He had no air to breathe, no space to move in. All the width and breadth of his own moorland landscape was involved in the description of that lovely spot, in its stagnant mildness and monotonous beauty. He told me how he had roamed under the greenness of the unnatural trees, "perhaps the saddest," he said with the lingering vowels of his native speech, "of all the sons of Adam." And, at first alone in his desolate house, and then stranded there upon that alien shore where everything was so soft and unlike him in his gaunt and self-devouring misery, he seized upon the familiar pen, the instrument of his power, which he had laid aside after the prolonged effort of "Frederick," with more or less idea that it was done with, and rest to be his henceforth, and poured forth his troubled agony of soul, his restless quickened life, the heart which had no longer a natural outlet close at hand.

"Perhaps the saddest of all the sons of Adam!" In this short period, momentary as compared with the time which he took to his other works, fretted by solitude and by the novelty of surroundings which were so uncongenial, he poured forth, scarcely knowing what he did, almost the entire bulk of these two volumes, work which would have taken him three or four times as long to produce had he not been wild with grief, distraught, and full of somber excitement, seeking in that way a relief to his corroding thoughts. Let any one who is offended by these "Reminiscences" think of this. He never looked at the disturbed and unhappy record of this passion again; "did not know to what I was alluding," when his friend and literary executor spoke to him, two years later, of the Irving sketch.

Miserable in body and mind, his nerves all twisted the wrong way, his heart rent and torn, full of sorrow, irritation, remorseful feeling, and all the impotent longings of grief, no doubt the sharpness of those discordant notes, the strokes dealt blindly all about him, were a kind of bitter relief to the restless misery of his soul. This is no excuse; there is no excuse to offer for sharp words, often so petty, always so painful, in many cases entirely unfounded or mistaken; but what can be a more evident proof that they were never meant for the public eye than Mr. Frōude's "did not know to what I alluded"? He who would spend an anxious week sometimes (as Mrs. Carlyle often told) to make sure whether a certain incident happened on the 21st or 22d of a month in the Sixteen or Seventeen Hundreds, it is not credible that he should wittingly dash forth dozens of unverified statements—statements which, if true, it would be impossible to verify, which, if untrue, would give boundless pain—upon the world. And there is nothing of the deliberate posthumous malice of Miss Martineau in the book; there is nothing deliberate in it at all. It is a long and painful musing, self-recollection, self-relief, which should have been buried with sacred pity, or burned with sacred fire, all that was unkind of it—and the rest read with reverence and tears.

The first sight I had of him after his wife's death was in her drawing-room, where while she lived he was little visible, except in the evening, to chance visitors. The pretty room, a little faded, what we call old-fashioned, in subdued color which was certainly not "the fashion" at the time it was furnished, with the great picture of little Frederick and his sister Wihelmine filling up one end, was in deadly good order, without any of her little arrangements of chair or table, and yet was full of her still. He was seated, not in any familiar corner, but with the forlornest unaccustomedness, in the middle of it, as if to show by harsh symbol how entirely all customs were broken for him. He began to talk of her, as of the one subject of which his mind was full, with a sort of subdued, half-bitter brag of satisfaction

in the fact that her choice of him, so troublesome a partner, so poor, had been justified before all men, and herself proved right after all in her opinion of him which she had upheld against all objections; from which, curiously enough, his mind passed to the "mythical," as he calls it, to those early legends of childhood which had been told by herself and jotted down by Geraldine Jewsbury, our dear and vivacious friend now, like both of them, departed. He told me thereupon the story of the "Dancing-School Ball"—which the reader will find in the second volume—without rhyme or reason; nothing had occurred to lead his mind to a trifle so far away. With that pathetic broken laugh, and the gleam of restless, feverish pain in his eyes, he began to tell me of this childish incident; how she had been carried to the ball in a clothes-basket, "perhaps the loveliest little fairy that was on this earth at the time." The contrast of the old man's already tottering and feeble frame, his weather-beaten and worn countenance agitated by that restless grief, and the suggestion of this "loveliest little fairy," was as pathetic as can be conceived, especially as I had so clearly in my mind the image of her too—her palest, worn, yet resolute face, her feeble, nervous frame, past sixty, and sorely broken with all the assaults of life. Nothing that he could have said of her last days, no record of sorrow, could have been so heart-rending as that description and the laugh of emotion that accompanied it. His old wife was still so fair to him, even across the straits of death—had returned indeed into everlasting youth, as all the record he has since made of her shows. When there was reference to the circumstances of her death, so tragical and sudden, it was with bitter wrath, yet wondering awe, of such a contemptible reason for so great an event—that he spoke of—"the little vermin of a dogue" which caused the shock that killed her, and which was not even her own, but left in her charge by a friend; terrible littleness and haphazard employed to bring about the greatest individual determinations of Providence—as he himself so often traced them out.

My brief visits to Carlyle after this are almost all marked in my memory by some little word of individual and most characteristic utterance, which may convey very little indeed to those who did not know him, but which those who did will readily recognize. I had been very anxious that he should come to Eton, at first while he was stronger, that he should make some little address to the boys—and later that he might at least be seen by all this world of lively young souls, the men of the future. His wife had encouraged the idea, saying that it was really pleasant to him to receive any proof of human appreciation, to know that he was cared for and thought of; but it was not till several years after her loss that, one bright summer morning, I had the boldness to suggest it. By this time he seemed to have made a great downward step and changed into his later aspect of extreme weakness, a change for which I had not been prepared. He shook his head, but yet hesitated. Yes, he would like, he said, to see the boys: and if he could have stepped into a boat at the nearest pier and been carried quietly up the river——. But he was not able for the jar of little railway journeys and changes; and then he told me of the weakness that had come over him, the failing of age in all his limbs and faculties, and quoted the psalm (in that version which we Scots are born to):

Threescore and ten years do sum up
Our days and years, we see;
And if, by reason of more strength,
In some fourscore they be;
Yet doth the strength of such old men
But grief and labor prove.

Neither he nor I could remember the next two lines, which are harsh enough, Heaven knows; and then he burst forth suddenly into one of those unsteady laughs. "It is a mother I want," he said, with mournful humor: the pathetic incongruity amused his fancy: and yet it was so true. The time had come when another should gird him and carry him—often where he would

not. Had it but been possible to have a mother to care for that final childhood!

The last time I saw him leaves a pleasant picture on my memory. In the height of summer I had gone a little too late one afternoon, and found him in the carriage just setting out for his usual drive, weary and irritated by the fatigue of the movement down-stairs, encumbered with wraps though the sun was blazing; and it was then he had said, "It is death I want—all I want is to die." Though there was nothing really inappropriate in this utterance, after more than eighty years of labor and sorrow, it is one which can never be heard by mortal ears without a pang and sense of misery. Human nature resents it, as a slight to the life which it prizes above all things. I could not bear that this should be my last sight of Carlyle, and went back sooner than usual in hopes of carrying away a happier impression.

I found him alone, seated in that room which to him, as to me, was still her room, and full of suggestions of her—a place in which he was still a superfluous figure, never entirely domiciled and at home. Few people are entirely unacquainted with that characteristic figure, so worn and feeble, yet never losing its marked identity; his shaggy hair falling rather wildly about his forehead, his vigorous grizzly beard, his keen eyes gleaming from below that overhanging ridge of forehead, from under the shaggy caverns of his eyebrows; his deep-toned complexion, almost of an orange-red, like that of an outdoor laborer, a man exposed to wind and storm and much "knitting of his brows under the glaring sun;" his gaunt, tall, tottering figure always wrapped in a long, dark gray coat or dressing-gown, the cloth of which, carefully and with difficulty sought out for him, had cost doubly dear both in money and trouble, in that he insisted upon its being entirely genuine cloth, without a suspicion of *shoddy*; his large, bony, tremulous hands, long useless for any exertion—scarcely, with a great effort, capable of carrying a cup to his lips. There he sat, as he had sat for all these years, since *her* departure left him stranded, a helpless man amid the wrecks of life.

Ever courteous, full of old-fashioned politeness, he would totter to his feet to greet his visitor, even in that last languor. This time he was not uncheerful. It was inevitable that he should repeat that prevailing sentiment always in his mind about the death for which he was waiting; but he soon turned to a very different subject. In this old house, never before brightened by the sight of children, a baby had been born, a new Thomas Carlyle, the child of his niece and nephew, as near to him as it was possible for any living thing in the third generation to be. He spoke of it with tender amusement and wonder. It was "a bonnie little manikin," a perfectly good and well-conditioned child, taking life sweetly, and making no more than the inevitable commotion in the tranquil house. There had been fears as to how he would take this innocent intruder, whether its advent might disturb or annoy him; on the contrary, it gave him a half-amused and genial pleasure, tinged with his prevailing sentiment, yet full of natural satisfaction in the continuance of his name and race. This little life coming unconscious across the still scene in which he attended the slow arrival of death, awoke in its most intimate and touching form the self-reference and comparison which was habitual to him. It was curious, he said, very curious! thus to contrast the new-comer with "the parting guest." It was a new view to him, bringing together the exit and the entrance with a force both humorous and solemn. The "bonnie little manikin," one would imagine, pushed him softly, tenderly, with baby hands not much less serviceable than his own, towards the verge. The old man looked on with a half-incredulous and wondering mixture of pain and pleasure, bursting into one of those convulsions of broken laughter, sudden and strange, which were part of his habitual utterance. Thus I left him, scarcely restrained by his weakness from his old habit of accompanying me to the door. For he was courtly in those little traditions of politeness, and had often conducted me downstairs upon his arm, when I was fain to support him instead of accepting his tremulous guidance.

And that was my last sight of Thomas Carlyle. I had parted with his wife a day or two before her death, at the railway, after a little visit she had paid me, in an agony of apprehension lest something should happen to her on the brief journey, so utterly spent was she, like a dying woman, but always indomitable, suffering no one to accompany or take care of her. Her clear and expressive face, in ivory-paleness, the hair still dark, untouched by age, upon her capacious forehead, the eloquent mouth, scarcely owning the least curve of a smile at the bright wit and humorous brilliant touches which kept all her hearers amused and delighted, seem still before me. She was full of his Edinburgh Rectorship, of the excitement and pleasure of it, and profound heartfelt yet half-disdainful satisfaction in that, as she thought, late recognition of what he was. To this public proof of the honor in which his country held him, both he and she seemed to attach more importance than it deserved; as if his country had only then learned to prize and honor him. But the reader must not suppose that this gallant woman, who had protected and fought for him through all his struggles, showed her intense sympathy and anxiety now in any sentimental way of tenderness. She had arranged everything for him to the minutest detail, charging her deputy with the very spoonful of stimulant that was to be given him the moment before he made his speech—but all the same shot a hundred little jibes at him as she talked, and felt the humor of the great man's dependence upon these little cares, forestalling all less tender laughter by her own. I remember one of these jibes (strange! when so many brighter and better utterances cannot be recalled) during one of the long drives we took together, when she had held me in breathless interest by a variety of sketches of their contemporaries—the immediate chapter being one which might be called the "Loves of the Philosophers"—I interrupted her by a foolish remark that Mr. Carlyle alone, of all his peers, seemed to have trodden the straight way. She turned upon me with swift rejoinder and just an amused quiver of her upper lip. "Mr.

dear," she said, "if Mr. Carlyle's digestion had been better there is no telling what he might have done!" Thus she would take one's breath away with a sudden mct, a flash of unexpected satire, a keen swift stroke into the very heart of pretense—which was a thing impossible in her presence. Not love itself could blind her to the characteristic absurdities, the freaks of nature in those about her—but she threw a dazzling shield over them by the very swiftness of her perception and wit of her comment.

There are many senses known to all in which the husband is the wife's protector against the risks of life. It is indeed a commonplace to say so, universally as the truth is acknowledged; but there is a sense also in which the wife is the natural protector of the husband, which has been much less noted. It is she who protects him from the comment, from the too close scrutiny and criticism of the world, drawing a sacred veil between him and the vulgar eye, furnishing an outlet for the complaints and grudges which would lessen his dignity among his fellow-men. And perhaps it is the man of genius who wants this protection most of all. Mrs. Carlyle was her husband's screen and shield in these respects. The sharpness of his dyspeptic constitution and irritable temper were sheathed in her determined faculty of making the best of everything. She stood between him and the world, with a steadfast guardianship that never varied. When she was gone the veil was removed, the sacred wall of the house taken down, no private outlet left, and nothing between him and the curious gazer. Hence this revelation of pain and trouble which nobody but she, so fully conscious of his greatness yet so undazzled by it, could have toned and subdued into harmony.

And yet he, with the querulous bitterness and gloom which he has here thrust upon us, in the midst of all the landscapes, under the clearest skies; and she, with her keen wit and eyes which nothing escaped, how open they were to all the charities! One day when she came to see me, I was in great agitation and anxiety with an infant just out of a convulsion fit. By the next

post after her return I got a letter from her, suggested, almost dictated, by Mr. Carlyle, to tell me of a similar attack which had happened to a baby sister of his some half century before, *and which had never recurred*—this being the consolatory point and meaning of the letter. Long after this, in the course of these last, melancholy, and lonely years, I appealed to him about a project I had, not knowing then how feeble he had grown. He set himself instantly to work to give me the aid I wanted, and I have among my treasures a note writ large in blue pencil, the last instrument of writing which he could use, after pen and ink had become impossible, entering warmly into my wishes. These personal circumstances are scarcely matters to obtrude upon the world, and only may be pardoned as the instances most at hand of a kind and generous readiness to help and console.

It would scarcely be suitable to add anything of a more abstract character to such personal particulars. Carlyle's work, what it was, whether it will stand, how much aid there is to be found in it, has been discussed, and will be discussed, by all who are competent and many who are not. A writer whose whole object, pursued with passion and with his whole soul, is to pour contempt upon all falsehood, and enforce that "truth in the inward parts" which is the first of human requisites, how could it be that his work should be inoperative, unhelpful to man? The fashion of it may fail for the moment, a generation more fond of sound than meaning may be offended by the "harsher accents and the mien more grave" than suits their gentle fancy; but so long as that remains the grand foundation of all that is possible for man, how can the most eloquent and strenuous of all its modern evangelists fall out of hearing? He had indeed few doctrines to teach us. What his beliefs were no one can definitely pronounce; they were more perhaps than he thought. And now he has passed to where all knowledge is revealed.

Mrs. OLIPHANT, in Macmillan's Magazine.

POLITICAL DIFFERENTIATION.

The general law that like units exposed to like forces tend to integrate was in the last chapter exemplified by the formation of social groups. The clustering of men who are similar in kind, when similarly subject to hostile actions from without, and similarly reacting against them, we saw to be the first step in social evolution. Here the correlative general law, that in proportion as the like units of an aggregate are exposed to unlike forces they tend to form differentiated parts of the aggregate, has to be observed in its application to such groups, as the second step in social evolution.

The primary political differentiation originates from the primary family differentiation. Men and women being by the unlikenesses of their functions in life exposed to unlike influences, begin from the first to assume unlike positions in the social group as they do in the family group: very early they respectively form the two political classes of rulers and ruled. And how truly such dissimilarity of social positions as arises between them is caused by dissimilarity in their relations to surrounding actions, we shall see on observing that the one is small or great according as the other is small or great. When treating of the status of women it was pointed out that to a considerable degree among the Chippewayans, and to a still greater degree among the Clatsops and Chinooks, "who live upon fish and roots, which the women are equally expert with the men in procuring, the former have a rank and influence very rarely found among Indians." We saw also that in Cueba, where the women join the men in war, "fighting by their side," their position is much higher than usual among rude peoples; and, similarly, that in Dahomey, where the women are as much warriors as the men, they are so regarded that, in the political organization, "the woman is officially superior." On contrasting these exceptional cases with the ordinary cases, in which the men, solely occupied

in war and the chase, have unlimited authority, while the women, occupied in gathering miscellaneous small food and carrying burdens, are abject slaves, it becomes manifest that diversity of relations to surrounding actions initiates diversity of social positions. And, as we before saw, this truth is further illustrated by those few uncivilized societies which are habitually peaceful, such as the Bodo and Dhimáls of the Indian hills, and the ancient Pueblos of North America—societies in which the occupations are not, or were not, broadly divided into fighting and working, and severally assigned to the two sexes; and in which, along with a comparatively small difference in the activities of the sexes, there goes, or went, small difference of social status.

So is it when we pass from the greater or less political differentiation which accompanies difference of sex to that which is independent of sex—to that which arises among men. Where the life is permanently peaceful definite class divisions do not exist. One of the Indian hill tribes to which I have frequently referred as exhibiting the honesty, truthfulness, and amiability accompanying a purely industrial life may be instanced. Hodgson says, "All Bodo and all Dhimáls are equal—absolutely so in right or law, wonderfully so in fact." The like is said of another peaceful and amiable hill tribe: "The Lepchas have no caste distinctions." And among a different race, the Papuans, may be named the peaceful Arafuras as displaying a "brotherly love with one another," and as having no divisions of rank.

As at first the domestic relation between the sexes passes into a political relation, such that men and women become, in militant groups, the ruling class and the subject class, so does the relation between master and slave, originally a domestic one, pass into a political one as fast as, by habitual war, the making of slaves becomes general. It is with the formation of a slave-class that there begins that political differentiation between the regulating structures and the sustaining structures which continues throughout all higher forms of social evolution.

Kane remarks that "slavery in its most cruel form exists

among the Indians of the whole coast from California to Behring's Straits, the stronger tribes making slaves of all the others they can conquer. In the interior, where there is but little warfare, slavery does not exist." And this statement does but exhibit, in a distinct form, the truth everywhere obvious. Evidence suggests that the practice of enslavement diverged by small steps from the practice of cannibalism. Concerning the Nootkas, we read that "slaves are occasionally sacrificed and feasted upon;" and if we contrast this usage with the usage common elsewhere, of slaying and devouring captives as soon as they are taken, we may infer that the keeping of captives too numerous to be immediately eaten, with the view of eating them subsequently, leading, as it would, to the employment of them in the meantime, led to the discovery that their services might be of more value than their flesh, and so initiated the habit of preserving them as slaves. Be this as it may, however, we find that very generally among tribes to which habitual militancy has given some slight degree of the appropriate structure, the enslavement of prisoners becomes an established habit. That women and children taken in war, and such men as have not been slain, naturally fall into unqualified servitude, is manifest. They belong absolutely to their captors, who might have killed them, and who retain the right afterward to kill them if they please. They become property, of which any use whatever may be made.

The acquirement of slaves, which is at first an incident of war, becomes presently an object of war. Of the Nootkas we read that "some of the smaller tribes at the north of the island are practically regarded as slave-breeding tribes, and are attacked periodically by stronger tribes;" and the like happens among the Chinooks. It was thus in ancient Vera Paz, where periodically they made "an inroad into the enemy's territory . . . and captured as many as they wanted;" and it was so in Honduras, where, in declaring war, they gave their enemies notice "that they wanted slaves." Similarly with various existing

peoples. St. John says that "many of the Dyaks are more desirous to obtain slaves than heads, and in attacking a village kill only those who resist or attempt to escape." And that in Africa slave-making wars are common needs no proof.

The class-division thus initiated by war afterward maintains and strengthens itself in sundry ways. Very soon there begins the custom of purchase. The Chinooks, besides slaves who have been captured, have slaves who were bought as children from their neighbors; and, as we saw when dealing with the domestic relations, the selling of their children into slavery is by no means uncommon with savages. Then the slave-class, thus early enlarged by purchase, comes afterward to be otherwise enlarged. There is voluntary acceptance of slavery for the sake of protection; there is enslavement for debt; there is enslavement for crime.

Leaving details, we need here note only that this political differentiation which war begins is effected not by the bodily incorporation of other societies or whole classes belonging to other societies, but by the incorporation of single members of other societies, and by like individual accretions. Composed of units who are detached from their original social relations and from one another and absolutely attached to their owners, the slave-class is, at first, but indistinctly separated as a social stratum. It acquires separateness only as fast as there arise some restrictions on the powers of the owners. Ceasing to stand in the position of domestic cattle, slaves begin to form a division of the body politic when their personal claims begin to be distinguished as limiting the claims of their masters.

It is commonly supposed that serfdom arises by mitigation of slavery, but examination of the facts shows that it arises in a different way. While during the early struggles for existence between them, primitive tribes, growing at one another's expense by incorporating separately the individuals they capture, thus form a class of absolute slaves, the formation of a servile class, considerably higher and having a distinct social status,

accompanies that later and larger process of growth under which one society incorporates other societies bodily. Serfdom originates along with conquest and annexation.

For whereas the one implies that the captured people are detached from their homes, the other implies that the subjugated people continue in their homes. Thomson remarks that "among the New Zealanders whole tribes sometimes became nominally slaves when conquered, although permitted to live at their usual places of residence on condition of paying tribute in food, etc."—a statement which shows the origin of kindred arrangements in allied societies. Of the Sandwich Islands government when first known, described as consisting of a king with turbulent chiefs, who had been subjected in comparatively recent times, Ellis writes: "The common people are generally considered as attached to the soil, and are transferred with the land from one chief to another." Before the late changes in Feejee there were enslaved districts, and of their inhabitants we read that they had to supply the chiefs' houses "with daily food, and build and keep them in repair." Though conquered peoples thus placed differ widely in the degrees of their subjection—being at the one extreme, as in Feejee, liable to be eaten when wanted, and at the other extreme called on only to give specified proportions of produce or labor—yet they remain alike as being undetached from their original places of residence. That serfdom in Europe originated in an analogous way there is good reason to believe. In Greece we have the case of Crete, where, under the conquering Dorians, there existed a vassal population, formed, it would seem, partly of the aborigines and partly of preceding conquerors, of which the first were serfs attached to lands of the state and of individuals, and the others had become tributary land-owners. In Sparta the like relations were established by like causes: there were the helots, who lived on and cultivated the lands of their Spartan masters, and the perioeci, who had probably been, before the Dorian invasion, the superior class. So was it also in the Greek colonies afterward founded,

such as Syracuse, where the aborigines became serfs. Similarly in later times and nearer regions. When Gaul was overrun by the Romans, and again when Romanized Gaul was overrun by the Franks, there was little displacement of the actual cultivators of the soil, but these simply fell into lower positions: certainly lower political positions, and M. Guizot thinks lower industrial positions. Our own country, too, furnishes good illustrations. In ancient British times, writes Pearson, "it is probable that, in parts at least, there were servile villages, occupied by a kindred but conquered race, the first occupants of the soil." More trustworthy, but to the like effect, is the evidence which comes to us from old English days and Norman days. Professor Stubbs says:

The ceorl had his right in the common land of his township; his Latin name, villanus, had been a symbol of freedom, but his privileges were bound to the land, and when the Norman lord took the land he took the villein with it. Still the villein retained his customary rights, his house and land and rights of wood and hay; his lord's demesne depended for cultivation on his services, and he had in his lord's sense of self-interest the sort of protection that was shared by the horse and the ox.

And of kindred import is the following passage from Innes:

I have said that of the inhabitants of the Grange, the lowest in the scale was the ceorl, bond, serf, or villein, who was transferred like the land on which he labored, and who might be caught and brought back if he attempted to escape, like a stray ox or sheep. Their legal name of netivus, or neyf, which I have not found but in Britain, seems to point to their origin in the native race, the original possessors of the soil. . . . In the register of Dunfermline are numerous "genealogies," or stud-books, for enabling the lord to trace and reclaim his stock of serfs by descent. It is observable that most of them are of Celtic names.

Clearly, a subjugated territory, useless without cultivators, was left in the hands of the original cultivators because nothing was to be gained by putting others in their places, even could an adequate number of others be had. Hence, while it became the conqueror's interest to tie each original cultivator to the soil, it also became his interest to let him have such an amount of produce as to maintain him and enable him to rear offspring.

and also to protect him against injuries which would incapacitate him for work.

To show how fundamental is the distinction between bondage of the primitive type and the bondage of serfdom, it needs but to add that while the one can, and does, exist among savages and pastoral tribes, the other becomes possible only after the agricultural stage is reached; for only then can there occur the bodily annexation of one society by another, and only then can there be any tying to the soil.

Associated men who live by hunting, and to whom the area occupied is of value only as a habitat for game, cannot well have anything more than a common participation in the use of this occupied area: such ownership of it as they have must be joint ownership. Naturally, then, at the outset all the adult males, who are at once hunters and warriors, are the common possessors of the undivided land, encroachment on which by other tribes they resist. Though, in the earlier pastoral state, especially where the barrenness of the region involves wide dispersion, there is no definite proprietorship of the tract wandered over; yet, as is shown us in the strife between the herdsmen of Abraham and those of Lot respecting feeding grounds, some claims to exclusive use tend to arise; and at a later half-pastoral stage, as among the ancient Germans, the wanderings of each division fall within prescribed limits. I refer to these facts by way of showing the identity established at the outset between the militant class and the land-owning class. For, whether the group is one which lives by hunting or one which lives by feeding cattle, any slaves its members possess are excluded from land-ownership: the free-men, who are all fighting men, become as a matter of course the proprietors of their territory. This connection, in variously modified forms, long continues through subsequent stages of social evolution, and could scarcely do otherwise. Land being, in early settled communities, the almost exclusive source of wealth, it happens inevitably that during times in which the principle that might is right remains unequal-

ified, personal power and possession of land go together. Hence the fact that where, instead of being held by the whole society, land comes to be parceled out among component village communities, or among families, or among individuals, possession of it habitually goes along with the bearing of arms. In ancient Egypt, "every soldier was a land-owner"—"had an allotment of land of about six acres." In Greece the invading Hellenes, wresting the soil from its original holders, joined military service with the land-ownership. In Rome, too, "every freeholder from the seventeenth to the sixtieth year of his age, was under obligation of service . . . so that even the emancipated slave had to serve who, in an exceptional case, had come into possession of landed property." The like happened in the early Teutonic community. Joined with professional warriors, its army included "the mass of freemen arranged in families fighting for their homesteads and hearths;" such freemen or markmen owning land partly in common and partly as individual proprietors. Similarly with the ancient English. "Their occupation of the land as cognationes resulted from their enrollment in the field, where each kindred was drawn up under an officer of its own lineage and appointment;" and so close was this dependence that "a thane forfeited his hereditary freehold by misconduct in battle."

Beyond the original connection between militancy and land-owning, which naturally arises from the joint interest which those who own the land and occupy it, either individually or collectively, have in resisting aggressors, there arises later a further connection. As, along with successful militancy, there progresses a social evolution which gives to a dominant ruler increased power, it becomes his custom to reward his leading soldiers by grants of land. Early Egyptian kings "bestowed on distinguished military officers" portions of the crown domains. When the barbarians were enrolled as Roman soldiers, "they were paid also by assignments of land, according to a custom which prevailed in the imperial armies. The possession of these

lands was given to them on condition of the son becoming a soldier like his father." And that kindred usages were general throughout the feudal period is a familiar truth: feudal tenancy being, indeed, thus constituted; and inability to bear arms being a reason for excluding women from succession. To exemplify the nature of the relation established, it will suffice to name the facts that "William the Conqueror . . . distributed this kingdom into about 60,000 parcels, of nearly equal value, from each of which the service of a soldier was due," and that one of his laws requires all owners of land to "swear that they become vassals or tenants," and will "defend their lord's territories and title as well as his person" by "knight service on horseback."

That this original relation between land-owning and militancy long survived, we are shown by the armorial bearings of county families, as well as by their portraits of ancestors, who are mostly represented in military costume.

Setting out with the class of warriors, or men bearing arms, who in primitive communities are owners of the land, collectively or individually, or partly one and partly the other, there arises the question, How does this class differentiate into nobles and freemen?

The most general reply is, of course, that since the state of homogeneity is by necessity unstable, time inevitably brings about inequality of positions among those whose positions were at first equal. Before the semi-civilized state is reached the differentiation cannot become decided, because there can be no large accumulations of wealth, and because the laws of descent do not favor maintenance of such accumulations as are possible. But in the pastoral and still more in the agricultural community, especially where descent through males has been established, several causes of differentiation come into play. There is first that of unlikeness of kinship to the head man. Obviously, in course of generations, the younger descendants of the younger become more and more remotely related to the eldest descendant of the eldest, and social inferiority

arises: as the obligation to execute blood-revenge for a murdered member of the family does not extend beyond a certain degree of relationship (in ancient France not beyond the seventh), so neither does the accompanying distinction. From the same cause comes inferiority in point of possessions. Inheritance by the eldest male from generation to generation, brings about the result that those who are the most distantly connected in blood with the head of the group are also the poorest. And then there co-operates with these factors a consequent factor; namely, the extra power which the greater wealth gives. For when there arise disputes within the tribe, the richer are those who, by their better appliances for defense and their greater ability to purchase aid, naturally have the advantage over the poorer. Proof that this is a potent cause is found in a fact named by Sir Henry Maine: "The founders of a part of our modern European aristocracy, the Danish, are known to have been originally peasants who fortified their houses during deadly village struggles, and then used their advantage." Such superiorities of power and position once initiated, are increased in another way. Already in the last chapter we have seen that communities are to a certain extent increased by the addition of fugitives from other communities—sometimes criminals, sometimes those who are oppressed. While, in places where such fugitives belong to races of superior type, they often become rulers (as among many Indian hill-tribes, whose rajahs are of Hindoo extraction), in places where they are of the same race, and cannot do this, they attach themselves to those of chief power in their adopted tribe. Sometimes they yield up their freedom for the sake of protection: a man will make himself a slave by breaking a spear in the presence of his wished-for-master, as among the East Africans, or by inflicting some small bodily injury upon him, as among the Fulahs. And in ancient Rome the semi-slave class distinguished as clients, originated by this voluntary acceptance of servitude with safety. But where his aid promises to be of value as a warrior, the fugi-

tive offers himself in that capacity in exchange for maintenance and refuge. Other things equal, he joins himself to some one marked by superiority of power and property, and thus enables the man already dominant to become more dominant. Such armed dependents, having as aliens no claims to the lands of the group, and bound to its head only by fealty, answer in position to the *comites* as found in the early German communities, and as exemplified in old English times by the "*huscarls*" (*house-carls*), with whom nobles surrounded themselves. Evidently, too, followers of this kind, having certain interests in common with their protector, and no interests in common with the rest of the community, become, in his hands, the means of usurping communal rights and elevating himself while depressing the rest.

Step by step the contrast strengthens. Beyond such as have voluntarily made themselves slaves to a head man, others have become enslaved by capture in the wars meanwhile going on, others by staking themselves in gaming, others by purchase, others by crime, others by debt. And of necessity the possession of many slaves, habitually accompanying wealth and power, tends still further to increase that wealth and power, and to mark off still more the higher rank from the lower.

Certain concomitant influences generate differences of nature, physical and mental, between those members of a community who have attained superior positions, and those who have remained inferior. Unlikenesses of status once initiated, lead to unlikenesses of life, which, by the constitutional changes they work, presently make the unlikenesses of status more difficult to alter.

First there comes difference of diet and its effects. In the habit, common among primitive tribes, of letting the women subsist on the leavings of the men, and in the accompanying habit of denying to the younger men certain choice viands which the older men eat, we see exemplified the inevitable proclivity of the strong to feed themselves at the expense of the weak; and

when there arise class-divisions, there habitually results better nutrition of the superior than of the inferior. Forster remarks that in the Society Islands the lower classes often suffer from a scarcity of food which never extends to the upper classes. In the Sandwich Islands the flesh of such animals as they have is eaten principally by the chiefs. Of cannibalism among the Feejeeans, Seeman says: "the common people throughout the group, as well as women of all classes, were by custom debarred from it." These instances sufficiently indicate the contrast that everywhere arises between the diets of the ruling few and of the subject many. And then by such differences of diet, and accompanying differences in clothing, shelter, and strain on the energies are eventually produced physical differences. Of the Feejeeans we read that "the chiefs are tall, well made, and muscular; while the lower orders manifest the meagerness arising from laborious service and scanty nourishment." The chiefs among the Sandwich Islanders "are tall and stout, and their personal appearance is so much superior to that of the common people, that some have imagined them a distinct race." Ellis, verifying Cook, says of the Tahitians, that the chiefs are, "almost without exception, as much superior to the peasantry . . . in physical strength as they are in rank and circumstances;" and Erskine notes a parallel contrast among the Tongans. That the like holds among the African races may be inferred from Reade's remark that—

The court lady is tall and elegant; her skin smooth and transparent; her beauty has stamina and longevity. The girl of the middle classes, so frequently pretty, is very often short and coarse, and soon becomes a matron; while, if you descend to the lower classes, you will find good looks rare, and the figure angular, stunted, sometimes almost deformed.*

Simultaneously there arise between the ruling and subject classes, unlikenesses of bodily activity and skill. Occupied, as those of higher rank commonly are, in the chase when not occu-

* While writing I find in the recently issued "Transactions of the Anthropological Institute" proof that, even now in England, the professional classes are both taller and heavier than the artisan classes.

pied in war, they have a life-long discipline of a kind conducive to various physical superiorities; while, contrariwise, those occupied in agriculture, in carrying of burdens, and in other drudgeries, partially lose what agility and address they naturally had. Class-predominance is, therefore, thus further facilitated.

And then there are the respective mental traits produced by daily exercise of power, and by daily submission to power. The ideas, and sentiments, and modes of behavior, perpetually repeated, generate on one side an inherited fitness for command, and on the other side an inherited fitness for obedience; with the result that in course of time there arises on both sides the belief that the established relations of classes are the natural ones.

By implying habitual war among settled societies, the foregoing interpretations have implied the formation of compound societies. The rise of such class-divisions as have been described, is therefore complicated by the rise of further class-divisions determined by the relations from time to time established between those conquerors and conquered whose respective groups already contain class-divisions.

This increasing differentiation which accompanies increasing integration, is clearly seen in certain semi-civilized societies, such as that of the Sandwich Islanders. Ellis enumerates their ranks as :

1. King, queens, and royal family, along with the councilor or chief minister of the king.
2. The governors of the different islands, and the chiefs of several large divisions. Many of these are descendants of those who were kings of the respective islands in Cook's time, and until subdued by Tamehameha.
3. Chiefs of districts or villages who pay a regular rent for the land, cultivating it by means of their dependents, or letting it out to tenants. This rank includes also the ancient priests.
4. The laboring classes—those renting small portions of land, those working on the land for food and clothing, mechanics, musicians, and dancers.

And, as shown by other passages, the laboring classes here grouped together are divisible into—artisans, who are paid wages; serfs, attached to the soil; and slaves. Inspection makes it tolerably clear that the lowest chiefs, once independ-

ent, were reduced to the second rank when adjacent chiefs conquered them and became local kings; and that they were reduced to the third rank at the same time that these local kings became chiefs of the second rank, when, by conquest, a kingship of the whole group was established. Other societies in kindred stages show us kindred divisions similarly to be accounted for. Among the New Zealanders there are six grades; there are six among the Ashantees; there are five among the Abyssinians; and other more or less compounded African States present analogous divisions. Perhaps ancient Peru furnishes as clear a case as any of the superposition of ranks resulting from subjugation. The petty kingdoms which were massed together by the conquering Yncas, were severally left with the rulers and their subordinates undisturbed; but over the whole empire there was a superior organization of Ynca rulers of various grades. That kindred causes produced kindred effects in early Egyptian times, is inferable from traditions and remains which tell us both of local struggles which ended in consolidation, and of conquests by invading races; whence would naturally result the numerous divisions and subdivisions which Egyptian society presented: an inference justified by the fact that, under Roman dominion, there was a recomplication caused by superposing of Roman governing agencies upon native governing agencies. Passing over other ancient instances, and coming to the familiar case of our own country, we may note how, from the followers of the conquering Norman, there arose the two ranks of the greater and lesser barons, holding their land directly from the king, while the old English thanes were reduced to the rank of sub feudatories. Of course, where perpetual wars produce, first, small aggregations, and then larger ones, and then dissolutions, and then reaggregations, and then unions of them, various in their extents, as happened in mediæval Europe, there result very numerous divisions. In the Merovingian kingdoms there were slaves having seven different origins; there were serfs of more than one grade; there were

freedmen—men who, though emancipated, did not rank with the fully free; and there were two other classes less than free—the *liten* and the *coloni*. Of the free there were three classes— independent land-owners; freemen in relations of dependence with other freemen, of whom there were two kinds; and freemen in special relations with the king, of whom there were three kinds.

And here, while observing in these various cases how greater political differentiation is made possible by greater political integration, we may also observe that in early stages, while social cohesion is small, greater political integration is made possible by greater political differentiation. For the larger the mass to be held together, while incoherent, the more numerous must be the agents standing in successive degrees of subordination to hold it together.

The political differentiations which militancy originates, and which for a long time acquire increasing definiteness, so that intermixture of ranks by marriage is made a crime, are at later stages, and under other conditions, interfered with, traversed, and partially or wholly destroyed.

Where, throughout long periods and in ever-varying degrees, war has been producing aggregations and dissolutions, the continual breaking up and reforming of social bonds obscures the original divisions established in the ways described: instance the state of things in the Merovingian kingdoms just named. And where, instead of conquests by kindred adjacent societies, which in large measure leave standing the social positions and properties of the subjugated, there are conquests by alien races carried on more barbarously, the original grades may be practically obliterated, and, in place of them, there may arise grades originating entirely by appointment of the despotic conqueror. In parts of the East, where such over-runnings of race by race have been going on from the earliest recorded times, we see this state of things substantially realized: there is little or nothing of hereditary rank, and the only rank recognized is that of offi-

cial position. Besides the different grades of appointed state-functionaries, there are no class-distinctions, or none having political meanings.

A tendency to subordination of the original ranks, and a substitution of new ranks, is otherwise caused: it accompanies the progress of political consolidation. The change which has occurred in China well illustrates this effect. Gutzlaff says:

Mere title was afterward (on the decay of the feudal system) the reward bestowed by the sovereign . . . and the haughty and powerful *grandees* of other countries are here the dependent and penurious servants of the Crown. . . . The revolutionary principle of leveling all classes has been carried, in China, to a very great extent. . . . This is introduced for the benefit of the sovereign, to render his authority supreme.

The causes of such changes are not difficult to see. In the first place, the subjugated local rulers, losing, as integration advances, more and more of their power, lose, consequently, more and more of their actual, if not of their nominal, rank—passing from the condition of tributary rulers to the condition of subjects. Indeed, jealousy on the part of the monarch sometimes prompts positive exclusion of them from influential positions: as in France, where “Louis XIV. systematically excluded the nobility from ministerial functions.” Presently their distinction is further diminished by the rise of competing ranks created by state authority. Instead of the titles inherited by the land-possessing military chiefs, which were descriptive of their attributes and positions, there come to be titles conferred by the sovereign. Certain of the classes thus established are still of militant origin: as the knights made on the battlefield, sometimes in large numbers before battle, as at Agincourt, when five hundred were thus created, and sometimes afterward in reward for valor. Others of them arise from the exercise of political functions of different grades: as in France, where, in the seventeenth century, hereditary nobility was conferred on officers of the great council and officers of the chamber of accounts—officers who had habitually been of bourgeois extraction. The administration of law, too, presently originates

titles of honor. In France, in 1607, nobility was granted to doctors, regents, and professors of law; and "the superior courts obtained, in 1644, the privileges of nobility of the first degree." So that, as Warnkœnig remarks, "the original conception of nobility was in the course of time so much widened that its primitive relation to the possession of a fief is no longer recognizable, and the whole institution seems changed." These, with kindred instances, which our own country and other European countries furnish, show us both how the original class-divisions become blurred, and how the new class-divisions are distinguished by being de-localized. They are strata which run through the integrated society, having, many of them, no reference to the land, and no more connection with one place than another. It is true that of the titles artificially conferred, the higher are habitually derived from the names of districts and towns: so simulating; but only simulating, the ancient feudal titles expressive of actual lordship over territories. The other modern titles, however, which have arisen with the growth of political, judicial, and other functions, have not even nominal references to localities. This change naturally accompanies the growing integration of the parts into a whole, and the rise of an organization of the whole which disregards the divisions among the parts.

More effective still in weakening those primitive political divisions initiated by militancy, is increasing industrialism. This acts in two ways—firstly, by creating a class having power derived otherwise than from territorial possessions or official position; and, secondly, by generating ideas and sentiments at variance with the ancient assumptions of class-superiority. As we have already seen, rank and wealth are at the outset habitually associated. Existing uncivilized people still show us this relation. The chief of a kraal among the Koranna Hottentots is "usually the person of greatest property." In the Bechuana language "the word kosi . . . has a double acceptance, denoting either a chief or a rich man." Such small authority as a

Chinook chief has "rests on riches, which consists in wives, children, slaves, boats, and shells." So it was originally in Europe. In ancient Spain the title *ricos hombres*, applied to the barons, definitely identified the two attributes. Indeed it is manifest that before the development of commerce, and while possession of land could alone give largeness of means, lordship and riches were directly connected; so that, as Sir Henry Maine remarks, "the opposition commonly set up between birth and wealth, and particularly wealth other than landed property, is entirely modern." When, however, with the arrival of industry at that stage in which wholesale transactions bring large profits, there arise traders who vie with, and exceed, many of the landed nobility in wealth, and when by conferring obligations on kings and nobles, such traders gain social influence, there comes an occasional removal of the barrier between them and the titled classes. In France the progress began as early as 1271, when there were issued letters ennobling Raoul the goldsmith—"the first letters conferring nobility in existence." The precedent once established is followed with increasing frequency, and sometimes, under pressure of financial needs, there grows up the practice of selling titles, in disguised ways or openly: in France, in 1702, the king ennobled two hundred persons at three thousand livres a head; in 1706, five hundred at six thousand. And then the breaking down of the ancient political divisions thus caused is furthered by that weakening of them consequent on the growing spirit of equality fostered by industrial life. In proportion as men are daily habituated to maintain their own claims while respecting the claims of others, which they do in every act of exchange, whether of goods for money or of services for pay, there is produced a mental attitude at variance with that which accompanies subjection; and, as fast as this happens, such political distinctions as imply subjection lose more and more of that respect which gives them strength.

Class-distinctions, then, date back to the beginnings of social

life. Omitting those small wandering assemblages which are so incoherent that their component parts are ever changing their relations to one another and to the environment, we see that wherever there is some coherence and some permanence of relation among the parts, there begin to arise political divisions. Relative superiority of power, first causing a differentiation at once domestic and social, between the activities and positions of the sexes, presently begins to cause a differentiation among males, shown in the bondage of captives: a master-class and a slave-class are formed.

Where men continue the wandering life in pursuit of wild food for themselves or their cattle, the groups they form are debarred from doing more by war than appropriate one another's units individually; but where men have passed into the agricultural or settled state, it becomes possible for one community to take possession bodily of another community, along with the territory it occupies. When this happens there arise additional class-divisions. The conquered and tribute-paying community, besides having its headmen reduced to subjection, has its people reduced to a state such that, while they continue to live on their lands, they yield up, through the intermediation of their chiefs, part of the produce to the conquerors: so foreshadowing what eventually becomes a serf-class.

From the beginning the militant class, being by force of arms the dominant class, becomes the class which owns the source of food—the land. During the hunting and pastoral stages, the warriors of the group hold the land collectively. On passing into the settled state their tenures become partly collective and partly individual in sundry ways, and eventually almost wholly individual. But throughout long stages of social evolution, land-owning and militancy continue to be associated.

The class-differentiation of which militancy is the active cause is furthered by the establishment of definite descent, and especially male descent, and the transmission of position and property to the eldest son of the eldest continually. This conduces

to inequalities of position and wealth between near kindred and remote kindred; and such inequalities of wealth, once initiated, strengthen themselves by giving to the superior, increased means of maintaining their power, by accumulating appliances for offense and defense.

Such differentiation is increased at the same time that a new differentiation is initiated, by the immigration of fugitives who attach themselves to the most powerful member of the group; now as dependents who work, and now as armed followers—armed followers who form a class bound to the dominant man and unconnected with the land. And since, in clusters of such groups, fugitives ordinarily flock most to the strongest group, and become adherents of its head, they are instrumental in furthering those subsequent integrations and differentiations which conquests bring about.

Inequalities of social position, bringing inequalities in the supplies and kinds of food, clothing, and shelter, tend to establish physical differences, to the further advantage of the rulers and disadvantage of the ruled. And beyond the physical differences there are produced by the respective habits of life mental differences, emotional and intellectual, strengthening the general contrast of nature.

When there come the conquests which produce compound societies, and, again, doubly compound ones, there come superpositions of ranks. And the general effect is that, while the ranks of the conquering society become respectively higher than those which existed before, those of the conquered become respectively lower.

The class-divisions thus formed during the earlier stages of militancy are traversed and obscured as fast as the many small societies are consolidated into one large society. Ranks referring to local organization are gradually replaced by ranks referring to general organization. Instead of deputy and sub-deputy governing agents who are the militant owners of the subdivisions they rule, there come governing agents who more or less clearly

form strata running throughout the society as a whole—a concomitant of developed political administration.

Chiefly, however, we have to note that while the higher political evolution of large social aggregates tends to break down the divisions of rank which grew up in the small component social aggregate, by substituting other divisions, these original divisions are still more broken down by growing industrialism. Generating a wealth that is not connected with rank, this initiates a competing power, and at the same time, by establishing the equal positions of citizens before the law in respect of trading transactions, it weakens those divisions which at the outset expressed inequalities of position before the law.

As verifying these interpretations I may add that they harmonize with the interpretations of ceremonial institutions recently given. As the primary differences of rank result from victories, and as the primary forms of propitiation originate in the behavior of the vanquished to the vanquishers, so the later differences of rank result from differences of power, which, in the last resort, express themselves in physical coercion, and so the observances between ranks are recognitions of such differences of power. When the conquered enemy is made a slave, and mutilated by taking a trophy from his body, we see simultaneously originating the deepest political distinction and the ceremony which marks it; and with the continued militancy that compounds and re-compounds social groups, there goes at once the development of political distinctions and the development of ceremonies marking them. And as we before saw that growing industrialism diminishes the rigor of ceremonial rule, so here we see that it tends to destroy those class-divisions which militancy originates, and to establish others which indicate differences of position consequent on differences of aptitude for the various functions which an industrial society needs.

HERBERT SPENCER, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

MODERN ITALIAN POETS.

One of the first specimens I saw of the "*nuova scuola*," the realistic school of Italian poetry, happened to be Lorenzo Stecchetti's "*Postuma*." It came to me accompanied by a feeling complaint of the usual sad fate and early death of men of genius, and the little volume itself contained a short biography of the departed poet, telling how he was born in 1845, and was left an orphan at five years old, how he lived and studied and loved, and finally fell a victim to a lingering and painful chest disease at the early age of thirty-one. The final scene is described with graphic touches: To the suggestion of seeing a priest he stoutly answered no! With his dying breath he asked that the window should be open to let him see the sun once more, but there was no sun: "*Fine*" (the end) was his last word. "He is buried," the account concludes, "in the churchyard of his village (*Fiùmana*), under the fifth cypress to the left as you enter. The tombstone bears simply the names and dates. He left all his property to charities." The account is signed by Dr. Olindo Guerini, a cousin of Stecchetti's; "*le nostre madri furono sorelle*" is added for the sake of accuracy.

Some time after receiving the volume, I mentioned Stecchetti to my friend Signor Mazzucato, expressing my regret at the untimely extinction of his unmistakable, although as yet undeveloped, gift; whereupon Signor Mazzucato asked me with a smile to be comforted, for that the author of "*Postuma*," so far from being dead, was, on the contrary, in excellent health, and might be seen every evening in Bologna drinking beer and playing "*tresette*" at the brasserie of the excellent Otto Hofmeister, to whom one of his volumes is affectionately dedicated. "Stecchetti," I was further informed, is a pseudonym, the poet's real name being Olindo Guerini, the name which stands at the end of his own obituary notice.

The reason for this elaborate hoax in the style of Edgar Poe

seems to have been that Stecchetti, who had been savagely attacked by the critics, wished to see how they would modify their opinion of him when defunct. Moreover, he appears to have thought that a dead poet had a better chance in Italy than a living one, and in this he was evidently not mistaken; for "Postuma" went through six editions in a little more than a year, and it has certainly contributed more to its author's reputation than anything he had done before.

A trick of this kind appears at first sight scarcely more accountable and dignified than the dedication of a serious volume of poetry to a tavern-keeper. But all this and more is fully explained when we come to consider the peculiar position of Stecchetti and his literary companions. Their youthful eccentricities have been the object of most savage attacks on the part of "respectable" critics. All the crimes in the Newgate Calendar of literature and morality were laid to their charge; they were compared to unclean animals (vide Prof. Rizzi's "Sonetti al Majale"), and generally handled in a style compared with which the treatment of the "Satanic School" by the Quarterly would appear the pink of courtesy. Their natural retort was the assumption of an exaggerated cynicism and Bohemianism, which, if in some measure it seemed to justify the attack of their adversaries, at the same time served to irritate them. This, at least, is the attitude assumed by Stecchetti in the elaborate essay in defense of the new school which he has prefixed to his "Nova Polemica," and which, in a convenient form, sums up the charges made against the movement, and, by inference, its own aim and *raison d'être*.

Stecchetti begins by crowing over his critics for having gone into the trap set them by the rumor of his death. "When they thought me defunct," he exclaims, "they were willing to bury me in the Capitol with every honor; now that they see me come forth from the hearse, they will no doubt continue to throw me from the Tarpeian rock." To induce such a violent course his "apologia" is indeed well adapted. "Prima di tutto; dici, che

non credo in Dio," he addresses the "malevolent reader" at the outset, and begins to discuss religious questions in a manner which shows that the forbidden charm of wickedness and Byronism still attaches to flippant unbelief in Italy. In England the days are fortunately over when Shelley thought it necessary to proclaim his atheism in the visitors' album at the Chartreuse at Montanvert, but young Italians evidently still love to pose in the interesting attitude of militant unbelievers, a circumstance scarcely less creditable to their own tact than to the wisdom of the orthodox critics whom they hope to irritate.

Stecchetti next turns to the charge of immorality raised against the new school, and again reveals a mind rather cynical than thoughtful. His glorification of the senses reminds one of the early writings of Heine, wherein he used to preach the doctrine of the "third testament" of joy, which would be so true and so pleasant if youth and health and money would only last forever. Stecchetti elsewhere proclaims Byron, Heine, and Alfred de Musset to be his poetic trinity, and he has evidently studied his models to some purpose. His plea in excuse of the cynical tendency of his poetry is singular enough. He simply declares that the public are tired of ideal women, that they want realities, and that these realities are anything but what moral and religious people might desire. This method is at least as good as that of painting, to use Schiller's words, "vice and the devil by the side of it," so as to please both the wicked and the virtuous. Signor Stecchetti does not pretend to any great degree of virtue, neither does he attempt to cover his licentious pictures with the mantle of an ulterior moral and didactic purpose; all he says is that what he describes is true, and therefore a legitimate object of modern realistic as opposed to conventional "ideal" poetry. This plea, although it does not justify the tone of some of Stecchetti's poems, explains well the *raison d'être* of the new school. It does not materially differ from the *l'art pour l'art* principle, of which so much has been heard of late both in France and England; neither do the verists show

much originality in describing their programme as a "return to nature." That pliable term has been the battle-cry of every new movement in literature, and its significance is to a great extent determined by the double question whence that return is made and whither it leads. In Italy, however, some such movement was needed beyond a doubt. Her last great poet, Leopardi, died half a century ago, and he left no school. Only what was least individual in him, his sorrow for the fate of his country, found an echo in the patriotic songs which record the long strife for Italian unity. But even this motive has lost its meaning now that the goal is reached. This is well pointed out by Stecchetti, who, as soon as he forgets his cynicism and his grievances against the critics, becomes sensible and even eloquent. "In 1860," he says, "there was the ideal of a united Italy. At present, when that unity is no longer discussed or threatened, how can we have and sing the same ideal? Should we, perhaps, hold meetings for *l'Italia irredenta*? What would '*Il Pungolo*' and '*La Perseveranza*' say then? Realism, in short, is nothing but the effect of a social condition—a moment in a social evolution. . . . We cannot have an ideal, because we cannot find one in the present state of things, and the old ones would be no longer in their place in our State, our society, our family. Give us a new idea, at once elevated and in accordance with the demands of the epoch, and the singer of that idea will be forthcoming without delay; neither will there be wanting the confessors and martyrs, such as there were for other ideals."

And here we touch upon the really important side of the new movement. The altered state of the political condition in Italy has brought about a commensurate change of public feeling. A long period of political and social lethargy is naturally followed by a powerful impulse at first in the practical direction; and, however archæologists and artists and poets may deplore the external changes involved in such a movement, it is impossible to deny its necessity in the natural order of things. Students of literature have at the same time been curious to see whether

the revival of Italian unity would infuse new life into Italian poetry, whether the united nation would produce a great national poet. To answer that question in the affirmative would be, to say the least, premature. The "nuova scuola" has not at present produced a man worthy of being named by the side of Leopardi, but it has as undoubtedly paved his way if he should appear. This merit is beyond dispute; it may be proved by figures and statistics. "A few years ago," Stecchetti says, "only French books were read in Italy, and our country was the drain into which third and fourth rate French novelists emptied their inanities. Pope Gregory—good old soul—was an enthusiastic admirer of Paul de Kock's novels. Italian books had no sale. How is it, then, that our little emancipation from the great Parisian market, our little revival of literature, has come to pass exactly when our poets have given up swimming against the stream of the time with their tragedies, idyls, historic romances, and sacred hymns?" The final sentence alludes to Manzoni and his school, against which the veristi wage incessant war, without, however, in their calm moments failing to acknowledge the genius of the author of "I promessi Sposi." But, although an ex parte statement, Stecchetti's remarks are true in most respects. Manzoni's poetry is sublime, dignified in expression, and strictly religious; modern Italians are practical, matter-of-fact in speech, and, among the intelligent classes, thoroughly skeptical, at least anti-Catholic. The consequence has been for a number of years a total want of rapport between the public and the Manzoniani, and a general decline of interest in any poetry whatever. Stecchetti's statement in this respect is fully confirmed by independent testimony. Signor Enrico Panzacchi, for example, by no means a blind admirer of the new school, states how in former days "even the most celebrated poets, Prati and Aleardi, had to bow to the indifference of the public spirit, and to wait for some event in order to justify in some measure the publication of a new poem." All this is altered, and the pretty volumes in which the new poets love to

appear before the world, and to which they owe their second nickname of "Elzeviriani," are found on every bookstall. To have revived the interest of Italians in their native poetry is, absolutely speaking, a feat well worthy of notice apart from the intrinsic merit of that poetry.

The fact is the more curious as the *nuova scuola* derives its poetic cachet distinctly from French sources. Those who remember the movement of the "Parnassiens" in France, or have seen their eccentric organ *La République des Lettres*, will at once recognize a kind of elective affinity with the Italian poets. There is not, as in the case of some English writers, a direct imitation. Italian poetry is too rich in beautiful and varied forms to have to borrow rondeaux and rondels and triolets from Villon through the medium of M. Théodore de Banville. An innate feeling for beauty also has protected even Stecchetti and other extreme members of the school from the delight in filth and abomination which constitutes the higher morality of Zola. But the external features, the battle-cry of realism at any price, the revival of old verse forms, the violent radicalism in religion and in politics, the indifference as to other people's prejudices—all this we find in Milan and Bologna as well as in Paris. For it should be noted that the new movement belongs exclusively to the north of Italy. It is in the two cities already named that most of the *veristi* reside, and here their works are published, and no doubt chiefly read. By birth also the leaders of the school belong to the north.

To return to the parallelism with the modern French school, it extends to the taste for certain congenial movements in the sister arts of painting and music. When Wagner's "*Tannhäuser*" was hissed off the stage in Paris it was Gautier and Baudelaire and Catulle Mendez who became his champions; and the appearance of "*Lohengrin*" at Bologna was received with poetic acclamations of the highest enthusiasm by the young bards of the ancient university city. I may mention in this connection, that the most promising composer of modern Italy, Signor Arrigo

Boito, the author of "Mephistophele," is at the same time a distinguished poet of the new school.

It is time that we should leave generalities for individual cases, and inquire into the merits of some of the leaders of the new movement. To begin with Stecchetti himself, he may be characterized in comparatively few words. There is nothing complex or occult in his poetical constitution, and the themes he has chosen are of the simplest, one may say most primitive kind. Love, of course, stands at the head of them; and as to the nature of that love the reader will be able to form an idea by what has been said before. To condemn obvious juvenilia of this kind with the stern mind of the moralist would be obviously out of place. But even from the æsthetical point of view, which Stecchetti justly asks his critics to occupy, there is a great deal that is highly objectionable in the tone of his amorous raptures, in his frequent references to "la carne," and similar excrescences of a youthful imagination. That anything approaching to a direct appeal to the senses, whether in the way of pleasure or of horror, ceases to be art, is an axiom acknowledged by the best opinions of all ages. Stecchetti here has out-Musseted Musset and out-Heined the youthful Heine in a manner which does more credit to his powers of assimilation than to his discretion. Of Heine's "Weltschmerz" also we have ample supply in such poems of "Noia," in which the poet regrets the happiness of his "Cari vent' anni," and looks upon the world in general through the black spectacles of his ennui. Again, we find him in other poems of the "Postuma" develop that "talent de chambre de malade," which supplies a kind of poetic commentary to the story of his own death in the preface.

Quanto amor, quanta gioia in questo mondo

Di pochi passi che si desta al sole!

Oh quanta vita! Ed io son moribondo *

he exclaims at the end of one of his most melodious sonnets, and

* "What love, what joy in this world of a few paces (his garden) which wakens to the sun. Oh what life, and I am doomed to die."

the same sad note is faintly audible in many of his poems. In the outbursts of jealousy and other troubles caused the poet by the fickleness of his various mistresses, the influence of Heine's early work gains prominence. Stecchetti is alternately cynical and sad; and by saying that he is influenced by Heine I do not wish to deny that there is much that is fine and powerful in such lines as those which I subjoin in a literal translation:

And since that night I never more saw thee,
And never knew thy fate or heard thy name.
At this hour, it may be.
Thou standest at the gate in sin and shame,
Expectant who would buy
Thy venal kisses. Maybe thou didst die.
Perhaps—the thought is blitherer to my heart—
Thou hast forgotten thy departed life,
And now contented art
In the chaste duty of a happy wife;
Tending with love divine
The children of a love which is not mine.

But in spite of admirable detached passages, it must be owned that Stecchetti's love poetry, with its raptures and regrets, has about it a touch of the mechanical, which extends even to his description of external appearance. He has the love of all southern poets for fair-haired beauties, and in Milan no doubt the type is by no means uncommon. At the same time it is scarcely credible that the stereotyped phrases of "*testa bionda*," "*capelli biondi*" should apply to all the numerous ladies whose charms the poet celebrates.

For this and other reasons one finds the poet most satisfactory where he forgets his Byronic attitudes, and gives utterance to simple, unsophisticated feeling. The subjoined lyric, in a meter which Stecchetti's reserve for poems of this kind, may not contain much depth of thought or originality of diction, but it has the true ring of lyrical poetry:

Un organetto suona per la via
La mia finestra è aperta e vien la sera,
Salvo dal campi alla stanzuccia mia
Un alito gentil di primavera.

Non so perchè mi tremino i ginocchi
 Non so perchè mi salga il pianto agli occhi.
 Ecco, io chino la testa in sulla mano
 E penso a te che sei così lontano.*

Almost equally sweet is the sentiment of the stanzas beginning "Quando tu sarai vecchia," which he has borrowed from Beranger, Beranger from Ronsard, and Ronsard from Tibullus. Only in the last line there is a harsh dissonance peculiar to the Italian poet.

But Stecchetti is not always in the melting mood. He has a quiet humor of his own, and his attacks on his detractors are sometimes very quaint and pretty, as, for instance, where in a poem of anything but unimpeachable Latin and morality he comforts his muse by the sweeping assertion, "Nesciunt critici latinum, quamvis macaronicum." He has also admirably caught Heine's trick of throwing, as it were, cold water on the enthusiasm called forth by the passionate beginning of a love poem. Thus he describes with great intensity how, in a beautiful dream, he floats in a frail bark on the sea alone with his loved one, rocked by the waves and seen only by the stars: "Suddenly she is silent, and, struck by a thought, she lifts her blonde head from my shoulders, and with her face strangely fixed on the deep darkness of the night she whispers, 'Be silent, yonder are the lights of Lissa.'"

Take him all in all Stecchetti is a literary phenomenon of no small interest. He is evidently young, and his work shows the sins and sillinesses of youth, but there is unmistakable power of a more or less undeveloped mind. Among the veristi he represents the Bohemian side of the movement; and his faults may be to a great extent explained from the false and exaggerated position in which he was placed by the injudicious attacks of his critics.

* "An organ sounds in the street; my window is open, and evening is coming. From the fields comes to my chamber a gentle breath of spring. I do not know why my knees tremble; I do not know why tears rise to my eyes. Behold, I lean my head on my hand, and think of thee who art so far."

Another exponent of the same extreme principles, to whom we must now turn, is Emilio Praga, one of the most interesting poets of the new school. He is a kind of tragic pendant to Stecchetti. What the latter frequently pretends to be the former is in sad earnest. There is in the first instance, unfortunately, no doubt as to Praga being dead. His premature end made a painful sensation in Italy, and Domenico Milelli, another verista, has laid his volume of "*Odi Paganæ*" on the "grave marked No. 10 in the cemetery of Porta Magenta (Milan)," where Praga is buried. His life is soon told; it is typical of a phase too common in the rapid transitions of modern existence: a man of high imaginative power, in search of new ideals, dissatisfied with established law and custom, and at the same time unable to keep his moral equilibrium without them. Born in 1839, Emilio Praga started in life as a landscape painter, it is said, of no ordinary power, and with the same tendency towards the somber and melancholy which is observable in his poetry. But he soon seems to have discovered his vocation for literature, and published his first collection of verse at the age of twenty-three, under the title "*La Tavolazza*" (The Palette). It was brought out against the advice of prudent friends, and with little hope of success. All the poet asks for is a stray flower or sprig of laurel; and he compares himself to a Savoyard boy going about the cafés playing his fiddle, and too grateful if any one has a kind word for him. Of kind words, or, indeed, of any words, he was not to have many. In those days the public interest was entirely taken up by the great political changes which had gone before and were impending, and Praga's volume fell dead from the press. But, nothing daunted, the poet continued to work, and two years after his first book he published a second of increased import and maturity. On this second effort, called "*Penombre*" (1864), Praga's claim to immortality must mainly rest. He still published another volume of verse, consisting of "*Stories and Legends*"; but narrative poetry was evidently not congenial to his intensely individ-

ual mind. Neither do his dramatic efforts seem to have been condemned without good reason, if one may judge by the specimens printed in a posthumous volume. It is called "Fantasma," and is, indeed, of a very shadowy character. Its motive is that constant wavering between sin and repentance, which is the key-note also of Praga's lyrical poetry; and the author has succeeded in cramming into a few scenes a number of painful incidents and some very beautiful lines of rhetorical poetry. The "Fantasma" was played at Milan in 1870, and seems to have met with a moderate success. Two pieces, "Le madri galanti" (written in collaboration with Arrigo Boito) and "Il capolavoro d'Orlando," preceding it, had been hissed off the stage; a romantic drama, "Altri Tempi," written subsequently, was rehearsed at various theaters, but never performed. Praga's solitary dramatic success was his faithful and elegant translation of Coppée's "Le Passant." The detached lyrics of his latter years Praga intended to collect in a volume of "Trasparenze;" but death overtook him in 1874, and the work was published posthumously. There is, unfortunately, little doubt that that death was accelerated by his own excesses, although Signor Molineri, his biographer, denies the assertions of charitable critics that Praga died of delirium tremens, and that his later poems were written under the influence of absinthe. Of his private life it is ascertainable only that he was intensely fond of his little son, a fact, moreover, which is beautifully apparent from his poetry. From that son and from his wife he was separated shortly before his death; for what reason we are not told.

It would have been unnecessary to dwell on these common and melancholy incidents but for the curious reflex they find in Praga's poetry. Never has the interconnection between a man's life and a man's work been illustrated in a more striking manner. In the opening "preludio" of "Penombre" the poet exclaims—

Giacchè canto una misera canzone

Ma canto il vero,

and to this programme he has adhered throughout his poetical career. He is in the first instance true, a *verlista* in a sense more literal and more tragic than the more æsthetic realists of the school ever dreamed of. Hence the strong tone of individual suffering which gives to Praga's work an almost painful interest. For his is not a healthy attitude of life and mind. Like Alfred de Musset's "Rolla," "il est venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux;" and in that world of doubt and temptation and practical strife he is as one in a wilderness. Unlike Stecchetti, Praga is not a bold unbeliever or an open sensualist. He loves the good but does the evil; and at the gay banquet, amidst the clinking of glasses and the laughter of girls, he hears the distant bells, which remind him of childhood and pure love. "Poor child!" he says in another poem, "what can you say of me? I am not a fool nor a coward! I have loved you in good days and evil, and love thee still with a pure holy love. But there are days when my heart grows faint, when the mud threatens to choke me; pray, pray for a pure sky. For do you not know that man is also a brute? Fly, fly from me."

That this frame of mind leads in its ultimate consequences to a morbid delight in the horrible will not surprise psychologists. This side of Praga's poetry finds its climax in the lines addressed "A un feto," and is expressed in a less crude, though hardly less powerful, form in a poem on the death of Seraphina, the twin-sister of Heine's "Königin Pomare." Fortunately there is a bright counterpart to this dark side of the picture. The happy childhood of Praga has left its echo in such charming creations as the poem called "Noli," after the fishing village of that name; and another, dedicated to the memory of the good village priest to whom he owed his early education. The poet here is genuinely at home, quite as much, at least, as in the vicious atmosphere of a great city, and his regret of the past is entirely free from the affectation too common in such moral effusions. He is, moreover, a real lover of nature, which is not saying a little of an Italian poet; for the resplendent scenery of

the South has curiously enough left slight traces in the poetry of southern nations. The troubadours of Provence refer to blue skies and spring blossoms in the most conventional manner, and the great Italian poets of the middle ages were not at least par excellence lovers of nature, any more than Raphael and Leonardo were landscape painters. Praga's early artistic training may to some extent account for his genuine love of the country. At the same time he is not a minute observer of every little flower and every change of clouds, in the sense, for instance, that Wordsworth is; neither does he ever attempt an actual pictorial effect. It would be easy to guess, if one did not know, that the hand which penned the descriptions of scenery in the "Princess of Thule" must at one time have held the brush; but there is nothing in Praga to betray the old landscape painter beyond the intense sympathy with nature already alluded to. The beautiful poems addressed by Praga to his child should finally be mentioned. The sentiment in these is as true as it is pure. They are not, as some readers might infer, specimens of Italian baby-worship. The poet looks upon his boy with the eyes of a thoughtful and even a sad man; but at the same time he sees in a child's smile at once the hope and the mystery of man's destiny.

Un vagito di bimbo, ecco la fede,
Ecco il segreto dei destini umani.

It would be idle to prophesy that Praga, had he lived, would have been a great poet. Of the attributes belonging to such he had at least two—intensity and truth of feeling; but two others seem as conspicuously wanting in the work he has left behind him. These are balance of mind and beauty of form. With regard to the latter it may seem presumptuous for a foreigner to speak in an authoritative manner. But judged by the standard of Dante and Petrarch and Leopardi, and even of Carducci and Stecchetti, Praga seems to me to lack that perfect symmetry of strophic development and that harmonious rhythm of meter

without which an Italian poet, albeit of the Realistic School, can scarcely be imagined.

Stecchetti and Praga, with many others, represent, as it were, the extreme left of the veristi. They are Bohemians by profession, and irreconcilable enemies to literary proprieties. Their works are published by a certain firm, and their readers, in all probability, limited to a certain—although, no doubt, a wide—circle of readers. All this is changed as soon as we come to speak of the acknowledged leader of the school, Giosuè Carducci. He is admitted by writers of all parties to be the leading poet of Italy; the most exalted and most beautiful lady of his country has paid tribute to his genius; and his literary respectability is confirmed by a handsome edition of his collected poems under the auspices of the celebrated firm of Barbèra in Florence. In short, he is on the straight road to classical dignity. And all this he has achieved without forfeiting the adoration of his own immediate followers. Domenico Milelli, a thorough-paced Bohemian, dedicates to him a poetical confession of faith, and Stecchetti calls him "*nostro duce intanto e nostra forza*." It may be surmised that a poet who is thus able to please opposite parties must possess high qualities independent of all party considerations.

Giosuè Carducci's life is devoid of stirring incidents; with few interruptions it has been that of the poet and the scholar. He was born in 1836, at Val di Castello, near Pietrasanta, in the province of Pisa, the son of a physician of moderate means. His early youth was passed in a small village of the Maremma, where his father had an appointment as medical man to a French mining company. The dreary solitude of this fever-haunted region did not depress the spirit of the boy, who here received his earliest poetic impressions, and who, moreover, was at liberty to follow his studious inclinations under his father's guidance. The latter was by literary creed a member of that school of Manzoni worshipers which his son was destined to destroy, or at least to throw into the background for a season. Like most

intelligent men of his day Dr. Michele Carducci was a Carbonaro, and his liberal views were developed by his son into the extreme forms of radicalism. As early as 1849 the youthful republican execrated the name of Charles Albert, and persuaded his friend the village tailor and a great politician to raise the cry of "Abasso tutti i re: viva la repubblica." To this creed the poet remained faithful in after-life, and it was on a republican, although law-abiding, platform that he was in 1876 returned as member for Lugo di Romagna. On that occasion he made a very remarkable speech, which deserves brief notice, were it only on account of its fundamental difference from any electioneering address that could possibly be delivered in this country. His chief argument is the fitness of poets for a political career, which he tries to prove by both ancient and modern instances. Plato, he says, would not tolerate a poet in his republic, but the Platonic Republic itself was more lyrical than an ode of Pindar. Solon, on the other hand, composed elegies; Milton penned the "Apologia del Popolo d'Inghilterra;" Uhland was a staunch advocate of liberty in the Frankfort Parliament, and Lamartine braved the fury of the mob for days together. "Perhaps my adversaries may exclaim, 'You are not a Milton or an Uhland or a Lamartine;' 'Neither are you a Plato,' I should reply." Fancy any one talking of Plato and Uhland and Lamartine to the enlightened electors of Gloucester or Boston, and being rewarded with "ilarità e applausi," besides obtaining the seat.

It may be mentioned in this connection that on one occasion Carducci is accused of having sunk his stern republican principles. It appears that he was introduced to the Queen of Italy, who received him in the most gracious manner, and paid him the compliment dearest to the poet of showing intimate acquaintance with his works. Soon afterward Carducci wrote the ode "Alla Regina d'Italia," of which an enthusiastic publisher's circular states, "Una distintissima copia"—"printed on parchment and bound in white silk"—was presented to Her Majesty, and which raised a shout of derision in the Conservative press.

Carducci's motive, and even the meaning of his verses, were misrepresented in the grossest manner, till at last he was compelled to publish an explanatory letter. To the outsider it seems natural enough that even a republican poet need not be debarred from doing homage to a beautiful and distinguished lady because she happens to be a queen.

It is highly to the credit of the Italian Government—as, indeed, Carducci himself acknowledges—that a man of his extreme views should not in any way have suffered in his professional career. He was, on the contrary, from the first treated with the distinction no doubt fully deserved by his scholarly attainments. In 1859, at the early age of twenty-five, he was appointed Professor of Greek in the University of Pisa, and in the following year obtained the same distinguished position at Bologna, which he still holds. Only on one occasion, in 1867, he was with two of his colleagues suspended, for a short time, for signing an address to Mazzini, “a slight injury, quite excusable,” Carducci himself remarks; “in those days of political contention.”

Carducci's poetical work is comprised under the following titles: “*Juvenilia*,” “*Levia Gravia*,” “*Decennalia*,” “*Nuove Roesie*,” and “*Odi Barbare*,” the first three published in a collected form as “*Poesie*” (Florence), the last two belonging to the pretty Elzevir edition of modern poets appearing at Bologna. It must be owned that in the early poems there is little to betray the future *verista* or to distinguish Carducci from the school of literature then most in vogue. The stately march of his stanzas, the dignified grace of the diction, do not in any way differ from the style of Monti and Manzoni. And there is little variation of manner in the treatment of the various subjects; Venus and Bacchus are duly invoked if a love song or a “*brindisi*” is attempted, and the patriotic addresses to “*Liberty*” and the Italians are full of the classic magniloquence of Alfieri, to whom, indeed, the former is dedicated.

The phenomenon is easy of explanation. Carducci's father was, as we have seen, a staunch “*Manzoniano*,” and the poet

himself joined a society of young literary men who saw the only chance of Italian poetry in the strict adherence to the great models of the mediæval and Renaissance periods, to the exclusion of all foreign and modern elements. It was in the literary organ of this movement, significantly called *Angelo Poliziano*, that Carducci earned his first laurels, and his serious studies at this period enabled him subsequently to appear amongst the learned editors of the charming "diamond" edition of Italian classics published by Barbéra. The poet himself is by no means ashamed of these antecedents. "I started," he writes, "and I am proud of it, from Alfieri, Parini, Monti, Foscolo, Leopardi; through them and with them I went back to the ancients and imbued myself with Dante and Petrarch." The same tone prevails essentially in the "*Levia Gravia*," and begins to disappear only in the "*Decennalia*," comprising the poems, mostly political, which were written during the ten eventful years preceding the occupation of Rome by the Italians. The last-named collection contains one of the author's most famous, or as some would say most notorious, poems, the "*Inno a Satana*," which on its appearance in 1869 evoked all the thunders of a Conservative press, and in the eyes of pious persons still surrounds the poet with a sort of lurid glow of unholiness. Adolfo Borgogni relates how one evening when walking with the poet at Bologna they were met by an old priest, who greeted Carducci in the most cordial manner. Turning to Borgogni the kind old man added: "A very good excellent person the professor, an excellent person! What a pity he should have written '*Quel Demone*'!" meaning the "*Hymn to Satan*." That such a title alone would be sufficient to frighten a simple-minded priest or a pious lady is not a matter for surprise. Those, however, who had the courage to read must have seen that Carducci's meaning is not quite as terrible as might appear at first sight. The Satan glorified by him is not the "northern phantom" of the middle ages justly despised by Mephistopheles, nor yet that spirit of negation himself; perhaps the interesting find in the

"Vision of Judgment" is the nearest approach to a principle which is at once the "king of forms and phenomena in matter," the spirit of noble resistance which lived in Huss and Savanarola and Luther, and finally the "ribellione e forza vindice della regione." It may be readily admitted that in this sense many enlightened men are devil-worshippers both in and out of Italy. It was no doubt this perfect rapport with the spirit of modern progress which attracted Carducci's readers, and made him the idol of Italian, more especially of North Italian, youth.

The purely literary importance of Carducci's work belongs to a comparatively later period. In his career the process of sowing wild oats has been curiously delayed. Speaking of the "Juvenilia," Enrico Panzacchi, one of the leading Italian critics, remarks: "If youth in art as in life signifies power and liberty, then the poems of Carducci at forty are more juvenile than those he wrote at twenty." This process of regeneration is accounted for by the study of modern foreign literatures, especially those of France and Germany, Victor Hugo in the former and Heine in the latter being the poets to whom Carducci seems to think himself most indebted. Hence the accusation of hostile critics that Carducci has been all his life, and remains, little more than a skillful and learned remodeler of other people's ideas, that he began by imitating Dante and Leopardi, and ended by mimicking Heine and the modern French school. There is a grain of truth to a whole heap of error in this sweeping assertion. If Carducci adopts his ideas from other poets, he knows at least how to remodel them in his own way so that hardly a trace of their origin remains. He has, for example, in common with Victor Hugo, a perfect horror of Cæsarism, as represented in modern times by the Bonapartes; and he thunders against the vices of royal Versailles as if all philosophers and Republicans—Diderot, and Mirabeau, and Danton—had been models of virtue. But, at these conclusions a stanch Republican might well arrive without the aid of the great French

poet. And here, as far as I can see, Carducci's indebtedness ends, if one excepts a certain more personal and less conventional pathos which distinguishes his later from his earlier work.

It is very similar with the relations of the Italian poet to Heine. From him he is said to have borrowed his "paganism." Now Heine's paganism was never of a genuine or of a lasting kind. Even when he was in the full vigor of health, and when the golden ducats of his uncle Salomon jingled in his pockets, his enjoyment of life and beauty was mingled with the melancholy note of romanticism. When experience and illness had chastened him and developed the true greatness of his genius the mask of Greek optimism fell from his face. For the old gods he has only a regretful farewell in "*Les Dieux en Exil*," and the finest of his poems is concerned with a true man of sorrow, the mediæval Jewish poet, Jehuda ben Halevi. Of all this there is not a trace in Carducci. He is a genuine and healthy pagan in the style of Goethe, or perhaps still more in that of Platen, Heine's great enemy, whom Carducci quotes frequently, and with whom he shares the love of classical meters. The lesson he has learned from the modern poet is of a negative rather than of a positive kind. In the "*Nuove Poesie*" his style, without losing anything of its sonorous breadth, is more simple, and therefore more intense, more personal. The imagery also has grown in boldness and color, and the typical deities of Greek mythology are less frequently called upon. In addition to this the subject matter is more substantial, more tangible. Instead of vague addresses to Italy or Liberty we have now a memorial poem on the battle of Mentana, and another "On the Seventy-ninth Anniversary of the French Republic, 21st September, 1871." To quote detached portions of these poems would give little idea of their continuity of thought and of their force of declamatory pathos. It will be better to give the final stanzas of the address to the "wild courser," his genius with which the poet prefaces his "New Songs":

Corriam degli avversari sopra le tinte e i pelli
 Dei mostri il sangue imporpori i tuoi ferrei galletti
 E a noi rida l'april!

L'april dei colli italici vaghi di messi e fiori
 L'april santo dell'anima piena di nuovi amori
 L'april del pensier.

Voliam, sin che la folgore di Giove tra la rotta
 Nube ci arda e purifichi, o che il torrente inghiotta
 Cavallo e cavalier.

O ch'io discenda placido dal tuo stellante arcione
 Con l'occhio ancora gravido di luce e visione
 Sul tesoro mio sud.

Ed al fraterno tumulo pos da la fatica,
 Gustando tu il tritoglio da una dell'urna antica
 Vengo al momento sol.

His climax of development Carducci has, according to some of his critics, reached in his last volume, the "Odi Barbare." The title immediately suggests Leconte de Lisle's "Poèmes Barbares," but those would be entirely mistaken who from a kindred name would guess at a kindred spirit. Here, indeed, the different instincts of French and Italian literature are strikingly illustrated. The "Parnarissiens" and their great master and model, Victor Hugo, represent a kind of mediæval Renaissance. The Italian mind instinctively abhors the Middle Ages, and we see accordingly that the leader of the veristi chooses paganism for his battle-cry, and tries to revive Horatian meters. In these meters the "Odi Barbare" are written, and on that account extolled to the skies by enthusiastic Italians, and not by them alone. The celebrated Prof. Mommsen is a great admirer of

* "Let us run over the heads and breasts of the enemies; let the blood of the monsters dye purple thy iron knee-caps; and on us shall smile April—the April of Italian hills, rich with harvests and flowers; the holy April of the soul, full of new love; the April of thoughts. Let us fly till the lightning of Zeus from the scattered cloud burn and purify us, or till the torrent engulf horse and rider. Or still I descend calmly from your starry saddle with my eyes still heavy from the light and the vision, on my Tuscan soil, to rest from my fatigue on my brother's tomb, while you taste the trofen from a beautiful antique urn, toward the dying sun."

these odes, and has himself translated several of them into German. In spite of this high authority, and at the risk of being classed among irresponsible, indolent reviewers, I must own that I cannot see the value of these metrical experiments in a language which has not only lost the sense of quantity, but even to a great extent that of rhetorical accent. The latter is the vital metrical principle in English and German, but the romance languages have abandoned even this last rhythmical stronghold, and measure their verses entirely by the number of syllables. That even on this principle fine rhythmical effects may be produced by great poets is a truism which need not be here insisted upon, but it is a very different thing where a certain rhythm is to be repeated in a certain part of each line. Here the impotence of the modern language becomes noticeable at every step. I doubt if an unwary reader would suspect Horatian meter in the following dainty stanza addressed to Lidia, the presiding deity of the "Odi":

O deviata veade solitudine
Lungi dal rumor de' gli uomini!
Qui due con noi divini amici reggono
Vino ed amore o Lidia.

To me the most striking feature of this stanza is the absence of rhyme, which is, to say the least, of doubtful value. At the same time it is very possible that an Italian ear may discover subtle beauties of rhythm and melody hidden from the foreigner. And the same reservation should be made in judging of Carducci's literary importance in its entirety. He is not a lyrical poet, and seldom touches the heart. His subjects are, indeed, seldom chosen with such a view, being in most instances suggested by the great events and the leading ideas of the present day. For all these he finds an expression fully satisfactory to the rising generation of Italians, who, moreover, admire the nobility of his thought and diction, the depth of his scholarship. All this gives him a prominent place in the modern development of his country; but it is of course different when his

position in international literature comes to be examined. The latter, however, is of little importance for our present purpose. It was the aim of this article to show that Italian poetry has entered upon a new phase, which, whithersoever it may ultimately lead, has at any rate the sympathy of the young and the intelligent among the nation. By the side of this fact the nice distinctions of more or less individual merit are of comparatively little significance.

FRANCIS HUEFFER, in the Fortnightly Review.

A NIGHT ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.

The Americans were a long time discovering the White Mountains. Not exactly discovering them, it is true, for they are seen in the horizon of New England from afar, and in the upper portions of the State of New Hampshire they are as conspicuous as the Welsh mountains from the west of England, or the Cumberland, and Westmoreland hills in the north. Even from Portland on the sea-shore, eighty or a hundred miles away, the mountain range stretches along the south-western horizon, and in a clear day the massive form of Mount Washington is seen above all its neighbors. But though the hills were known to exist, nobody thought of exploring them. The inhabitants of a new country have no time to fall in love with the picturesque. The battle with the forest and the soil is too hard and too universal to admit of picnic excursions in pursuit of the sunrise or the sunset. And sooth to say, if you wish to see beautiful sunrises and sunsets in New England, you do not need to go very far for them. The veranda of the frame house, or its bedroom window, will in most cases afford admirable opportunities for feasting the eyes on these glories of the sky. We shall not readily forget the wonderful succession of autumn sunsets which evening after evening presented themselves, as we sat swinging on the rocking-chair in the veranda of a friend's

house, with the beautiful Connecticut River and valley before us. And the exquisite calm that breathed from the amber sky after the sun had set, and from the bosom of the river, where crag, and tree, and sky were all so softly mirrored, seemed to supply all that coolness and repose that toiling men and women needed after the heat and burden of the day.

It is little wonder, therefore, that for the greater part of two centuries the White Mountains, and Mount Washington their king, were virtually unknown. After all, what did people in Scotland know of the Trosachs and Lake Katrine before Sir Walter Scott? or of Rydal and Grasmere before Wordsworth? There are discoverers and discoverers. The White Mountains as protuberances on the earth's surface were one thing; as the homes of picturesque beauty quite another. The Americans have found them worth knowing in the latter sense, and so may persons more remote. To most Englishmen, we believe, they have a very vague and shadowy existence. Anthony Trollope, we suppose, expressed his own notion before seeing them, when he said that by Englishmen in general they were supposed to lie somewhere between the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies, and to be homes of the Red Indian and the buffalo. To him, as to many a stranger, it was quite a surprise to find within a few hours by rail from Boston a mountain plateau, some forty-five miles long and thirty wide, rising higher than any mountains in Great Britain, and claiming, though not without challenge, to be called the Switzerland of New England. As for Red Indians and buffaloes, it is perhaps unfortunate that there are none thereabout. If there had been resident Red Indians, the grand old Indian names would no doubt have been continued for the mountains, as they have been over all America, for the rivers. What is the result? Why, that the old names are discarded, and these hoary veterans, that carry us back into the dim ages of the geological past, are now distinguished from one another by nothing better than the few modern names that America delights to honor. There is Mount Webster and

Mount Adams and Mount Franklin and Mount Jefferson, and so forth, and, towering of course above them all, Mount Washington. We cannot say we like the choice. It seems to stamp littleness where nature has given majesty, and to cover the memorials of the mighty past with the memories of yesterday. In some great mountain pass you see on the rock the evident marks of glacial action, and you are carried back in imagination to the far distant age when ice reigned in hoary majesty over the whole region. When you learn that the mountain bears the name of Jackson or Webster, you seem to have found the step between the sublime and the ridiculous.

It is less than a hundred years since Mount Washington, which the Indians called Agiochook, received its present name. It is little more than half that time since the first footpath was made to the summit. About twenty years ago a path for carriages was completed. In 1866 a railway was begun, and completed in 1869. The height of the mountain is 6,293 feet, some five hundred more than any of the adjacent hills. There have been hotels on the top for about thirty years, occasionally blown down by storms. The present hotel, "Summit House," dates from 1872.

If the Americans made little of the White Mountains during the early period of their history, they have amply compensated their early neglect by what they make of them now. The district is now traversed by railways bringing the tourist as near to the mountains as the nature of the country allows. Where the railway cannot be built, or rather where it has not been built as yet, stage-coaches supply its place. Hotels, accommodating four or five hundred guests, have been run up at various convenient points of the district, reached either by the railway or the road. Very often these hotels with their annexes and offices are the only houses within reach of the railway station. If you see "Fabyan" or "Crawford" on the map, do not flatter yourself that it is a city, or even a town or village, with houses, stores, and other institutions surrounding. It is simply Fa-

bryan's or Crawford's house or hotel, with its environments. And notable houses they are, indeed, to be found in the heart of what was recently a wilderness. At Fabryan's, where we spent a day or two, in addition to the main building there are two bedroom houses, accommodating in all four or five hundred. The drawing-room is one hundred feet in length, with other dimensions corresponding. The register includes names from all parts of the United States, but hardly any from England or the Continent. It is a purely American house. Everything is arranged in American fashion and at American hours—breakfast, dinner, and supper. Should you happen to arrive midway between the canonical periods sacred to these meals, you must amuse your appetite as you best can till the doors of the *Salle-à-manger* are thrown open. The talk of the gentlemen is all American politics. The talk of the ladies is American gossip. If you are not an American, or if you have not American friends, you are a fish out of the water, and, indeed, it is something of presumption for you to be here at all.

What is rare in America, the waiters are all young women. A glance is enough to show that, though acting now in a menial capacity, they do not belong to a menial class. Their faces are intelligent, their manner smart and self-possessed, their fingers lithe and usually adorned with jewelry. Who are they? Daughters of New England farmers, or, if you prefer it, landed proprietors, who have no intention of devoting their lives to service, but have come here for a season to see a little of the world, and in a few weeks will return to complete their education, or begin life in a different way. An American friend waxed eloquent to us over them. "No such young women," he said, "in all America. They make splendid wives. Presidents and governors have married such young women, and right well off they have been." We could believe it all, for the faces were intelligent, the style of work purpose-like, and the bearing of the girls evinced thorough self-respect. At meals, the *Salle-à-manger* is arranged in tables placed cross-ways along either side of the

room, with places for a dozen at each. A manager-in-chief receives you at the door, and assigns you your table and place. The bill of fare is as ample and varied as in the best city hotels, and you order whatever you like. The girl in waiting receives your order, and quickly your dishes are planted round you. That is to say, your minor dishes are ranged round your principal one—your butter, potatoes, tomatoes, peas, turnip, squash, or whatever else of vegetable produce you have called for, make up a little solar system around the central dish of beef or mutton, till, under your exertions, the whole system is annihilated, and the next course begins. For liquor, the carte offers you wines and liqueurs manifold, but they are seldom called for. Ice water is almost the only tippie. The hotel has a bar, hid away in some out-of-the-way corner, which gentlemen inclined thereto may find and frequent as they please. But women and children are, for the most part, practical teetotalers, and thus upper American society is secured one element of purity; women are not wine-bibbers, and, however much they may be interested in their eating, drink water only.

Fabyan's is the most convenient point for the ascent of Mount Washington, the very summit of which, or tip-top, as they call it, may be reached by railway. You may rise from your chair in the hotel, step across the platform into the car, and, with a single change of cars, step out six thousand feet and more above the level of the sea. The first five or six miles are along the level, and present no feature of much interest. When you reach the "base" station you change into the mountain car. It is much the same as an ordinary American car, accommodating probably fifty passengers. In ascending the Rigi in Switzerland by rail you are placed with your back to the top, but in ascending Mount Washington you sit in the usual way. The engine is behind and pushes you, and in descending it is in front, arresting the motion. The principle on which the engine works is the same as at the Rigi—there is a notched rail midway between the ordinary rails, into which a cog-wheel from the engine

fits. The rate of motion is about three miles an hour. At first the noise of the cog-wheel is loud and disagreeable, but in a few minutes you get used to it. And as you proceed a miracle could hardly produce a more remarkable sensation. Above you you see the road mounting over a huge precipice; and by some strange, wizard-like power, you are swiftly and steadily borne up. Round a curve you see an airy fabric—slender iron trestles standing with outstretched limbs over a yawning gulf. Without a moment's fear or hesitation, your vehicle passes over the gulf, and you are safe on the opposite side. Puff, puff, puff, and still the word is *Excelsior*; and as you look backward you see what a height you have reached. There are no passenger stations as at the Rigi along the line, for the best of reasons—that there are no inhabitants on the mountain side. But twice, we think, the train stops, that the engine may be watered. The conductor is obliging; allows the passengers to get out and scatter themselves a little along the mountain side. You are gazing on the view below, when your attention is arrested by a hissing noise from above. Can you believe your eyes? You look up and see certain of your fellow-creatures sliding down the rail at a velocity of some fifty miles an hour. You find that they seat themselves on a little sled that fits on to one of the rails, and you are told that when their course is unimpeded they can traverse the whole distance, from summit to base, in four minutes. The sled is furnished with a drag, and in the present instance the vehicle had to be pulled up before they reached our train. Anything more mad-like than the dashing course of the men in full swing you can hardly imagine. Broken bones or broken heads sometimes occur, but to one thoroughly able to manage his sled, and gliding without interruption from top to bottom, the motion, beyond doubt, is most delightful.

The afternoon has been clear and sunny, and our view of the surrounding country is glorious, though the mountains are much less crowded than around the Rigi, and the whole scenery much less grand and varied. As we ascend, the vegetation be-

comes manifestly more Alpine. The trees are reduced to pine, and the pine becomes dwarfed and scraggy, and finally disappears. The rocks become rugged and irregular, as if they had hard times in the wintry ice and snow. We are yet eight or ten hundred feet from the summit, when we become distinctly conscious of a whiff of vapor. Perhaps it is from the engine? No, it is too extensive for that, and now it seems to envelop us as if a vapor-bath had been part of the programme. It is impossible to resist the conclusion, that we are caught in a fog. And as the sun is to set in a few minutes the conclusion is but too apparent that we are likely to be balked of our expected view. We do not despair, however. We remember a similar journey up the Rigi two years before, when we reached the top in a storm, and could not see the one end of the Kulm Hotel from the other. Great was our delight on that occasion when, in an instant, the fog disappeared, and a clear bar in the sky, between the clouds and the horizon, gave the sun a splendid opportunity to gild the whole amphitheater of mountains, and disappear in a perfect blaze of glory. But no sunset was to be seen from the summit of Mount Washington to-night. The whole body of the American tourists rapidly made up their minds to that, and as soon as they had registered their names and secured their rooms, abandoned themselves to disappointment and to supper. It seemed to one of my party and myself that, for once, we might get an advantage over the Yankees, and by superior 'cuteness see the sun set after all. We remembered that it was very near the summit that the mist had come on, and that a short walk would bring us into a clear atmosphere again. So, while the Americans were at supper, we stole down by the carriage road, and in some twenty minutes were below the mist. The summit of the mountain hid the sunset proper, but not far off we could easily see the clear sky, the clouds flushed with red, and the bright green valleys below. It was no drawback that the atmosphere around us was still charged with vapor, which would come rushing along in occasional whiffs. The optical

illusions that presented themselves between the light and the dark were very curious. We would observe clear silvery lakes reposing in perfect stillness where no lakes had ever been seen before; or a bright river would be seen wandering among the mountains, all the more remarkable because the want of streams was what we had remarked as their most conspicuous defect in the daylight view. While still wondering what it could all be, our surprise reached a climax on our observing a splendid blaze as if of electric light streaming out in silver lines from a single spot. By and by the riddle was solved. It was patches of the sky we had seen, of that white, shining, pearly hue you often see half an hour after a bright sunset. The dark clouds through which these white patches shone completed the illusion. We had the pleasure (or the pain?) of thinking that no eyes but ours had seen these curious sights. Retracing our steps, we were soon enveloped anew in impenetrable mist. As we neared the hotel another illusion was seen that reminded us of the Hartz Mountains. Right above our heads a gigantic human figure was observed, six times the size of an ordinary man. It moved its huge legs like one of the old giants, and waved a lantern with its enormous arm. But as it neared us, each step diminished its bulk one-half, and when at length it passed, it was but our own size—an ordinary Yankee coachman going down to the stable to look after his horses. It was not difficult to account for the phenomenon—particles of mist acted as magnifying-glasses under the light from the lantern, hence the gigantic figure of the man. When we reached the hotel we found that our disappearance had caused some anxiety, and that opinion was divided as to whether or not we had fallen over a precipice. The most anxious of our friends, however, had been soothed by being told that the road was so plain that we could not be lost unless we had been bent on committing suicide.

It was the beginning of August, and down below people could hardly bear the lightest clothing; but it was cold atop, and the

hotel on the summit was heated, as if it had been the depth of winter. We fancy that that must be the American taste, but it did not suit us. Our little bedroom was like an oven, and between the hot dry air within, and the mist outside, breathing was reduced to great difficulty. The night brought little sleep and less refreshment; there was little fear of our committing the mistake of Mark Twain on the Rigi, and sleeping till afternoon, as his "Tramp Abroad" had, just been informing us. With the first streak of dawn we were at our window, delighted to find that, saving an occasional whiff from the north, the mist had disappeared, and that there was the prospect of a full view of the sun. In a short time a bell rang loudly, and before five o'clock the platform in front of the hotel showed all that variety of impromptu toilets usual on such occasions. Nothing could have been finer than the dawn. While silver was stealing over the sky, a puff of mist, as it rolled up from a neighboring valley, would suddenly glow with a bright red flush, and as suddenly pass away. By and by the sky showed its brightest tints of blue and green, and the clouds their richest crown of gold. Then, on the edge of the horizon, came a speck of dazzling ruby, expanding with provoking rapidity into a slender red bow, then into a spotless semicircle, and finally a globe of molten gold. All round, the sea of summits was bathed in the tender pink of an Alpine dawn, patches of cloud gleamed on the mountain sides like masses of opal, and below, the valleys shone out in their freshest green. In a brief half hour the glory was over. The sun and clouds had become commonplace, the poetical appetite of the spectators was satisfied, and a new appetite gave signs of great activity, for every one was asking when would breakfast be ready?

Breakfast was not to be ready for three-quarters of an hour. It was very hard. However sleepy you may be, you cannot sleep. You have got unsettled, and a meal is necessary to restore your equilibrium. The three-quarters of an hour seem like three hours. At length breakfast comes, your prosaic

wants are satisfied, and there remains only the settling of the bill before you are ready to begin the descent.

Of course there are all sorts of souvenirs of Mount Washington to be had by those who care for them. The only one that particularly took our fancy was the daily newspaper. It was truly characteristic of America to print a daily newspaper there, and to draw particular attention to the fact that it is the only daily paper in the world printed on the top of a mountain. Among the Clouds, as it is called, cannot lay claim to any extraordinary amount of originality. The news is limited to a record of the weather at the signal station on the previous day, last night's arrivals at the hotel, and a few notes from the adjacent tourist stations. Such sublunary matters as the presidential contest or the war in Afghanistan created little or no interest so far above the surface of the earth. The life of the paper is limited to two months of the year; hotel-keepers and railway companies use it for advertising; beyond that, it must be content to be reckoned a curious toy.

There are three ways of getting down from Mount Washington; first, by the railway, which most of the visitors preferred; second, by a stage-coach, along a road which winds over a shoulder of the mountain, reaching "Glen House" after an eight miles' ride; and thirdly, by the same road on foot. Two of us preferred the last of these methods, while another member of our party took a place on the coach. Nothing is more surprising to English tourists than the want of inclination for walking shown by Americans. As far as we could learn, there was but one pedestrian besides ourselves. The coach had a fair complement of ladies and gentlemen. It was provided with three pairs of horses, not for the descent, but for the upward or return journey—six handsome grays, that looked quite stylish. It did seem to us for a moment an awkward question what would happen if one of these animals were to take a frisky fit on the edge of a precipice. It soon occurred to us, however, that horses that have to drag a heavy coach daily up eight miles

of loose sandy road to the top of a mountain no less than four thousand feet above the base, must have all their frisky moods pretty well taken out of them in the course of the climb, and may safely be trusted to perform the descent like lambs. At the same time we were not without some anxiety about the safety of the friend who had taken a seat on the coach. We comforted ourselves by the thought that, as there seemed to be no drinking-places on the mountain, the driver must be sober, and the driving would be very careful. By and by we came to a part of the road where a great smash had evidently occurred recently among the trees. An American gentleman told us that a month before the coach had been upset at that spot, a lady killed, and two or three other passengers seriously wounded. "How was it possible," we asked, "to upset the coach at such a place?" "I believe, sir," replied our informant, "the coachman was drunk."

The first half of the descent is over a very rough part of the mountain, and one needs to be careful as to apparently "near cuts." We saw one that was very tempting, cutting off a long acute angle; but the mountain was so rough and the brushwood so scraggy that it cost us quite as much time as the regular road, and double the labor, besides tear and wear of boots and other garments. Lower down, the path is very beautiful; it passes through an avenue of trees, as if you were traversing an English park, only after a time it becomes somewhat close and monotonous. "Glen House," where the descent terminates, is one of the most celebrated of the White Mountain hotels, and shows the same kind of company as we left at Fabyan's. It is situated in a finer spot, more secluded and highland, more in the very heart of the mountains. For those wishing to spend some time in the district, and plunge wholesale into its characteristic enjoyments, we should fancy Glen House a most delightful center.

From Glen House to Glen Station, the nearest point at which you can strike the railway, is a distance of fifteen miles. Over this space you may travel either by the stage-coach or by pri-

vate conveyance. We chose the stage. An American stage is a curious combination of mediævalism and the latest improvements. The latest improvements consist of Saratoga boxes—the huge wooden trunks in which American ladies carry about their very valuable and varied supply of dresses. To accommodate these the coach is made large, lumbering, and heavy. Inside are two seats, as in the old mail-coach, but as they are at a considerable distance from each other, a third seat may be introduced between, having the effect of making the other seats close and uncomfortable, and subjecting the whole inmates to the risk of suffocation. Outside there is room for only four passengers. Six strong horses are needed to drag the ponderous vehicle up hill and down dale. The roads are none of the smoothest, and as the coach is not set on springs, but only suspended by huge leather belts, the jolting is absolutely heart-breaking, and something like sea-sickness is a common result. These great six-horse vehicles traverse the road in both directions several times a day. Of course they must meet sometimes. If we had been the driver our mind would have been agitated with terrible apprehensions as to the kind of spot where the meeting might take place. The road is precisely of the width necessary for a single coach. When two meet one must leave the road and take refuge in the brushwood adjoining. This is all very well if the brushwood happens to be on the same level as the road; but if the road is a foot or two higher than the adjacent wood, or along the bank of a stream, or the side of a ditch, or the edge of a morass, the problem is not so simple. To a stranger it seems as if a dead-lock were inevitable. We fancy the coachmen have some sort of instinctive apprehension of the advent of another coach, and forewarned is forearmed. But when a private conveyance approaches, the consequences to the owner may be somewhat serious. If there is no room to pass he must unyoke his horses, lift round his buggy, and retreat before the stage till a passing-place can be found. It is wonderful how the horses seem to understand these difficulties, and how much common sense they

show in adapting themselves to them, and taking the only possible way to get out of them. For the most part the road lies through forest, and it would be always beautiful if it were not just a little monotonous. For miles upon miles no human habitation can be seen. But there is not a spot that is not worth looking at, and now and again you get glimpses of wooded mountain and winding valley on which the eye loves to linger, and which photograph themselves on the memory.

At Glen Station you may get into the railway and drive through some of the most beautiful scenery of the White Mountains, including the celebrated Crawford Notch, returning to the Fabyan House. The "Notch" is a valley, some twenty miles in length, through which a little river, the Saco, makes its way, while the mountains rise on each side, from the very edge of the stream to the height of two thousand feet. At one place the opposite rocks come within twenty-two feet of each other. The gorge is full of beauty, and here and there small mountain streams tumbling into it give rise to beautiful cascades; but during the warm tourist season these unfortunately are generally empty. The railway winds through the Notch, and as open cars are provided on this part of the line, the traveler gets an excellent view, if he can contrive to keep himself from being blinded by the smoke and cinders from the engine. Of the very few houses that meet the eye, one called Willey House has a tragical interest. More than fifty years ago an avalanche of snow descended from the mountain, burying the whole Willey family, nine in number, who had fled from the house for safety. If they had remained they would have avoided their dreadful fate; a rock above the house split the avalanche, and the house escaped and is there to this day. The railway brought us back to Fabyan's, exactly twenty-four hours after we had started. The "round," as they call it, is very interesting, and gives an excellent idea of the White Mountains.

No one would ever seriously think of comparing them with Switzerland—they have no snowy summits, hardly even a peak,

and in magnificence and variety are never to be talked of in the same breath. It would be more suitable to compare them with the mountains of Wales or of Westmoreland. We may be under the influence of national prejudice, but we cannot award the White Mountains a place of equality to either. There is no doubt more massiveness—more unbroken stretches of wooded mountain and grandly sweeping valley; but there is much less variety, and far fewer of those complete little landscapes which a painter would delight to copy. They seemed to us a mighty whole, a grand tout ensemble, but we did not find those manifold nooks of exquisite beauty which make Wales and Westmoreland a perpetual succession of delights, each with some features of its own. As we have already said, there is a want of lake and river. The landscape wants eyes. The stretches of unbroken green need crags and peaks to break them up, and sheets and threads of silver to give them brightness and life. We believe, however, that all these defects would have disappeared if our visit had been paid in "the fall." From what we saw elsewhere of the exquisite coloring of the woods at that season, we believe the White Mountains must be perfectly beautiful. And probably the cascades and streams are fuller, and the whole aspect of things more bright and lively.

But there is one great want not remedied at any season—human habitations. For the solitudes are not like the bare, unclothed solitudes of the Scottish mountains, grand in their very loneliness: they are wooded glens and mountains that seem to crave habitations to nestle in their leafy shade. But of habitations, apart from the big hotels, too big to be picturesque, there is scarcely a vestige. There are no snug hostelries at the roadside to invite the weary pedestrian to rest. There is hardly a spot over the whole district, except the hotels, where one can get even a cup of milk. Strange to say, in democratic America, the White Mountains are a strict preserve for the wealthy. Not by any edict of proprietors threatening trespassers with prosecution, but by the law of the hotels, whose ta-

practically excludes every poor man. One or two small houses make more moderate charges, but the usual rate is four or four and a half dollars, not much less than a pound a day. At the Summit Hotel, on Mount Washington, the charge for tea, bed, and breakfast is four dollars and a half. It is singular how extremes meet. The poor man is not more hopelessly excluded from the precincts of an aristocratic deer forest in the old country than he is from the open beauties of the White Mountains in democratic New England. Of course he may carry a wallet and sleep in the open air, but young America has no fancy for such ways. In many respects, as they say, one man is as good as another in America, and, as the Irishman added, a little better; but, if he does not carry a good fat roll of dollars in his pocket, the White Mountains are forbidden fruit.

PROF. W. G. BLAIKIE, in *Good Words*.

BYRON IN GREECE.

At a time when Greece is once more in every one's thoughts and on nearly every one's lips, it may be interesting to revert to what were more familiar to the preceding generation of Englishmen than they are to the present one—the experiences of Byron in Hellas, whether in his youth as a traveler, or in his prime and on the eve of his death as a martyr to the cause of Greek independence. For the moment, it is as a political claimant that Greece figures in the public eye. We need hardly say, however, that no political virus will find their expression here, and that our sole task is to reproduce the impressions made on a susceptible and lofty mind by residence among a famous and aspiring people at an interesting epoch in their fortunes.

Byron was in his twenty-second year when, in September, 1809, he left Malta in the *Spider*, a brig of war, and after eight

days' sail arrived at Prevesa. Thence he made an inland excursion of some one hundred and fifty miles, to Tepaleen, where he was received with much distinction by the famous Ali Pasha, the Governor of Albania, Epirus, and part of Macedonia. After a nine days' journey on horseback, he reached Tepaleen at five o'clock in the afternoon, as the sun was going down. He has left us a description, both in prose and verse, of the scene that greeted him. In the former he designates it "a new and delightful spectacle I shall never forget." In verse, his more natural language, he pictures it with the hand of a master, one stanza of which is worth citing, if only to show, in these days of excessive literary artificiality, what an effect can be produced by the simplest means—clear seeing and unaffected writing:

The wild Albanian, kirtled to his knee,
With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,
And gold-embroidered garments, fair to see;
The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon;
The Delhi with his cap of terror on,
And crooked glaive; the lively, supple Greek,
And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son;
The bearded Turk that rarely deigns to speak,
Master of all around, too potent to be meek.

Ali Pasha was curious to know why a man so young should have left his own country; for Turks never travel except to conquer, and of literary conquests Ali Pasha had naturally no conception. He pleased Byron by admiring his small ears, white hands, and curly hair, and by remarking that he was evidently a man of birth—an observation the young poet was careful to repeat to his mother, and to set down in his journal. Making his way back to the coast, he touched at Patras, and passed by Missolonghi, little conscious that in fifteen years he was to die there, and that its name and his own were forever to be associated. "I like the Albanians much," he wrote; "they are not all Turks: some tribes are Christians. But their religion makes little difference in their manner or conduct." This last observa-

tion, I am assured, is as true to-day as it was then. "They are esteemed the best troops in the Turkish service," he goes on :

I lived on my route two days at once, and three days again, in a barrack, and never found soldiers so tolerable, though I have been in the garrisons at Gibraltar and Malta, and seen Spanish, French, Sicilian, and British troops in abundance.

About the middle of November he left Prevesa and journeyed through Acarnania and Ætolia to the Morea, having a body-guard of some forty of the people whom he thus extols. In the Gulf of Arta occurred the scene he has described so graphically in prose, yet prose happily never degenerating into pseudo-lyricism. I feel sure the reader will be glad to look upon the glowing picture, even though it be not new to him :

In the evening the gates were secured, and preparations were made for feeding our Albanians. A goat was killed and roasted whole, and four fires were kindled in the yard, round which the soldiers seated themselves in parties. After eating and drinking, the greater part of them assembled round the largest of the fires, and whilst ourselves and the elders of the party were seated on the ground, danced round the blaze to their own songs with an astonishing energy. All their songs were narratives of some robbing exploit. One of these, which detained them more than an hour, began thus : "When we set out from Parga there were sixty of us." Then came the burden of the verse :

Robbers all at Parga !
obbers all at Parga !

And as they roared out this stave they whirled round the fire, dropped and rebounded from their knees, and again whirled round as the chorus was again repeated. The rippling of the waves upon the pebbly margin where we were seated, filled up the pauses of the song with a milder and not more monotonous music. The night was very dark, but by the flashes of the fires we caught a glimpse of the woods, the rocks, and the lake, which, together with the wild appearance of the dancers, presented us with a scene that would have made a fine picture in the hands of such an artist as the author of the "Mysteries of Udolpho."

Riding toward Delphi along the sides of Parnassus, he saw a flight of twelve eagles. He seized on the omen and hoped Apollo would accept his homage. A few days later he fired at an eagle and wounded it. He tried to save it—"the eye was so bright ;" but it pined and died : and he never attempted the life of another bird. He crossed Mount Cithæron, visited the ruins

of Phyle, and reached Athens at Christmas. There he stayed nearly three months. "Our lodgings," wrote Hobhouse, his traveling companion,

consisted of a sitting-room and two bedrooms opening into a courtyard, where there were five or six lemon trees, from which, during our residence in the place, was plucked the fruit that seasoned the pilaf and other national dishes served up at our frugal table.

The eldest daughter of the house was the "Maid of Athens," to whom was written the exquisite little lyric the whole world knows by heart. The following lines are perhaps less familiar to most people. They were an impromptu by Byron, on reading in a travelers' book, kept by the ladies of the house, some verses written by an anonymous traveler :

This modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own.
Yet whoso'er he be, to say no worse,
His name would bring more credit than his verse.

An epigram quite in the style of the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." During his stay in Athens he made several excursions, but always within the boundaries of Attica, on one occasion being nearly carried off by a band of pirates lying hidden in a cave near Sunium. All this time he was writing the second canto of "Childe Harold," which was begun at Janina on the 31st of October, 1809, and finished at Smyrna on the 28th of March following. He had left Athens on the 5th, striking on horseback into the olive-wood on the road going to Salamis, and galloping at a quick pace, in order to rid himself of the pain of parting.

He has left but little in prose of the impression his first visit to Greece made upon him, the reason probably being that there was no person to whom he could pour out his heart. In one of his letters to his mother, with whom his sympathies were unfortunately, but not unnaturally, very slight, he says, "I have no one to be remembered to in England, and wish to hear nothing

from it but that you are well;" and if the date be borne in mind, it will be seen that this was not the cynicism of the man, but the loneliness of the boy. He left on record that there are places in Epirus without a name, and rivers laid down in no map, which may one day, when more known, be esteemed superior subjects for the pencil and the pen than "the dry ditch of the Ilissus and the bogs of Bœotia." Like all great poets, he immeasurably preferred the rudest Nature to the most finished Art. Of the people themselves he observed :

I see not much difference between ourselves and the Turks, save that they have long dresses and we short, and that we talk much and they little. They are sensible people. . . . I like the Greeks, who are plausible rascals—with all the Turkish vices, without their courage. However, some are brave, and all are beautiful, very much resembling busts of Alcibiades : the women not quite so handsome.

In another place he says that the Greeks, though inferior to the Turks, are better than the Spaniards, who in their turn excel the Portuguese. That this was not said from any political prejudice, is evident from another passage, in which occurs the following prophecy: "The Greeks will sooner or later rise against the Turks, but if they do not make haste, I hope Bonaparte will come and drive the useless rascals"—presumably the Turks—"away."

Toward the end of July he was back at Athens, having in the interim been to Constantinople. He lodged in a Franciscan convent, making Athens his headquarters till the following summer, though continually breaking his residence by excursions in the Morea. In the course of his wanderings he crossed the Isthmus of Corinth eight times; he could say without boasting, "The greater part of Greece is already my own, so that I shall only go over my old ground, and look upon my old seas and mountains, the only acquaintances I ever found improve upon me." He was back in England in July, 1811, bringing with him some marbles, four ancient Athenian skulls afterward given to Walter Scott, a phial of Attic hemlock, four live tortoises, a greyhound, and two Greek servants.

Twelve years, as we have said, were to elapse before Byron again visited Greece. But what twelve years! He had meanwhile filled the world with his fame. From being the lonely and friendless youth who had written some fugitive poems that had been laughed at, and had retaliated with a satire whose ability every one had acknowledged, but whose existence he was himself anxious to forget, he had expanded into a man whose works were in everybody's hands and whose deeds awakened universal curiosity. In those twelve years he had written "Childe Harold," the "Bride of Abydos," the "Corsair," "Manfred," "Cain," "Don Juan," and a crowd of other poems and dramas of which these are but the loftiest types. He had contracted an unfortunate marriage, had turned his back upon his country, and had identified himself with the sorrows and hopes of Italy, where he had found as much consolation as was possible to a nature that found contentment neither in society nor in solitude, neither in obscurity nor in renown, neither in action nor repose.

And now once more he turned to the land, in singing of whose decayed state and shattered fortunes he had won his earliest bays. Writing to Mr. Blaqui re on the 5th of April, 1823, he said:

I cannot express to you how much I feel interested in the Greek cause, and nothing but the hopes I entertained of witnessing the liberation of Italy itself prevented me long ago from returning to do what little I could as an individual in the land which it is an honor even to have visited.

Mr. Blaqui re, who was proceeding on a special mission to Greece, on the part of the London Committee of Emancipation, was instructed by them to touch at Genoa on purpose to confer with Byron, and the result was a letter from the latter to the Committee, written on the 12th of May, much too long to transcribe, but containing the most valuable information and couched in the most practical and business-like terms imaginable. It ended with the assurance that the Committee might command him "in any and every way;" and the writer added, "If I am favored with any instructions I shall endeavor to obey

them to the letter, whether conformable to my own opinion or not."

Before the end of the month it was decided that Byron should betake himself to Greece, "the only place," he wrote to Trelawney, "I was ever contented in. They all say I can be of use to Greece, I do not know how—nor do they; but at all events let us go." That he did not go from a mere impulse of self-indulgence and from a craving for excitement is quite certain. He did not see his way clearly to rendering that practical service to the Greeks which alone was worthy of consideration, and he had a personal presentiment, which he expressed to Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay, that he should never return from the expedition. Lady Biessington recounts that after giving vent to this feeling he leaned his head upon the arm of the sofa and burst into tears, which he vainly strove to explain away by attributing them to hysterical nervousness. Madame Guiccioli, too, with whom the present writer had some acquaintance during the closing years of her life, always narrated that for some weeks before his departure his mind was evidently the theater of a painful and protracted struggle.

He slept on board the *Hercules* on the night of the 13th of July, off Genoa, and the next day was supposed to be on his way. But at first there was little wind, and when it rose it waxed to a furious storm, and the party were driven back into port. Byron remarked it was a bad omen, and others observed, though he did not, that the start had been made on a Friday, which in a queer sort of way, in common with many other people, he usually regarded as an inauspicious day. The only consolation for the mishap was the discovery that some verses had arrived for the illustrious adventurer from Goethe, who afterward, referring to the incident, left it on record that "there cannot be any doubt that a nation which can boast of so many great names, will class Byron among the first of those through whom she has acquired such glory." Byron had only time just to write a graceful letter of acknowledgment, before he was

again on the waters. He left Leghorn on the 24th of July, and ten days later cast anchor at Argostoli, the chief port of Cephalonia. He brought with him about £9,000, a portion of which sum he had at the time in hand, some of which he had raised on bills of exchange, while some had been procured by the sale of his furniture and books. As for the future, his intentions were thus expressed in a letter written on the eve of departure from Italy :

If I remain in Greece, which will mainly depend upon the presumed probable utility of my presence there, and of the opinions of the Greeks themselves as to its propriety—in short, if I am welcome to them—I shall continue, during my residence at least, to apply such portions of my income, present and future, as may forward the object ; that is to say, what I can spare for the purpose. Privation I can, or at least could once, bear ; abstinence I am accustomed to ; and as to fatigue, I was once a tolerable traveler. What I may be now I cannot tell, but I will try. I await the commands of the Committee. It would have given me pleasure to have had some more defined instructions before I went ; but these, of course, rest at the option of the Committee.

There is a modesty of tone, a subordination of self, in these passages, which is very pleasing, and which serves to indicate better than any other second description the frame of mind in which the great poet entered upon his solemn and heroic mission.

He soon found that he had a difficult part to play, for there were two parties in Greece ; one nominally having the direction of the movement for independence, the other seeking to wrench from them their authority. Byron soon made up his mind that he must have nothing to do with these rivalries, unless it were to reconcile them. The National Government was necessarily only ostensible ; there were a number of military chiefs, each sighing for supreme command, and each trying to intercept as much of the revenue collected for patriotic purposes as possible ; there was a fleet furnished by private adventure, and an army counting more on plunder than on pay. Perceiving the state of affairs, and resolved not to be compromised by it, he lingered in Cephalonia in considerable discomfort, collecting as best he

could the requisite information for his guidance. The brave Marco Botzaris, who soon afterward fell in action, besought Byron to join him in his campaign in the mountains. Metaxa, the Governor of Missolonghi, urged him to repair to its rescue, for the Turks were directing against it a blockade both by land and sea. Colcotroni sent urgent messages inviting him to a congress to be shortly held at Salamis; while Mavrocordato was imploring him to travel in all haste to Hydra. "It is easier to conceive than to relate," says Count Gamba, "the various means employed to engage him in one faction or the other: letters, messages, intrigues, and recriminations, nay, each faction had its agent exerting every art to degrade its opponent."

His letters to Madame Guiccioli were frequent. In one of them, after expressing a doubt whether he or any foreigner could be of use to the Greeks, he added:

Pray be as cheerful and tranquil as you can, and be assured that there is nothing here that can excite anything but a wish to be with you again, though we are very kindly treated by the English of all descriptions. Of the Greeks I can't say much good hitherto, and I do not like to speak ill of them though they do of each other.

His letters to the General Government of Greece at the time were models of dignified frankness and good sense. Again and again he repeated that the Greeks had no enemy to fear except their own tendency to discord. The Turks had retreated from Acarnania; Corinth had been captured, and Missolonghi had been relieved; and to the latter place, before the end of the year, the poet repaired to meet and confer with Mavrocordato. "I need not tell you," wrote the latter, "how much I long for your arrival, to what a pitch your presence is desired by everybody, or what a prosperous direction it will give to our affairs. Your counsels will be listened to like oracles."

A good deal of this anxiety, no doubt, was caused by the eagerness, the pardonable eagerness, to get hold of the money Byron had resolved to embark in the Greek cause. While making for Missolonghi he and his party narrowly escaped capture by a Turkish frigate. They had to conceal themselves among

some rocks off Dragomestri. Count Gamba and all the more valuable articles of the expedition were not so fortunate, and were towed by the Turkish frigate into Patras. He had the skill to concoct a plausible account of himself, and was accordingly released.

Once in the midst of the Greeks, Byron never vacillated in his determination to throw in his lot with them. He was angry with them, disgusted with them, disappointed by them over and over again; but, as he said, "others may do as they please; they may go, but I stay here—that is certain." In a fit of extreme irritation at one of their exhibitions of incapacity and indifference, he declared they were such barbarians he would pave the roads with them if he were their master. Yet in quieter moments he made every allowance for the effect of centuries of oppression; and Colonel Napier has recorded the opinion that, with the exception of Mr. Gordon, Byron was the only man that seemed justly to estimate their character. It was an infinite relief to him at last to be promised a chance of action; and in the middle of January he found himself appointed commander of an expedition to be directed against Lepanto. His little army was to consist of a force of Suliotes, who turned out to be the most unmanageable rascals ever got together. Nearly half of them insisted on having the rank of officers. Byron at once discharged the whole lot. This brought them to their senses, but they soon again mutinied, and both Colonel Stanhope and Count Gamba have given striking accounts of the scene that ensued. Each is too long for quotation. Byron was suffering from an attack of convulsions, the first symptom of what was to follow. The Suliotes broke into his apartment and brandished their costly arms. "Byron," says Colonel Stanhope, "electrified by this unexpected act, seemed to recover from his sickness; and the more the Suliotes raged, the more his calm courage triumphed. The scene was truly sublime." Finally they had to be got rid of, and the expedition, to Byron's infinite chagrin, was abandoned.

Among his other vexations was the desire of some of his associates to promote the cause of Greece by a free use of the printing-press. He at once discerned the danger of allowing people who could not agree, to publish their grievances to the world; and he, who had been all his life battling for freedom of speech and utterance in every form, saw himself regarded as a reactionary because he insisted on keeping the main end in view, and shaping the means in conformity with it. But he stuck to his point, and as, to use his own words, he was maintaining nearly the whole machine at his own cost, he carried it. His firmness caused him to be regarded as a sort of mediator among all the rival chiefs, who on one occasion offered, through Colcotroni, to submit their differences to him. Incidents of this character encouraged him in spite of his failing health and the manifest insufficiency of military resources. "It were better," he wrote, "to die doing something than nothing. My presence here has been supposed so far useful as to have prevented confusion from becoming worse confounded." No offers, however flattering, made him deviate from his purpose of attending to the practical everyday wants of the government and the army. When it was suggested that he should be made governor-general of that part of Greece which was already free from the presence of the Turks, he troubled himself far less about so vague a proposal than concerning the condition of the fortifications of Missolonghi, the state of discipline among the patriotic levies, the strictest observance of international law, so as not to predispose any of the powers against Greece, and, finally, about the proper method for launching a large loan.

As far as he cherished any personal wish in connection with the enterprise, it was that he should have an opportunity of distinguishing himself in some brilliant military exploit, for he had what Virgil terms an "immense yearning for fame," and it is pretty certain that he would have been well content to find in some such adventure a glorious death. The lines he had written on the 22d of January previously, his thirty-sixth birthday, the

only lines he wrote during this second visit to Greece, and the last that ever proceeded from his pen, were no mere heroics of the Muse. They betrayed his innermost thought :

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around we see !
The Spartan borne upon his shield
Was not more free.

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood ! Unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, why live ?
The land of horrible death
Is here. Up to the field, and give
Away thy breath !

Seek out, less often sought than found,
A soldier's grave, for thee the best ;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest !

But it was not to be. Had Heaven granted his prayer it would have shown itself too partial to one upon whom it had already lavished an exceptional number of its favors. Nor, to be just, and though Byron has been roughly handled and even unfairly aspersed by austere moralists, did he deserve the glorious end he begged for. Great as was his genius, and splendid on the whole as was the use he made of it, his life had not been uniformly noble enough to close with the honors of a patriot's and martyr's death on the battlefield. But if that first place of honor was denied him, at least proxime accessit. Though reposing with his head upon his pillow, he died for Greece, which to this hour finds in the recollections of his name, his Muse, and his sword, one of the strongest claims to the sympathies of mankind.

Temple Bar.

CARLYLE'S LECTURES ON THE PERIODS OF
EUROPEAN CULTURE,

FROM HOMER TO GOETHE.

"Detestable mixture of prophecy and playactorism"—so in his "Reminiscences" Carlyle describes his work as a lecturer. Yet we are assured by a keen, if friendly, critic, Harriet Martineau, that "the merits of his discourses were so great that he might probably have gone on year after year till this time with improving success and perhaps ease, but the struggle was too severe," i. e., the struggle with nervous excitement and ill-health. In a friendly notice of the first lecture ever delivered (May 1, 1837)* by Carlyle before a London audience, the *Times* observes: "The lecturer, who seems new to the mere technicalities of public speaking, exhibited proofs before he had done of many of its higher and nobler attributes, gathering self-possession as he proceeded."

In the following year a course of twelve lectures was delivered "On the History of Literature, or the Successive Periods of European Culture," from Homer to Goethe. As far as I can ascertain, except from short sketches of the two lectures of each week in the *Examiner*, from May 6, 1838, onwards, it is now impossible to obtain an account of this series of discourses. The writer in the *Examiner* (perhaps Leigh Hunt) in noticing the first two lectures (on Greek literature) writes: "He again extemporizes, he does not read. We doubted on hearing the Monday's lecture whether he would ever attain in this way to the fluency as well as depth for which he ranks among celebrated talkers in private; but Friday's discourse relieved us. He 'strode away' like Ulysses himself, and had only to regret, in common with his

* The 1st of May was illustrious. On the evening of that day Browning's "Stratford" was produced by Macready at Covent Garden theater. Dr. Chalmers was at this time also lecturing in London, and extensive reports of his lectures are given in the *Times* and the *Morning Chronicle*.

audience, the limits to which the one hour confined him." George Ticknor was present at the ninth lecture of this course, and he noted in his diary (June 1, 1838): "He is a small, spare, ugly Scotchman, with a strong accent, which I should think he takes no pains to mitigate. . . . To-day he spoke—as I think he commonly does—without notes, and therefore as nearly extempore as a man can who prepares himself carefully, as was plain he had done. He was impressive, I think, though such lecturing could not well be very popular; and in some parts, if he was not poetical, he was picturesque." Ticknor estimates the audience at about one hundred.

A manuscript of over two hundred and fifty pages is in my hands, which I take to be a transcript from a report of these lectures by some skillful writer of shorthand. It gives very fully, and I think faithfully, eleven lectures; one, the ninth, is wanting. In the following pages, I may say, nothing, or very little, is my own. I have transcribed several of the most striking passages of the lectures, and given a view of the whole, preserving continuity by abstracts of those portions which I do not transcribe. In these abstracts I have, as far as possible, used the words of the manuscripts. In a few instances I have found it convenient to bring together paragraphs on the same subject from different lectures. Some passages which say what Carlyle has said elsewhere I give for the sake of the manner, more direct than that of the printed page; sometimes becoming even colloquial. The reader will do well to imagine these passages delivered with that Northern accent which Carlyle's refined Bostonian hearer thought "he took no pains to mitigate."

At the outset Carlyle disclaims any intention to construct a scientific theory of the history of culture; some plan is necessary in order to approach the subject and become more familiar with it, but any proposed theory must be viewed as one of mere convenience.

There is only one theory which has been most triumphant—that of the planets. On no other subject has any theory succeeded so far yet. Even that is not perfect; the astronomer knows one or two planets, we may say, but he does not know what they are, where they are going, or whether the solar system is not itself drawn into a larger system of the kind. In short, with every theory the man who knows something about it, knows mainly this—that there is much uncertainty in it, great darkness about it, extending down to an infinite deep; in a word, that he does not know what it is. Let him take a stone, for example, the pebble that is under his feet; he knows that it is a stone broken out of rocks old as the creation, but what that pebble is he knows not; he knows nothing at all about that. This system of making a theory about everything is what we may call an enchanted state of mind. That man should be misled, that he should be deprived of knowing the truth that the world is a reality and not a huge confused hypothesis, that he should be deprived of this by the very faculties given him to understand it, I can call by no other name than enchantment.

Yet when we look into the scheme of these lectures we perceive a presiding thought, which certainly had more than a provisional value for Carlyle. The history of culture is viewed as a succession of faiths, interrupted by periods of skepticism. The faith of Greece and Rome is succeeded by the Christian faith, with an interval of pagan skepticism, of which Seneca may be taken as a representative. The Christian faith, earnestly held to men's hearts during a great epoch, is transforming itself into a new thing, not yet capable of definition, proper to our nineteenth century; of this new thing the Goethe of "*Wilhelm Meister*" and the "*West-östlicher Divan*" is the herald. But its advent was preceded by that melancholy interval of Christian skepticism, the eighteenth century, which is represented by Voltaire and the sentimental Goethe of "*Werther*," which reached its terrible consummation in the French Revolution; and against which stood out in forlorn heroism Samuel Johnson. Carlyle's general view is a broad one, which disregards all but fundamental differences in human beliefs. The paganism of Greece is not severed from that of Rome; Christianity, Catholic and Protestant, is essentially of one and the same epoch.

There is a sentence which I find in Goethe full of meaning in this regard. It must be noted, he says, that belief and unbelief are two opposite principles in human nature. The theme of all human history, so far as we are able to perceive it, is the contest between these two principles. All periods, he goes on to say, in which belief predominates, in which it is the main element, the inspiring principle of action, are distinguished by great, soul-stirring, fertile events, and worthy of perpetual remembrance:

and, on the other hand, when unbelief gets the upper hand, that age is unfertile, unproductive, and intrinsically mean; in which there is no pabulum for the spirit of man, and no one can get nourishment for himself. This passage is one of the most pregnant utterances ever delivered, and we shall do well to keep it in mind in these disquisitions.

In attempting "to follow the stream of mind from the period at which the first great spirits of our Western World wrote and flourished down to these times," we start from Greece. When we ask who were the first inhabitants of Greece, we can derive no clear account from any source. "We have no good history of Greece. This is not at all remarkable. Greek transactions never had anything alive [for us?]; no result for us; they were dead entirely. The only points which serve to guide us are a few ruined towns, a few masses of stone, and some broken statuary." Three epochs, however, in Greek history, can be traced: the first, that of the siege of Troy—the first confederate act of the Hellenes in their capacity of a European people; the second, that of the Persian invasion; the third, the flower-time of Greece, the period of Alexander the Great, when Greece "exploded itself on Asia."

Europe was henceforth to develop herself on an independent footing, and it has been so ordered that Greece was to begin that. As to their peculiar physiognomy among nations, they were in one respect an extremely interesting people, but in another unamiable and weak entirely. It has been somewhere remarked by persons learned in the speculation on what is called the doctrine of races, that the Pelasgi were of Celtic descent. However this may be, it is certain that there is a remarkable similarity in character of the French to these Greeks. Their first feature was what we may call the central feature of all others, *exhausting* (?) *vehemence*, not exactly *strength*, for there was no permanent coherence in it as in strength, but a sort of fiery impetuosity; a vehemence never anywhere so remarkable as among the Greeks, except among the French, and there are instances of this, both in its good and bad point of view. As to the bad, there is the instance mentioned by Thucydides of the sedition in Corcyra, which really does read like a chapter out of the French Revolution, in which the actors seem to be quite regardless of any moment but that which was at hand.

The story of the massacre is briefly told, which recalls to Carlyle, as it did to Niebuhr, the events of September, 1792.

But connected with all this savageness there was an extraordinary delicacy of taste and genius in them. They had a prompt dexterity in seizing the true relations of objects, a beautiful and quick sense in perceiving the places in which the things lay, all round the world, which they had to work with, and this, without being entirely

* MS. "existing."

admirable, was in their own internal province highly useful. So the French, with their undeniable barrenness of genius, have yet in a remarkable manner the facility of expressing themselves with precision and elegance, to so singular a degree, that no ideas or inventions can possibly become popularized till they are presented to the world by means of the French language. . . . But in poetry, philosophy, and all things the Greek genius displays itself with as curious a felicity as the French does in frivolous exercises. Singing or music was the central principle of the Greeks, not a subordinate one. And they were right. What is not musical is rough and hard and cannot be harmonized. Harmony is the essence of Art and Science. The mind molds to itself the clay, and makes it what it will.

This spirit of harmony is seen even in the earliest Pelasgic architecture, and more admirably in Greek poetry, Greek temples, Greek statuary. A beautiful example may be found in the story of how Phidias achieved his masterpiece at Elis.

When he projected his Jupiter of Elis, his ideas were so confused and bewildered as to give him great unrest, and he wandered about perplexed that the shape he wished would not disclose itself. But one night, after struggling in pain with his thoughts as usual, and meditating on his design, in a dream he saw a group of Grecian maidens approach, with pails of water on their heads, who began a song in praise of Jupiter. At that moment the Sun of Poetry stared upon him, and set free the image which he sought for, and it crystallized, as it were, out of his mind into marble, and became as symmetry itself. This spirit of harmony operated directly in him, informing all parts of his mind, thence transferring itself into statuary, seen with the eye, and filling the heart of all people.

Having discussed the origin of Polytheism, Carlyle speaks of divination.

It is really, in my opinion, a blasphemy against human nature to attribute the whole of the system [of polytheism] to quackery and falsehood. Divination, for instance, was the great nucleus round which polytheism formed itself—the constituted core of the whole matter. All people, private men as well as states, used to consult the oracles of Dodona or Delphi (which eventually became the most celebrated of them all) on all the concerns of life. Modern travelers have discovered in those places pipes and other secret contrivances from which they have concluded that these oracles were constituted on a principle of falsehood and delusion. Cicero, too, said that he was certain two augurs could not meet without laughing; and he was likely to know, for he had once been an augur himself. But I confess that on reading Herodotus there appears to me to have been very little quackery about it. I can quite readily fancy that there was a great deal of reason in the oracle. The seat of that at Dodona was a deep, dark chasm into which the diviner entered when he sought the Deity. If he was a man of devout frame of mind, he must surely have then been in the best state of feeling for foreseeing the future, and giving advice to others. No matter how this was carried on—by divination or otherwise—so long as the individual suffered himself to be wrapt in union with a higher being. I like to believe better of Greece than that she was completely at the mercy of fraud and falsehood in these matters.

So it was that Pheidippides, the runner, met Pan in the mountain gorge.* "When I consider the frame of mind he

* Carlyle tells the story of Pheidippides evidently from memory, and not quite accurately.

must have been in, I have no doubt that he really heard in his own mind that voice of the God of Nature upon the wild mountain side, and that this was not done by quackery or falsehood at all." But above and around and behind the whole system of polytheism there was a truth discovered by the Greeks—

that truth which is in every man's heart, and to which no thinking man can refuse his assent. They recognized a destiny! a great, dumb, black power, ruling during time, which knew nobody for its master, and in its decrees was as inflexible as adamant, and every one knew that it was there. It was sometimes called "Moirá," or allotment, part, and sometimes "the Unchangeable." Their gods were not always mentioned with reverence. There is a strange document on the point, the Prometheus of Æschylus. Æschylus wrote three plays of Prometheus, but only one has survived. Prometheus had introduced fire into the world, and was punished for that: his design was to make our race a little less wretched than it was. Personally he seems to be a taciturn sort of man, but what he does speak seems like a thunderbolt against Jupiter. . . . Jupiter can hurl him to Tartarus; his time is coming too; he must come down; it is all written in the book of destiny. This curious document really indicates the primeval qualities of man.

Stories from Herodotus, "who was a clear-headed, candid man," of the Scythian nation who shot arrows in the stormy air against their god, and of another people who made war upon the south-wind, similarly illustrate that the ancient reverence for their deities was not the reverence for that which is highest or most powerful in the universe.

From the religion we pass (Lecture II.) to the literature of the Greeks. "The 'Iliad,' or 'Song of Ilion,' consists of a series of what I call ballad delineations of the various occurrences which took place then, rather than a narrative of the event itself. For it begins in the middle of it, and, I might say, ends in the middle of it." The only argument in favor of Homer being the real author is derived from the common opinion and from the unity of the poem.

There appears to me to be a great improbability that any one would compose an epic except in writing. . . . I began myself some time ago to read the Iliad, which I had not looked at since I left school, and I must confess that from reading alone I became completely convinced that it was not the work of one man. . . . As to its unity—its value does not consist in an excellent sustaining of characters. There is not at all the sort of style in which Shakespeare draws his characters; there is simply the cunning man, the great-headed, coarse, stupid man, the proud man; but there is nothing so remarkable but that any one else could have drawn the same characters for the purpose of piecing them into the Iliad. We all know the old Italian comedy, their Harle-

quin, doctor, and Columbine. There are almost similar things in the characters in the *Iliad*.

In fact the "*Iliad*" has such unity—not more and not less—as the modern collection of our old Robin Hood ballads.

Contrasting the melodious Greek mind with the not very melodious English mind, the cithara with the fiddle (between which, by the way, there is strong resemblance), and having in remembrance that those of the one class were sung in alehouses, while the other were sung in kings' palaces, it really appears that Robin Hood's ballads have received the very same arrangement as that which in other times produced "the tale of Troy divine."

- The poetry of Homer possesses the highest qualities because it delineates what is ancient and simple, the impressions of a primeval mind. Further,

Homer does not seem to believe his story to be a fiction; but has no doubt it is a truth. . . . I do not mean to say that Homer could have sworn to the truth of his poems before a jury—far from it—but that he repeated what had survived in tradition and records, and expected his readers to believe them as he did.

With respect to the "machinery," gods and goddesses, Homer was not decorating his poem with pretty fictions. Any remarkable man then might be regarded as supernatural; the experience of the Greeks was narrow, and men's hearts were open to the marvelous.

Thus Pindar mentions that Neptune appeared on one occasion at Nemean* games. Here it is conceivable that if some aged individual of venerable mien and few words had in fact come thither his appearance would have attracted attention; people would have come to gaze upon him, and conjecture have been busy. It would be natural that a succeeding generation should actually report that a god appeared upon the earth.

In addition to these excellences,

the poem of the *Iliad* was actually intended to be sung; it sings itself, not only the cadence, but the whole thought of the poem sings itself as it were; there is a serious recitative in the whole matter. . . . With these two qualities, music and belief, he places his mind in a most beautiful brotherhood, in a sincere contact with his own characters; there are no reticences; he allows himself to expand with some touching loveliness, and occasionally it may be with an awkwardness that carries its own apology, upon all the matters that come in view of the subject of his work.

In the "*Odyssey*" there is more of character, more of unity, and it represents a higher state of civilization. Pallas, who had been a warrior, now becomes the Goddess of Wisdom. Ulysses, in the "*Iliad*," "an adroit, shifting, cunning man," becomes now "of a tragic significance." He is now "the

* Ighthman? See Pindar, *Olymp.* viii. 64.

much-enduring, a most endearing of epithets." It is impossible that the "Odyssey" could have been written by many different people.

As to detailed beauties of Homer's poetry, we have a touching instance in Agamemnon's calling not only on gods but rivers and stars to witness his oath; "he does not say what they are, but he feels that he himself is a mysterious existence, standing by the side of them, mysterious existences." Sometimes the simplicity of Homer's similes make us smile; "but there is great kindness and veneration in the smile." There is a beautiful formula which he uses to describe death:

He thumped down falling, and his arms jingled about him. Now, trivial as this expression may at first appear, it does convey a deep insight and feeling of that phenomenon. The fall, as it were, of a sack of clay, and the jingle of armor, the last sound he was ever to make throughout time, who a minute or two before was alive and vigorous, and now falls a heavy dead mass. . . . But we must quit Homer. There is one thing, however, which I ought to mention about Ulysses, that he is the very model of the type Greek, a perfect image of the Greek genius; a shifty, nimble, active man, involved in difficulties, but every now and then bobbing up out of darkness and confusion, victorious and intact.

Passing by the early Greek philosophers, whose most valuable contribution to knowledge was in the province of geometry, Carlyle comes to Herodotus.

His work is, properly speaking, an encyclopædia of the various nations, and it displays in a striking manner the innate spirit of harmony that was in the Greeks. It begins with Croesus, king of Lydia; upon some hint or other it suddenly goes off into a digression on the Persians, and then, apropos of something else, we have a disquisition on the Egyptians, and so on. At first we feel somewhat impatient of being thus carried away at the sweet will of the author; but we soon find it to be the result of an instinctive spirit of harmony, and we see all these various branches of the tale come pouring down at last in the invasion of Greece by the Persians. It is that spirit of order which has constituted him the prose poet of his country. . . . It is mainly through him that we become acquainted with Themistocles, that model of the type Greek in prose, as Ulysses was in song. . . .

Contemporary with Themistocles, and a little prior to Herodotus, Greek tragedy began. Æschylus I define to have been a truly gigantic man—one of the largest characters ever known, and all whose movements are clumsy and huge like those of a son of Anak. In short, his character is just that of Prometheus himself as he has described him. I know no more pleasant thing than to study Æschylus; you fancy you hear the old dumb rocks speaking to you of all things they had been thinking of since the world began, in their wild, savage utterances.

Sophocles translated the drama into a choral peal of melody. "The 'Antigone' is the finest thing of the kind ever

sketched by man." Euripides writes for effect's sake, "but how touching is the effect produced!"

Socrates, as viewed by Carlyle, is "the emblem of the decline of the Greeks," when literature was becoming speculative.

I willingly admit that he was a man of deep feeling and morality; but I can well understand the idea which Aristophanes had of him, that he was a man going to destroy all Greece with his innovation. . . . He shows a lingering kind of awe and attachment for the old religion of his country, and often we cannot make out whether he believed in it or not. He must have had but a painful intellectual life, a painful kind of life altogether one would think. . . . He devoted himself to the teaching of morality and virtue, and he spent his life in that kind of mission. I cannot say that there was any evil in this; but it does seem to me to have been of a character entirely unprofitable. I have a great desire to admire Socrates, but I confess that his writings seem to be made up of a number of very wire-drawn notions about virtue; there is no conclusion in him; there is no word of life in Socrates. He was, however, personally a coherent and firm man.

We pass now (Lectures III.) to the Romans.

We may say of this nation that as the Greeks may be compared to the children of antiquity from their naivete and gracefulness, while their whole history is an aurora, the dawn of a higher culture and civilization, so the Romans were the men of antiquity, and their history a glorious, warm, laborious day, less beautiful and graceful no doubt than the Greeks, but more essentially useful. . . . The Greek life was shattered to pieces against the harder, stronger life of the Romans. . . . It was just as a beautiful crystal jar becomes dashed to pieces upon the hard rocks, so inexpressible was the force of the strong Roman energy.*

The Romans show the character of two distinct species of people—the Pelasgi and the Etruscans. The old Etruscans, besides possessing a certain genius for art, were an agricultural people—

endowed with a sort of sullen energy, and with a spirit of intensely industrious thrift, a kind of vigorous thrift. Thus with respect to the plowing of the earth, they declare it to be a kind of blasphemy against nature to leave a clod unbroken. . . . Now this feeling was the fundamental characteristic of the Roman people before they were distinguished as conquerors. Thrift is a quality held in no esteem, and is generally regarded as mean; it is certainly mean enough, and objectionable from its interfering with all manner of intercourse between man and man. But I can say that thrift well understood includes in itself the best virtues that a man can have in the world; it teaches him self-denial, to postpone the present to the future, to calculate his means, and regulate his actions accordingly; thus understood, it includes all that man can do in his vocation. Even in its worst state it indicates a great people.†

Joined with this thrift there was in the Romans a great

* Here Carlyle speaks of Niebuhr, whose book "is altogether a laborious thing, but he affords after all very little light on the early period of Roman history."

† See, to the same effect, "a certain editor" in "Frederick the Great," b. iv. chap. 4.

seriousness and devoutness; and they made the pagan notion of fate much more productive of consequences than the Greeks did, by their conviction that Rome was fated to rule the world. And it was good for the world to be ruled sternly and strenuously by Rome: it is the true liberty to obey.

That stubborn grinding down of the globe which their ancestors practiced, plowing the ground fifteen times to make it produce a better crop than if it were plowed fourteen times, the same was afterwards carried out by the Romans in all the concerns of their ordinary life, and by it they raised themselves above all other people. Method was their principle just as harmony was of the Greeks. The method of the Romans was a sort of harmony, but not that beautiful graceful thing which was the Greek harmony. Theirs was a harmony of plans, an architectural harmony, which was displayed in the arranging of practical antecedents and consequences.

The "crowning phenomenon" of their history was the struggle with Carthage. The Carthaginians were like the Jews, a stiff-necked people; a people proverbial for injustice.

I most sincerely rejoice that they did not subdue the Romans, but that the Romans got the better of them. We have indications which show that they were a mean people compared to the Romans, who thought of nothing but commerce, would do anything for money, and were exceedingly cruel in their measures of aggrandizement and in all their measures. . . . How the Romans got on after that we can see by the Commentaries which Julius Cæsar has left us of his own proceedings; how he spent ten years of campaigns in Gaul, cautiously planning all his measures before he attempted to carry them into effect. It is, indeed, a most interesting book, and evinces the indomitable force of Roman energy; the triumph of civil, methodic man over wild and barbarous man.

Before Cæsar the government of Rome seems to have been a

very tumultuous kind of polity, a continual struggle between the patricians and plebeians. . . . Therefore I cannot join in the lamentations made by some over the downfall of the republic, when Cæsar took hold of it. It had been but a constant struggling scramble for prey, and it was well to end it, and to see the wisest, cleanest, and most judicious man of them place himself at the top of it. . . . And what an empire was it! Teaching mankind that they should be tilling the ground, as they ought to be, instead of fighting one another. For that is the real thing which every man is called on to do—to till the ground, and not to slay his poor brother-man.

Coming now to their language and literature—the peculiarly distinguishing character of the language is "its imperative sound and structure, finely adapted to command." Their greatest work was written on the face of the planet in which we live; and all their great works were done spontaneously through a deep instinct.

The point is not to be able to write a book; the point is to have the true mind for it.

Everything in that case which a nation does will be equally significant of its mind. If any great man among the Romans, Julius Cæsar or Cato for example, had never done anything but till the ground, they would have acquired equal excellence in that way. They would have plowed as they conquered. Everything a great man does carries the traces of a great man.

Virgil's "Æneid"

ranks as an epic poem, and, one, too, of the same sort in name as the *Iliad* of Homer. But I think it entirely a different poem, and very inferior to Homer. There is that fatal consciousness, that knowledge that he is writing an epic. The plot, the style, all is vitiated by that one fault. The characters too, are none of them to be compared to the healthy, whole-hearted, robust men of Homer, the much enduring Ulysses, or Achilles, or Agamemnon. Æneas, the hero of the poem, is a lachrymose sort of man altogether. He is introduced in the middle of a storm, but instead of handling the tackle and doing what he can for the ship, he sits still, groaning over his misfortunes. "Was ever mortal," he asks, "so unfortunate as I am? Chased from port to port by the persecuting deities, who give no respite," and so on; and then he tells them how he is "the pious Æneas." In short, he is just that sort of lachrymose man; there is hardly anything of a man in the inside of him.

"When he let himself alone," Virgil was a great poet, admirable in his description of natural scenery, and in his women; an amiable man of mild deportment, called by the people of Naples "the maid." "The effect of his poetry is like that of some laborious mosaic of many years in putting together. There is also the Roman method, the Roman amplitude and regularity." His friend Horace is "sometimes not at all edifying in his sentiments;" too Epicurean; "he displays a worldly kind of sagacity, but it is a great sagacity." After these, Roman literature quickly degenerated.

If we want an example of diseased self-consciousness and exaggerated imagination, a mind blown up with all sorts of strange conceits, the spasmodic state of intellect, in short, of a man morally unable to speak the truth on any subject—we have it in Seneca. . . . I willingly admit that he had a strong desire to be sincere, and that he endeavored to convince himself that he was right, but even this when in connection with the rest constitutes of itself a fault of a dangerous kind.

But—such is the power of genius to make itself heard at all times—the most significant and the greatest Roman writers appeared later than Seneca.

In the middle of all that quackery and puffery coming into play turn about in every department, when critics wrote books to teach you how to hold your arm and your leg, in the middle of all this absurd and wicked period Tacitus was born, and was enabled to be a Roman after all. He stood like a Colossus at the edge of a dark night, and he sees events of all kinds hurrying past him, and plunging he knew not where, but evidently to no good, for falsehood and cowardice never yet ended anywhere but in destruction.

Yet he writes with grave calmness, he does not seem startled, he is convinced that it will end well somehow or other, "for he has no belief but the old Roman belief, full of their old feelings of goodness and honesty." Carlyle closes his view of pagan literature with that passage in which Tacitus speaks of the origin of the sect called Christians:

It was given to Tacitus to see deeper into the matter than appears from the above account of it. But he and the great empire were soon to pass away forever; and it was this despised sect—this *Christus Quidam*—it was in this new character that all the future world lay hid.

The transition period (Lecture IV.), styled the "millennium of darkness," was really a great and fertile period, during which belief was conquering unbelief; conquering it not by force of argument but through the heart, and "by the conviction of men who spoke into convincible minds." Belief—that is the great fact of the time. The last belief left by paganism is seen in the stoic philosophers—belief in one's self, belief in the high, royal nature of man. But in their opinions a great truth is extremely exaggerated:—

That bold assertion for example, in the face of all reason and fact, that pain and pleasure the same thing, that man is indifferent to both. . . . If we look into the Christian religion, that dignification of man's life and nature, we shall find indeed this also in it,—to believe in one's self. . . . But then how unspeakably more human is this belief, not held in proud scorn and contempt of other men, in cynical disdain or indignation at their paltriness, but received by exterminating pride altogether from the mind, and held in degradation and deep human sufferings.

Christianity reveals the divinity of human sorrow.

In another point of view we may regard it as the revelation of eternity: Every man may with truth say that he waited for a whole eternity to be born, and that he has a whole eternity waiting to see what he will do now that he is born. It is eternity, a significance it never had without it. It is thus an infinite arena, where infinite issues are played out. Not an action of man but will have its truth realized and will go on forever. . . . This truth, whatever may be the opinions we hold on Christian doctrine, or whether we hold upon them a sacred silence or not, we must recognize in Christianity and its belief independent of all theories.

If to the character of the new faith we add the character of the Northern people, we have the two leading phenomena of the middle ages. With much shrewdness, the still rude societies of Europe find their way to order and quiet. Then, there was that thing which we call loyalty. In these times of our own

loyalty is much kept out of sight, and little appreciated, and many minds regard it as a sort of obsolete chimera, looking more to independence and some such thing, now regarded as a great virtue. And this is very just, and most suitable to this time of movement and progress. It must be granted at once that to exact loyalty to things so bad as to be not worth being loyal to is quite an unsupportable thing, and one that the world would spurn at once. This must be conceded; yet the better thinkers will see that loyalty is a principle perennial in human nature, the highest that unfolds itself there in a temporal, secular point of view. In the middle ages it was the noblest phenomenon, the finest phasis in society anywhere. Loyalty was the foundation of the state.

Another cardinal point was the church. "Like all other matters, there were contradictions and inconsistencies without end, but it should be regarded in its ideal." Hildebrand represents the mediæval church at its highest power. "He has been regarded by some classes of Protestants as the wickedest of men, but I do hope at this time we have outgrown all that. He perceived that the church was the highest thing in the world, and he resolved that it should be at the top of the whole world, animating human things, and giving them their main guidance." Having described the humiliation of the emperor, Henry the Fourth, at the castle of Canossa, Carlyle proceeds:—

One would think from all this that Hildebrand was a proud man, but he was not a proud man at all, and seems from many circumstances to have been on the contrary a man of very great humility; but here he treated himself as the representative of Christ, and far beyond all earthly authorities. In these circumstances doubtless there are many questionable things, but then there are many cheering things. For we see the son of a poor Tuscan peasant, solely by the superior spiritual love that was in him, humble a great emperor, at the head of the iron force of Europe, and, to look at it in a tolerable point of view, it is really very grand; it is the spirit of Europe set above the body of Europe; the mind triumphant over the brute force. . . . Some have feared that the tendency of such things is to found a theocracy, and have imagined that if this had gone on till our day a most abject superstition would have become established; but this is entirely a vain theory. The clay that is about man is always sufficiently ready to assert its rights; the danger is always the other way, that the spiritual part of man will become overlaid with his bodily part. This then was the church, which with the loyalty of the time were the two hinges of society, and that society was in consequence distinguished from all societies which have preceded it, presenting an infinitely greater diversity of views, a better humanity, a largeness of capacity. This society has since undergone many changes, but I hope that that spirit may go on for countless ages, the spirit which at that period was set going.

The grand apex of that life was the Crusades.

One sees Peter [the Hermit] riding along, dressed in his brown cloak, with the rope of the penitent tied round him, carrying all hearts, and burning them up with zeal, and stirring up steel-clad Europe till it shook itself at the words of Peter. What a

contrast to the greatest of orators, Demosthenes, spending nights and years in the construction of those balanced sentences which are still read with admiration, descending into the smallest details, speaking with pebbles in his mouth and the waves of the sea beside him, and all his way of life in this manner occupied during many years, and then to end in simply nothing at all; for he did nothing for his country with all his eloquence. And then see this poor monk start here without any art; for as Demosthenes was once asked what was the secret of a fine orator, and he replied *Action, Action, Action*, so, if I were asked it, I should say *Belief, Belief, Belief*. . . . Some have admired the Crusades because they served to bring all Europe into communication with itself, others, because it produced the elevation of the middle classes; but I say that the great result which characterizes and gives them all their merits, is that in them Europe for one moment proved its belief, proved that it believed in the invisible world, which surrounds the outward and visible world, that this belief had for once entered into the consciousness of man.

It was not an age for literature. The noble made his signature by dipping the glove-mailed hand into the ink and imprinting it on the charter. But heroic lives were lived, if heroic poems were not written; an ideal did exist; the heroic heart was not then desolate and alone; the great result of the time was "a perpetual struggling forward." And a literature did come at last; beautiful, childlike utterances of troubador and *trouvere*; lasting, however, but a little while, in consequence of the rise of a kind of feeling adverse to the spirit of harmony. Petrarch, the troubador of Italy, and the Nibelungenlied represent the period. The spirit of the age did not speak much, but it was lost. "It is not so ordered." When we hear rude, natural voices singing in the distance, all is true and bright, because all false notes destroy one another, and are absorbed in the air before they reach us, and only the true notes come to us. So in the middle ages we only get the heroic essence of the whole.

Of the new-formed nations the Italian "first possesses a claim on our solicitude." (Lecture V.)* Though Italy was not a great political power, she produced a greater number of great men distinguished in art, thinking and conduct than any other country—and to produce great men is the highest thing any land can do. The spokesman of Italy in literature is Dante—one who stands beside *Æschylus* and *Shakespeare*,

* I made few excerpts from this lecture, for a good part of its substance appears in the lecture "The Hero as Poet," in "Heroes and Hero-worship."

and "we really cannot and deem another great to these." The idea of his "*Divina Commedia*," with its three kingdoms of eternity, is "the 'greatest idea that we have ever got at.'" "I think that when all records of Catholicism have passed away, when the Vatican shall be crumbled into dust, and St. Peter's and Strasburg minster be no more, for thousands of years to come Catholicism will survive in this sublime relic of antiquity." Dante is great in his wrath, his scorn, his pity; great above all in his sorrow. His greatness of heart, united with his greatness of intellect, determine his character; and his poem sings itself, has both insight and song. Dante does not seem to know that he is doing anything very remarkable, differing herein from Milton.

In all his delineations he has a most beautiful, sharp grace, the quickest and clearest intellect; it is just that honesty with which his mind was set upon his subject that carries it out. . . . Take for example his description of the city of Dis to which Virgil carries him; it possesses a beautiful simplicity and honesty. The light was so dim that people could hardly see, and they winked at him, just as people wink with their eyes under the new moon, or as an old tailor winks threading his needle when his eyes are not good.

The passage about Francesca is "as tender as the voice of mothers, full of the gentlest pity, though there is much stern tragedy in it. . . . The whole is beautiful, like a clear piping voice heard in the middle of a whirlwind; it is so sweet, and gentle, and good." The "*Divine Comedy*" is not a satire on Dante's enemies.

It was written in the pure spirit of justice. Thus he pitied poor Francesca, and would not have willingly placed her in that torment, but it was the justice of God's law that doomed her there. . . . Sudden and abrupt movements are frequent in Dante. He is indeed full of what I can call military movements. . . . Those passages are very striking where he alludes to his own sad fortunes; there is in them a wild sorrow, a savage tone of truth, a breaking heart, the hatred of Florence, and with it the love of Florence. . . . His old schoolmaster tells him "If thou follow thy star thou canst not miss a happy harbor." That was just it. That star occasionally shone on him from the blue, eternal depths, and he felt he was doing something good; he soon lost it again; lost it again as he fell back into the trough of the sea. . . . Bitter! bitter! poor exile,—none but scoundrelly persons to associate with. . . . The *Inferno* has become of late times mainly the favorite of the three [parts of the poem]; it has harmonized well with the taste of the last thirty or forty years, in which Europe has seemed to covet more a violence of emotion and a strength of convulsion than almost any other quality. . . . But I question whether the *Purgatorio* is not better, and a greater thing. . . . Men have of course ceased to believe these things, that there is the mountain rising up in the ocean there, or that there are those Malebolgic gulfs; but

still men of any knowledge at all must believe that there exists the inexorable justice of God, and that penitence is a great thing here for man ; for life is but a series of errors made good again by repentance, and the sacredness of that doctrine is asserted in Dante in a manner more moral than anywhere else. . . . One can well understand what the Germans say of the three parts of the "*Divina Commedia*," viz., that the first is the architectural, plastic part, as of statuary ; the second is the pictorial or picturesque ; the third is the musical, the melting into music, song.

Lecture VI.—Dante's way of thinking, in the nature of things, could not long continue. With an increased horizon of knowledge, his theory could no longer fit. "All theories approximate more or less to the great theory which remains itself always unknown. . . . Every philosophy that exists is destined to be embraced, melted down as it were, into some larger philosophy." Universities, the art of printing, gunpowder, were changing the aspects of human life during the two centuries that lie between Dante and Cervantes. Loyalty and the Catholic religion, as we saw, gave their character to the middle ages. Chivalry, the great product of the Spanish nation, is a practical illustration of loyalty ; and chivalry includes, with the German valor of character, another German feature, the reverence for women. The Spanish nation was fitted to carry chivalry to a higher perfection than it attained anywhere else.

The Spaniards had less breadth of genius than the Italians, but they had, on the other hand, a lofty, sustained enthusiasm in a higher degree than the Italians, with a tinge of what we call romance, a dash of oriental exaggeration, and a tenacious vigor in prosecuting their object : of less depth than the Germans, of less of that composed silent force ; yet a great people, calculated to be distinguished.

Its early heroes, Viriathus and the Cid (whose memory is still musical among the people), lived silent ; their works spoke for them. The first great Spanish name in literature is that of Cervantes. His life—that of a man of action—is told by Carlyle in his brief, picturesque manner. Don Quixote is the very reverse of Dante, yet has analogies with Dante. It was begun as a satire on chivalry, a burlesque ; but as Cervantes proceeds, the spirit grows on him.

In his Don Quixote he portrays his own character, representing himself, with good natural irony, mistaking the illusions of his own heart for realities. But he proceeds ever more and more harmoniously. . . . Above all, we see the good-humored cheer-

fulness of the author in the middle of his unfortunate destiny ; never provoked with it ; no atrabilious quality ever obtained any mastery in his mind. . . . Independently of chivalry, Don Quixote is valuable as a sort of sketch of the perpetual struggle of the human soul. We have the hard facts of this world's existence, and the ideal scheme struggling with these in a high enthusiastic manner delineated there ; and for this there is no more wholesome vehicle anywhere than irony. . . . If he had given us only a high-flown panegyric on the Age of Gold,* he would have found no ear for him ; it is the self-mockery in which he envelops it, which reconciles us to the high bursts of enthusiasm, and will keep the matter alive in the heart as long as there are men to read it. It is the poetry of comedy.

Cervantes possessed in an eminent degree the thing critics call humor.

If any one wish to know the difference between humor and wit, the laughter of the fool, which the wise man, by a similitude founded on deep earnestness, calls the crackling of thorns under a pot, let him read Cervantes on the one hand, and on the other Voltaire, the greatest laughter the world ever knew.

Of Calderon Carlyle has not read much, "in fact only one play and some choice specimens collected in German books," and in the German admiration for Calderon he suspects there is "very much of forced taste." Lope was "a man of a strange facility, but of much shallowness too, and greatly inferior to Calderon." In the history of Spanish literature there are only these two besides Cervantes. Why Spain declined cannot be explained : "We can only say just this, that its time was come." The lecture closes with a glance at "that conflict of Catholicism and Chivalry with the Reformation commonly called the Dutch War."

Lecture VII.—The Reformation places us upon German soil. The German character had a deep earnestness in it, proper to a meditative people. The strange fierceness known as the Berserkir rage is also theirs.

Rage of that sort, defying all dangers and obstacles, if kept down sufficiently, is as a central fire which will make all things to grow on the surface above it. . . . On the whole it is the best character that can belong to any nation, producing strength of all sorts, and all the concomitants of strength—perseverance, steadiness, not easily excited, but when it is called up it will have its object accomplished. We find it in all their history. Justice, that is another of its concomitants ; strength, one may say, in justice itself. The strong man is he that can be just, that sets everything in its own rightful place one above the other.

Before the Reformation there had been two great appear-

* Carlyle had previously made particular reference to the scene with the goat-herds.

ances of the Germans in European history—the first in the overthrow of the empire, the second in the enfranchisement of Switzerland. The Reformation was the inevitable result of human progress, the old theory no longer being found to fit the facts. And “when the mind begins to be dubious about a creed, it will rush with double fury toward destruction; for all serious men hate dubiety.”

In the sixteenth century there was no Pope Hildebrand ready to sacrifice life itself to the end that he might make the church the highest thing in the world. The popes did indeed maintain the church, “but they just believed nothing at all, or believed that they got so many thousand crowns a year by it. The whole was one chimera, one miserable sham.” Any one inclined to see things in their proper light “would have decided that it was better to have nothing to do with it, but crouch down in an obscure corner somewhere, and read his Bible, and get what good he can for himself in that way, but have nothing to do with the Machiavelian policy of such a church.”

At such a time Luther appeared, Luther “whose life was not to sink into a downy sleep while he heard the great call of a far other life upon him.”* His character presents whatever is best in German minds.

He is the image of a large, substantial deep man, that stands upon truth, justice, fairness, that fears nothing, considers the right and calculates on nothing else; and again, does not do it spasmodically, but quietly, calmly; no need of any noise about it; adheres to it deliberately, calmly, through good and bad report. Accordingly, we find him a good-humored, jovial, witty man, greatly beloved by every one, and though his words were half battles, as Jean Paul says, stronger than artillery, yet among his friends he was one of the kindest of men. The wild kind of force that was in him appears in the physiognomy of the portrait by Luke Cranach, his painter and friend; the rough plebeian countenance with all sorts of noble thoughts shining out through it. That was precisely Luther as he appears through his whole history.

Erasmus admitted the necessity of some kind of reformation:—

But that he should risk his ease and comfort, for it did not enter into his calculations at all. . . . I should say, to make my friends understand the character of Erasmus,

* Much of what Carlyle says here of Luther reappears in “Heroes and Hero-worship.”

that he is more like Addison than any other writer who is familiarly known in this country. . . . He was a man certainly of great merit, nor have I much to say against him. . . . but he is not to be named by the side of Luther,—a mere writer of poems, a *litterateur*.

There is a third striking German character whom we must notice, Ulrich Hutten—a straggler all his days;

much too headlong a man. He so hated injustice that he did not know how to deal with it, and he became heart-broken by it at last. . . . He says of himself he hated tumult of all kinds, and it was a painful and sad position for him that wished to obey orders, while a still higher order commanded him to disobey, when the standing by that order would be in fact the standing by disorder.

His lifting his cap, when at the point of death, because he had reverence for what was above him, to the archbishop who had caused his destruction, “seems to me the noblest, politest thing that is recorded of any such a moment as that.” And the worst thing one reads of Erasmus is his desertion of Hutten in his day of misfortune.

The English nation (Lecture VIII.) first comes into decisive notice about the time of the Reformation. In the English character there is “a kind of silent ruggedness of nature, with the wild Berserkir rage deeper down in the Saxon than the others.” English talent is practical like that of the Romans, a greatness of perseverance, adherence to a purpose, method; practical greatness, in short. In the early history before Alfred, “we read of battles and successions of kings, and one endeavors to remember them, but without success, except so much of this flocking and fighting as Milton gives us, viz., that they were the battles of the kites and crows.” Yet the history of England was then in the making. “Whoever was uprooting a thistle or bramble, or drawing out a bog, or building himself a house, or in short leaving a single section of order where he had found disorder, that man was writing the history of England, the others were only obstructing it. The battles themselves were a means of ascertaining who among them should rule—who had most force and method among them. A wild kind of intellect as well as courage and traces of deep feeling are scattered over their

history. There was an affirmativeness, a largeness of soul, in the intervals of these fights of kites and crows, as the doings of King Alfred show us.

About the time of Queen Elizabeth the confused elements amalgamated into some distinct vital unity. That period was "in many respects the summation of innumerable influences, the co-ordination of many things which till then had been in contest, the first beautiful outburst of energy, the first articulate, spoken energy." After centuries the blossom of poetry appeared for once. Shakespeare is the epitome of the age of Elizabeth; he is the spokesman of our nation; like Homer, Æschylus, and Dante, a voice from the innermost heart of nature; a universal man.* His intellect was far greater than that of any other that has given an account of himself by writing books. "There is no tone of feeling that is not capable of yielding melodious resonance to that of Shakespeare." In him lay "the great, stern, Berserkir rage burning deep down under all, and making all to grow out in the most flourishing way, doing ample justice to all feelings, not developing any one in particular." What he writes is properly nature, "the instinctive behest of his mind. This all-producing earth knows not the symmetry of the oak which springs from it. It is all beautiful, not a branch is out of its place, all is symmetry; but the earth has itself no conception of it, and produced it solely by the virtue that was in itself." Shakespeare has a beautiful sympathy of brotherhood with his subject, but he seems to have no notion at all of the great and deep things in him. Certain magniloquent passages he seems to have imagined extraordinarily great, but in general there is perfect sincerity in any matter he undertakes. It was by accident that he was roused to be a poet, "for the greatest man is always a quiet man by nature."

We turn from Shakespeare to a very different man—John Knox.

* Many things said of Shakespeare and Knox in this lecture are repeated in "Hero and Hero Worship."

Luther would have been a great man in other things beside the Reformation, a great substantial happy man, who must have excelled in whatever matter he undertook. Knox had not that faculty, but simply this of standing upon truth entirely; it isn't that his sincerity is known to him to be sincerity, but it arises from a sense of the impossibility of any other procedure. . . . Sincerity, what is it but a divorce from earth and earthly feelings? The sun which shines upon the earth, and seems to touch it, don't touch the earth at all. So the man who is free of earth is the only one that can maintain the great truths of existence, not by an ill-natured talking forever about truth, but it is he who does the truth. There is a great deal of humor in Knox, as bright a humor as in Chaucer, expressed in his own quaint Scotch. . . . Thus when he describes the two archbishops quarreling, no doubt he was delighted to see the disgrace it brought on the church, but he was chiefly excited by the really ludicrous spectacle of rochets flying about, and vestments torn, and the struggle each made to overturn the other.

Milton may be considered "as a summing up, composed as it were of the two, Shakespeare and Knox."* Shakespeare having reverence for everything that bears the mark of the Deity, may well be called religious, but he is of no particular sect. Milton is altogether sectarian. As a poet "he was not one of those who reach into actual contact with the deep fountains of greatness;" his "Paradise Lost" does not come out of the heart of things; it seems rather to have been welded together.

There is no life in his characters. Adam and Eve are beautiful, graceful objects, but no one has breathed the Pygmalion life into them; they remain cold statues. Milton's sympathies were with things rather than men; the scenery and phenomena of nature the gardens, the trim gardens, the burning lake; but as for the phenomena of mind, he was not able to see them. He has no delineation of mind except Satan, of which we may say that Satan has his own character.

Lecture IX. is wanting in the manuscript. The following points from the notice in the Examiner may serve to preserve continuity in the present sketch. The French as a nation "go together," as the Italians do not; but it is physical and animal going together, not that of any steady, final purpose. Voltaire, full of wit and extraordinary talents, but nothing final in him. All modern skepticism is mere contradiction, discovering no new truth. Voltaire, kind-hearted and "beneficent," however. French genius has produced nothing original. Montaigne, an honest skeptic. Excessive unction of Rabelais's humor. Rousseau's world-influencing egotism. Bayle, a dull writer.

* So Taine, in his more abstract way, says that Milton sums up the Renaissance as the Reformation.

Lecture X.—The French, as we have seen, sowed nothing in the seedfield of time; Voltaire, on the contrary, casting firebrands among the dry leaves, produced the combustion we shall notice by-and-by. No province of knowledge was cultivated except in an unfruitful, desert way. Thus politics summed themselves up in the *Contrat Social* of Rousseau. The only use intellect was put to was to ask why things were there, and to account for it and argue about it. So it was all over Europe in the eighteenth century. The quack was established, and the only belief held was "that money will buy money's worth, and that pleasure is pleasant." In England this baneful spirit was not so deep as in France: partly because the Teutonic nature is slower, deeper than the French; partly because England was a free Protestant country. Still it was an age of logic, not of faith; an age of talk, striving to prove faith and morality by speech; unaware that logic never proved any truths but those of mathematics, and that all great things are silent things. "In spite of early training I never do see sorites of logic hanging together, put in regular order, but I conclude that it is going to end in some measure in some miserable delusion."

However imperfect the literature of England was at this period, its spirit was never greater; it did great things, it built great towns, Birmingham and Liverpool, cyclopean workshops, and ships. There was sincerity there at last, Arkwright and Watt were evidently sincere. Another symptom of the earnestness of the period was that thing we call Methodism. The fire in Whitefield—fire, not logic—was unequalled since Peter the Hermit.

As to literature, "in Queen Anne's time, after that most disgraceful class of people—King Charles's people—had passed away, there appeared the milder kind of unbelief, complete formalism. Yet there were many beautiful indications of better things." "Addison was a mere lay preacher completely bound up in formalism, but he did get to say many a

true thing in his generation." Steele had infinitely more naivete, but he subordinated himself to Addison:

It is a cold vote in Addison's favor that one gives. By far the greatest man of that time, I think, was Jonathan Swift, Dean Swift, a man entirely deprived of his natural nourishment, but of great robustness, of genuine Saxon mind, not without a feeling of reverence, though from circumstances it did not awaken him. . . . He saw himself in a world of confusion and falsehood; no eyes were clearer to see it than his.

Being of acrid temperament, he took up what was fittest for him, "sarcasm mainly, and he carried it quite to an epic pitch. There is something great and fearful in his irony"—which yet shows sometimes sympathy and a sort of love for the thing he satirizes. By nature he was one of the truest of men, with great pity for his fellow men. In Sterne

there was a great quantity of good struggling through the superficial evil. He terribly failed in the discharge of his duties, still we must admire in him that sporting kind of geniality and affection, a son of our common mother, not cased up in buckram formulas. . . . We cannot help feeling his immense love for things around him, so that we may say of him as of Magdalene, "Much is forgiven him because he loved much."

As for Pope,

he was one of the finest heads ever known, full of deep sayings, and uttering them in the shape of couplets, rhymed couplets.*

The two persons who exercised the most remarkable influence upon things during the eighteenth century were unquestionably Samuel Johnson† and David Hume, "two summits of a great set of influences, two opposite poles of it. . . . There is not such a cheering spectacle in the eighteenth century as Samuel Johnson." He contrived to be devout in it; he had a belief and held by it, a genuine inspired man. Hume's eye, unlike Johnson's, was not opened to faith, yet he was of a noble perseverance, a silent strength.

The History of England failed to get buyers; he bore it all like a Stoic, like a heroic silent man as he was, and then proceeded calmer to the next thing he had to do. I have heard old people, who have remembered Hume well, speak of his great good humor under trials, the quiet strength of it; the very converse in this of Dr. Johnson, whose coarseness was equally strong with his heroisms.

* It is interesting to compare Thackeray's estimates of Swift and Sterne with Carlyle's.

† The criticism on Johnson, being to the same effect as that of Carlyle's essay, I pass over.

As an historian, Hume "always knows where to begin and end. In his History he frequently rises, though a cold man naturally, into a kind of epic height as he proceeds." His skepticism went to the very end, so that "all could see what was in it, and gave up the unprofitable employment of spinning cobwebs of logic in their brain." His fellow-historian, Robertson, was a shallow man, with only a power of arrangement, and "a soft sleek style." Gibbon, a far greater historian than Robertson, was not so great as Hume. "With all his swagger and bombast, no man ever gave a more futile account of human things than he has done in the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.'"

Lecture XI.—It is very strange to contrast Hume, the greatest of all the writers of his time, and in some respects the worthiest, with Dante; to contrast skepticism with faith. "Dante saw a solemn law in the universe pointing out his destiny with an awful and beautiful certainty, and he held to it. Hume could see nothing in the universe but confusion, and he was certain of nothing but his own existence. Yet he had instincts which were infinitely more true than the logical part of him, and so he kept himself quiet in the middle of it all, and did no harm to any one." But skepticism is a disease of the mind, and a fatal condition to be in, or at best useful only as a means to get at knowledge; and to spend one's time reducing realities to theories is to be in an enchanted state of mind. Mortality, the very center of the existence of man, was in the eighteenth century reduced to a theory—by Adam Smith to a theory of the sympathies and moral sense; by Hume to expediency, "the most melancholy theory ever propounded." Besides morality, everything else was in the same state.

A dim, huge, immeasurable steam-engine they had made of this world, and, as Jean Paul says, heaven became a gas; God, a force; the second world, a grave. . . . In that huge universe become one vast steam-engine, as it were, the new generation that followed must have found it a very difficult position to be in, and perfectly insupportable for them, to be doomed to live in such a place of falsehood and chimera; and that was

in fact the case with them, and it led to the second great phenomenon we have to notice—the introduction of Wertherism.*

Werther was right:—

If the world were really no better than what Goethe imagined it to be, there was nothing for it but suicide; if it had nothing to support itself upon but these poor sentimentalities, view-hunting trivialities, this world was really not fit to live in. But in the end the conviction that this theory of the world was wrong came to Goethe himself, greatly to his own profit, greatly to the world's profit.

The same phenomenon shows itself in Schiller's "Robbers." Life to the robber seems one huge bedlam, and a brave man can do nothing with it but revolt against it. In our own literature Byron represents a similar phasis. He is full of "rage and scowl against the whole universe as a place not worthy that a genuine man should live in it. He seems to have been a compound of the Robbers and Werther put together." This sentimentalism is the ultimatum of skepticism. That theory of the universe cannot be true; for if it were there would be no other way for it but Werther's, to put an end to it; for all mankind "to turn to the bosom of their Father with a sort of dumb protest against it. There was, therefore, a deep sincerity in the sentimentalism, not a right kind of sincerity perhaps, but still a struggling towards it."†

All this—skepticism, sentimentalism, theorizing, dependence on the opinion of others, wages taken and no duty done—went on and on. And then came the consummation of skepticism. "We can well conceive the end of the last century, the crisis which then took place, the prurience of self-conceit, the talk of illumination, the darkness of confusion." The new French kind of belief was belief in the doctrine of Rousseau,

* A notice, far from accurate, of the origin of Goethe's Werther here follows, and the time is thus characterized by the future historian of Frederick: "It was a time of haggard condition; no genuine hope in men's minds; all outwards was false—the last war for example, the Seven Years' War, the most absurd of wars ever undertaken, on no public principle, a contest between France and Germany, from Frederick the Great wanting to have Silesia, and Louis the Fifteenth wanting to give Madame de Pompadour some influence in the affairs of Europe; and 50,000 men were shot for that purpose."

† A notice of "Goetz von Berlichingen" follows.

"a kind of half-madman, but of tender pity too, struggling for sincerity through his whole life, till his own vanity and egotism drove him quite blind and desperate." Then appeared one of the frightfullest phenomena ever seen among men, the French Revolution. "It was after all a new revelation of an old truth to this unfortunate people; they beheld, indeed, the truth there clad in hell-fire, but they got the truth." It began in all the golden radiance of hope; it is impossible to doubt the perfect sincerity of the men. At first "for the upper class of people it was the joyfulest of news; now at last they had got something to do. . . . certainly to starve to death is hard, but not so hard as to idle to death."

But the French theory of life was false—that men are to do their duty in order to give happiness to themselves and one another. And where dishonest and foolish people are, there will always be dishonesty and folly; we can't distill knavery into honesty. Europe rose and assembled and came round France, and tried to crush the Revolution, but could not crush it at all. "It was the primeval feelings of nature they came to crush, but [the spirit of France]* rallied, and stood up and asserted itself, and made Europe know even in the marrow of its bones that it was there." Bonaparte set his foot on the necks of the nations of Europe. Bonaparte himself was a reality at first, the great armed soldier of democracy, with a true appreciation of the Revolution, as opening the career to all talents; but at last he became a poor egotist, and, stirring up the old Berserkir rage against him, he burned himself up in a day. "On the whole, the French Revolution was only a great outburst of the truth that the world wasn't a mere chimera, but a great reality."

Having seen how skepticism burned itself up, it becomes interesting to inquire (Lecture XII.), What are we to look for now? Are we to reckon on a new period of things, of better infinitely extending hopes? We do see good in store for us.

* Word omitted in MS.

The fable of the phoenix rising out of its own ashes, which was interpreted by the rise of modern Europe out of the Roman empire, is interpreted again in the French Revolution. On the spiritual side of things we can see the phoenix in the modern school of German literature.* We might inquire, What new doctrine it is that is now proposed to us? What is the meaning of German literature? But this question is not susceptible of any immediate answer, German literature has no particular theory at all in the front of it. The object of the men who constructed it was not to save the world, but to work out in some manner an enfranchisement for their own souls. And—

seeing here the blessed, thrice-blessed phenomenon of men unmutated in all that constitutes man, able to believe and be in all things men, seeing this, I say, there is here the thing that has all other things presupposed in it. . . . To explain, I can only think of the revelation, for I can call it no other, that these men made to me. It was to me like the rising of a light in the darkness which lay around, and threatened to swallow me up. I was then in the very midst of Wertherism, the blackness and darkness of death. There was one thing in particular struck me in Goethe. It is in his Wilhelm Meister. He had been describing an association of all sorts of people of talent, formed to receive propositions and give responses to them, all of which he described with a sort of seriousness at first, but with irony at the last. However, these people had their eyes on Wilhelm Meister, with great cunning, watching over him at a distance at first, not interfering with him too soon; at last the man who was intrusted with the management of the thing took him in hand, and began to give him an account of how the association acted. Now this is the thing, which, as I said, so much struck me. He tells Wilhelm Meister that a number of applications for advice were daily made to the association, which were answered thus and thus; but that many people wrote in particular for recipes of happiness; all that, he adds, was laid on the shelf, and not answered at all. Now this thing gave me great surprise when I read it. "What!" I said, "is it not the recipe of happiness that I have been seeking all my life, and isn't it precisely because I have failed in finding it that I am now miserable and discontented? Had I supposed, as some people do, that Goethe was fond of paradoxes, that this was consistent with the sincerity and modesty of the man's mind, I had certainly rejected it without further trouble; but I couldn't think it. At length, after turning it up, a great while in my own mind, I got to see that it was very true what he said—that it was the thing that all the world were in error in. No man has a right to ask for a recipe for happiness; he can do without happiness; there is something better than that. All kinds of men who have done great things—priests, prophets, sages—have had in them something higher than the love of happiness to guide them, spiritual clearness and perfection, a far better thing than happiness. Love of happiness is but a kind of hunger at the best, a craving because I have not enough of sweet provision in this world. If I am asked what that higher thing is, I cannot at once make answer, I am afraid of causing mistake. There is no name I can give it that is not to be questioned; I couldn't speak about it; there is no name for it, but pity for that heart that does not

* Carlyle is assured that there are few in his audience able to read German, but anticipates a better time.

feel it; there is no good volition in that heart. This higher thing was once named the Cross of Christ—not a happy thing that, surely.*

The whole of German literature is not to be reduced to a seeking of this higher thing, but such was the commencement of it. The philosophers of Germany are glanced at.

I studied them once attentively, but found that I got nothing out of them. One may just say of them that they are the precisely opposite to Hume. . . . This study of metaphysics, I say, had only the result, after bringing me rapidly through different phases of opinion, at last to deliver me altogether out of metaphysics. I found it altogether a frothy system, no right beginning to it, no right ending. I began with Hume and Diderot, and as long as I was with them I ran at atheism, at blackness, at materialism of all kinds. If I read Kant I arrived at precisely opposite conclusions, that all the world was spirit, namely, that there was nothing material at all anywhere; and the result was what I have stated, that I resolved for my part on having nothing more to do with metaphysics at all.

After the Werther period Goethe "got himself organized at last, built up his mind, adjusted to what he can't cure, not suicidally grinding itself to pieces." For a time the ideal, art, painting, poetry, were in his view the highest things, goodness being included in these. God became for him "only a stubborn force, really a heathen kind of thing." As his mind gets higher it becomes more serious too, uttering tones of most beautiful devoutness. "In the 'West-östlicher Divan,' though the garb is Persian, the whole spirit is Christianity, it is Goethe himself, the old poet, who goes up and down singing little snatches of his own feelings on different things. It grows extremely beautiful as it goes on, full of the finest things possible, which sound like the jingling of bells when the queen of the fairies rides abroad."†

Of Schiller the principal characteristic is "a chivalry of thought, described by Goethe as the spirit of freedom struggling ever forward to be free." His Don Carlos

is well described as being like to a lighthouse, high, far-seen, and withal empty. It is in fact very like what the people of that day, the Girondists of the French Revolution, were always talking about, the Bonheur du peuple and the rest. . . . There was a nobleness in Schiller, a brotherly feeling, a kindness of sympathy for what is true and just. There is a kind of silence too at the last. He gave up his talk about the Bonheur du peuple, and tried to see if he could make them happier instead.

* Compare with this passage "the Everlasting Yea," of "Sartor Resartus."

† A defense of Goethe from the charges of over-serenity and political indifference follows.

The third great writer in modern Germany is Richter.

Goethe was a strong man, as strong as the mountain rocks, but as soft as the green sward upon the rocks, and like them continually bright and sun beshone. Richter, on the contrary, was what he has been called, a half-made man; he struggled with the world, but was never completely triumphant over it. But one loves Richter. . . . There is more joyous laughter in the heart of Richter than in any other German writer.

We have then much reason to hope about the future; great things are in store for us.

It is possible for us to attain a spiritual freedom compared with which political enfranchisement is but a name. . . . I can't close this lecture better than by repeating these words of Richter, "Thou, Eternal Providence, wilt cause the day to dawn."

Nothing now remains for me but to take my leave of you—a sad thing at all times that word, but doubly so in this case. When I think of what you are, and of what I am, I cannot help feeling that you have been kind to me; I won't trust myself to say how kind; but you have been as kind to me as ever audience was to man, and the gratitude which I owe you comes to you from the bottom of my heart. May God be with you all!

Prof. EDWARD DOWDEN in *The Nineteenth Century*.

WHAT BECAME OF CROMWELL?

Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Death, like life, has its history, and man often terminates his strange vicissitudes on earth only to enter on other vicissitudes still stranger in the grave. We wonder no one has ever undertaken the posthumous memoirs of the great. What a lively volume it would be!—how startling its paradoxes, how fine its irony, how pointed its antitheses! Write it with a pen of lead on leaves of opium, and it would glow with eloquence; indite in the most mournful of styles, and it would blaze with wit. It would be a carnival of extremes—Addison and Joe Miller talking in the same breath, Rabelais and St. Paul bawling each other down. Fortune has cracked many a good joke in her time, but death's jokes are better. They are a little coarse, perhaps, occasionally—a little too broad for a nice taste; but they are meant, doubt it not, kindly. Wages

are so high, that we cannot well afford, even when things are prospering with us, to keep, like the Roman consuls, a *mentote mortalem esse* in our triumphal chariots. At our feasts we omit the skeleton. But for all that we are mortal, and let us hear the Antic's philippics. We can hear them gratis.

When Hamlet let his wit run riot among the tombs, he could get no further than imagining that Alexander the Great might stop a beer-barrel, or imperial Cæsar patch a wall to keep out the wind. Bah! 'twas a foolish speculation. Hamlet was no antiquary; he ought to have known that they were both burnt to snuff. But why need we go to fiction? Let Death preach his sermon from fact, and moralists have their fling at pride fairly. What was the fate of great Talbot—Shakespeare's victorious Talbot—the scourge of France, the hero of Crotoi and Pontoise? A few years ago, some alterations were being made in the parish church at Whitchurch, in Shropshire; the tomb of Talbot was opened. On a careful examination of the skull—we borrow the narrative of one who was present at the exhumation—the cranium was found to be filled with a fibrous substance, which was supposed at first to be some preservative herb inserted when the bones were wrapped in their cerements for the purpose of embalming, but which afterwards turned out to be neither more nor less than a mouse's nest, from the center of which the bodies of three small mice were extracted. In short, the brain of the doughty general who had struck terror into the squadrons of Joan of Arc had become the procreant cradle of a family of church mice, and the fatal gash which had terminated his life, furnished the means of ingress and egress to these strange intruders in "ambition's airy hall." What was the fate of Richelieu? His skeleton was dug up from its grave in the church of the Sorbonne, kicked about the streets, and decapitated. A grocer—mark that!—filched away the skull, kept it comfortably till his marriage, when, his wife being afraid of it, sold it—the considerate husband!—

to one Armez, who, anxious to turn it into money, offered it for sale to the Duc de Richelieu, who wouldn't have it at any price. What was the fate of Turenne—"the godlike," "the thunderbolt of war"? His remains were also exhumed, and were on the point of being flung into a pit, when a savant, struck with the fresh appearance of the bones, and thinking that the devastator of the Palatinate was too perfectly articulated to be thrown away, begged the skeleton for the National Academy of Anatomy. So he, who in life taught Marlborough the art of war, served in death to teach medical scapegraces the construction of the human frame. Was not the author of "Paradise Lost" dismembered by a crew of drunken revelers, "one possessing himself of a piece of the jaw, another of a fragment of the occiput"? Did not a "select body of medical gentlemen," with the skull of the mighty Dean of St. Patrick's grinning before them on the table, express "very lively dissatisfaction at its formation"? And is there not "only too much reason to believe" that the head of him who gave us the "Essay on Man" and the "Rape of the Lock" has been traveling about England in the possession of an "itinerant phrenologist"? Food enough for reflection here!—and would you, reader, find food for more, go and moralize whither we could lead you. In the heart of the city, girt round with squalor, stands, mean and somber, a little church.* There you may hold in your hand the head of him who was once the father of Lady Jane Grey, once one of the proudest of England's proudest nobles. There, perfectly preserved, is the head of Henry, Duke of Suffolk. The lines which the cares of three centuries and a half ago plowed on the features may still be traced; still may the physiognomist read the lineaments of that austere, stubborn, and crafty politician. The dent of the false blow which the headsman first dealt is there in all its ghastly distinctness; and there,

* The church of Holy Trinity in the Minories.

frightfully stereotyped, is the death-agony which convulsed that face when the headsman's work was done. Those were the eyes—the very cornea are preserved—which had gazed on Jane as she hung with Ascham over the Phædo.

But whither are we straying? Our business is a grave antiquarian dissertation.

What became of Cromwell's body after death? has, as everybody knows, been a vexed question from the times of the Restoration to the present day; and, as we are not acquainted with any satisfactory solution of the problem, we propose to devote a few pages to discussing it. The question will admit of three distinct divisions. Firstly, was he ever buried in Westminster Abbey at all? Secondly, if he was buried there what became of his body when it was exhumed and conveyed to the Red Lion Inn, in Holborn? Thirdly, if it ever left the Red Lion Inn, what became of it after hanging at Tyburn?

Now, there can be no doubt at all that there was a very general impression that his body never left Whitehall for Somerset House; that its supposed lying-in-state at Somerset House and its subsequent interment in the Abbey was a mere mockery. Let us examine the facts. Cromwell died on Friday, September 3, at three o'clock in the afternoon. He was then embalmed. That is certain. "This afternoon," says the Public Intelligencer for September 4, 1658, "the physicians and cherugians appointed by order of the council to embowel and embalm the body of his late highness, and fill the same with sweet odors, performed their duty." All the authorities, without a single exception, agree that he was embalmed; but Heath observes, in his "Flagellum," that the body was in such a state that the embalming was only partially performed, and Noble tells us that it was wrapped up in a sheet of lead; consequently it was not exposed to view for long after death—a circumstance which the Public Intelligencer also notices. It remained, or was supposed to remain, at Whitehall till the twenty-sixth of September, when it was conveyed, "about ten

of the clock at night," to Somerset House. There it lay in state, and was shortly afterwards interred in Westminster Abbey. Now, it is noticeable that, after a few hours subsequent to death, the corpse itself was never seen. And here begin our difficulties. Most of the authorities agree in stating that the body was privately interred shortly after death; consequently the alleged removal to Somerset House was a deception. This indeed, is all but certain; for besides the evidence of Heath, who says that an empty coffin was dispatched to Somerset House,—evidence which is not of very much value, we have the evidence of Bates, Cromwell's private physician, that the state of the body necessitated its interment before the solemnity of the funeral. And such also is the account of Noble. We may, therefore, safely conclude that the magnificent funeral of Cromwell, on which Cowley expended so much eloquence, was a mock pageant, though the crowd which witnessed it had no such suspicion. And now comes the question, Where was he interred?

Heath, whose political prejudices frequently get the better of his reason, complacently informs his readers that "divers rumors were spread at the time that the body was carried away in the tempest the day before by the prince of darkness," and is evidently nettled that he cannot prove this satisfactory theory. According to Oldmixon, his body was wrapped in lead and "sunk in the deepest part of the Thames, two of his near relations undertaking to do it;" and an anonymous pamphleteer adds, that it was just below Greenwich. A common opinion at the Restoration was that the corpse was taken to Windsor and put into King Charles's coffin, while that of the murdered king was substituted for Cromwell's; Cromwell, they said, knowing that, if a reaction set in after his death, in favor of the Stuarts, his body would be dug up and insulted. This theory was, however, refuted by the exhumation of Charles I. in the presence of George IV. and Sir Henry Hallford in 1813,—having had, indeed, no evidence to support it.

Others say that his body was removed to Newburgh Hall, in the North Riding of Yorkshire; and there they still show a place called Cromwell's Vault. Newburgh Hall was the family seat of the Fauconbergs, and Cromwell's third daughter, Mary, was the second wife of Thomas, Viscount Fauconberg; but why this place should have been particularly selected for the interment of the Protector does not appear. According to another tradition, it was removed to Narborough, a place about twenty-five miles from Huntingdon, and for this tradition there is some evidence worth reviewing. About the year 1818 the rector of Narborough was a Mr. William Marshall. To this Mr. Marshall a very curious anecdote was communicated by Mr. Oliver Cromwell, of Cheshunt, the great-grandson of Richard Cromwell's son, Henry. Mr. Oliver Cromwell's mother lived to the great age of 103, and she told her son that when a young girl she was well acquainted with Richard Cromwell, and had often talked with one of his servants. This servant assured her, she said, that he recollected the hearse which conveyed the remains of the Protector passing through Cheshunt at night, and that he, then a lad, went on with the post-horses which drew the hearse as far as Huntingdon, whence he was sent back with the horses. This story must, of course, be taken for what it is worth. It is just possible (but it is by no means probable), that Cromwell, fearing posthumous outrage, may have wished to lie beside his parents in the family grave. There, were his resting-place unsuspected, he would at least be safe from sacrilegious hands. But, would such a secret have been likely to have been kept? and how came a mere boy to know what that hearse contained? A secret divulged thus far would undoubtedly have gone further, and it is certain that no tradition about the Protector's interment at Huntingdon was current at the time. The story that it was buried at Narborough, a town twenty-five miles beyond Huntingdon, is a legend so utterly devoid of foundation that it would be absurd to pay the slightest attention to it. It is indeed difficult to account for its origin.

We are now come to a very remarkable narrative ; and could we be satisfied of the veracity of the witness, and allow his solemn assurances to weigh against the intrinsic improbability of his statement, the problem of Cromwell's last resting-place would be solved. Among the reports current at the Restoration, one of the most popular was that the body of the Protector had been, by his own orders, buried on the field of Naseby. This report took several forms. The truth of it was confidently insisted on in London, and was implicitly believed by the people about Naseby. At last the son of Barkstead, the regicide, came forward. He was, he said, prepared to assert on oath the truth of what he said. He put forth an advertisement that he frequented Richard's Coffee-house, within Temple Bar, where he was ready to answer any questions which might be put to him. The account he gave is to be found in the second volume of the "*Harleian Miscellany*," and this account we will transcribe :

"At midnight the dead body, being first embalmed and wrapped in a leaden coffin, was in a hearse conveyed to the said field, Mr. Barkstead himself attending, by order of his father, close to the hearse. That being come to the field, they found about the middle of it a grave dug about nine feet deep, with the green sod carefully laid on one side, and the mound on the other, in which the coffin being put the grave was instantly filled up and the green sod laid exactly flat upon it, care being taken that the surplus mold should be clear removed. That soon after the like care was taken that the ground should be plowed up, and that it was sowed successively with corn."

Here, then, we have a definite statement, made by a man in a highly respectable position, who could have had no conceivable motive for lying. Those who had the opportunity of cross-examining him appear to have been satisfied of his honesty, and he was not, so far as we can judge of him, a man given either to frivolity or romancing. To disbelieve his story

is to charge the narrator with deliberate and circumstantial falsehood. We are certainly not inclined to accept this statement without much misgiving, but we think it within the bounds of possibility that the plow of the peasant may some day corroborate the honesty of this strange deponent. We shall see presently that the evidence for the identification of the body at its disinterment rests on testimony far less conclusive; and we may also observe, in comparing the story with the others, that Barkstead is the only witness who could not have been mistaken, but who must have lied. The evidence of the others is based on information more or less indirect and presumptive; the evidence of Barkstead is direct and definite. Now, there can be no doubt that for some months before his death the mind of the Protector was unhinged and morbid, that he anticipated a reaction in favor of the exiled house; and he must have been well aware that in the event of the Stuarts returning, his bones would not escape insult. There can be no doubt that his body was buried somewhere in the strictest privacy long before the public funeral. It is equally certain that we have no account either of the date or of the spot where that private interment took place, and that the secret must have been known only to very few, for there was at the time no suspicion that the public funeral was a mock ceremony. Wherever, therefore, the remains were laid, they were smuggled away, and it was of course as easy to transfer them in a hearse or a carriage to any part of England, as it was to bury them secretly in the Abbey. If we are to be guided merely by probabilities, we should of course reject all the narratives which have been cited, and conclude that the Protector was laid privately under the pavement of Westminster Abbey at or near the place where the empty coffin was lowered on the day of the public funeral. To sum up, therefore, the first part of our inquiry, whether Cromwell was actually interred in the Abbey is at least doubtful; the presumptive evidence is strong, but

it is by no means either conclusive or satisfactory. It is supported by the testimony of no eye-witness. It is affirmed only by those who supposed that the coffin which was on the day of the public funeral lowered into the vault contained the body of the Protector; when we now know, on the testimony of Dr. Bates, that the body had been buried privately long before.

And now let us proceed. On the 8th of December, 1660, a vote passed the House of Commons that the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, should be exhumed, and hung on the common gallows at Tyburn. Accordingly, on Saturday, January 26th, the sergeant of the House of Commons proceeded to the Abbey with a body of attendants. The masons went to work, and of what ensued we have two accounts, neither of which is of such a character as to place it beyond suspicion. Both of them, it will be observed, describe the body as lying in the state coffin which was deposited in the vault on the day of the public funeral—the coffin which we now know to have been merely for show, and never to have contained the body at all. Let us hear Noble :—

“ They found, in a vault at the east end of the middle aisle, a magnificent coffin, which contained the body of Oliver, upon whose breast was a copper plate, double gilt, which upon one side had the arms of the Commonwealth impaling those of the deceased, and upon the reverse this inscription.” Then follows the Latin inscription which was on the coffin that lay in state at Somerset House.

The other account was handed down by tradition from the high sheriff of Middlesex, who superintended the work. He found, he said, the body of Oliver Cromwell, which was hid in the wall of Westminster Abbey, “ and, when discovered, was with great difficulty got at, the body being first wrapped in a sheet of lead, and afterwards put into a wooden coffin, and another wooden one, and so on for about half a dozen, cement being poured between each to make it secure ; several pick-

axes were broken before the workmen could get their ends; but at length, after much labor and toil, they came to the sheet of lead which inclosed the body." There is, however, one piece of evidence not without weight, and that is the evidence of one Sainthill, a Spanish merchant, who has, in a manuscript quoted by Noble, observed that the head of the Protector was "in green cerecloth, very fresh embalmed," which certainly corroborates what we know from other sources, that the body was partially embalmed. The mason's receipts for the fees received by him for his odious task is, we believe, still in existence. Is this, then, sufficient evidence to satisfy us that the body thus exhumed was the body of Cromwell? We say emphatically, no. In the first place, there is the difficulty about the coffin. In the second place, we have no official corroboration of this narrative. It was very much against the interests of those employed in this work to confess themselves baffled; it was much more likely that they would, in the event of their not discovering the object of their search, have substituted some other body in its place. If Cromwell was not buried in the state coffin—and unless he was placed there subsequently to his previous interment, he was not—it would be extremely difficult to identify his remains. It is, indeed, true that when the body was exposed, it was popularly supposed to be that of the Protector; but with regard to the skull, we must remember that it was invariably covered with a thick coating of pitch before it was exposed; and had the exhuming party been conscious of any fraud, they would obviously have taken every precaution to conceal it. But however this may be, certain it is that some corpse, genuine or suppositious, was, with those of Ireton and Bradshaw, conveyed from the Abbey to the Red Lion inn, in Holborn. This was on Monday, January 28th; where it remained during the Sunday does not appear. Assuming, then, that the corpse of Cromwell was really conveyed to the Red Lion, the question now arises, did it ever leave the Red Lion

for Tyburn, or was some other corpse substituted in its place by Cromwell's partisans? It is, of course, quite conceivable that the officers in charge of the remains might have been amenable to a bribe; and it is very probable that such an attempt was made.

It was made, we are told, and not only made, but carried out, by a person named Ebenezer Heathcote, an apothecary in Red Lion Square. This man was a zealous republican, and had married the daughter of one of Ireton's commissaries. The tale goes that he gained access to those who kept watch over the corpse,—who appear, we may add, to have been a drunken and dissolute set,—got possession of the body, smuggled it away, and buried it privately at midnight in the center of Red Lion Square, then as now an open space, the exact spot of the interment being just under the place at present occupied by the summer-house. This strange story, in itself less improbable than any of the others, unfortunately rests on no good authority. We find no mention of it in any contemporary documents; it appears to have been disseminated in much later times: a circumstance which its advocates might of course attribute to the fidelity with which the secret was preserved. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to confute it, and it contributes to perplex still further this mysterious historical enigma.

Now let us bring forward the evidence for the conveyance of the bodies to Tyburn. The most graphic and circumstantial account is undoubtedly that given in the "*Mercurius Politicus*" for January 30, 1660. "On Monday night, Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton, in two several carts, were drawn to Holborn from Westminster, where they were digged up on Saturday last. To-day they were drawn upon sledges to Tyburn; all the way, as before from Westminster, the universal outcry and curses of the people went along with them. When these three carcasses were at Tyburn, they were pulled out of their coffins and hanged at the several angles of

that triple tree, where they hung till the sun was set. After which they were taken down, their heads cut off, and their loathsome trunks thrown into a deep hole under the gallows. The heads of those three notorious regicides, Oliver Cromwell, John Bradshaw, and Henry Ireton were set upon poles at the top of Westminster Hall." To this effect, also, the author of "Short Meditations on Oliver Cromwell:" "But the corpse of him whose aspiring mind could never be satisfied, hath now no other tomb but a turf under Tyburn." Among those who witnessed this shameful spectacle were good Mrs. Pepys and her friend Lady Batten, as we learn from Pepys's Diary for January 30. Such, according to general opinion, was the ignominious resting-place of the body of Cromwell. And here for a moment we may pause to notice the absence of all conclusive proof of identification. The whole business seems to have been transacted with incredible carelessness and irregularity. Of the character of the people to whose guardianship the remains were intrusted we have already spoken. Official testimony there is none, medical testimony there is none. The identification of a corpse is, as every coroner knows, often a matter of considerable difficulty, even under the most favorable circumstances. The identification of a corpse two years after its interment, even when decomposition has been arrested, requires nice technical discrimination. It was, as we said before, the object of the exhuming party to persuade their employers that Cromwell's body had been found. It would not, indeed, be too much to presume that, in the event of a search being unsuccessful, the royalists would themselves have connived at fraud. Their object was, not merely to insult the memory of an adversary, but to brand with infamy the memory of rebellion, to give the people a terrible warning by a terrible example. Would a drunken and turbulent rabble be likely to be critical? Who is curious when on fire with passion? and what passion burns more fiercely than party passion in a mob? Had a doubt crossed the mind, who

would have cared or dared to express it? A sordid rout on its way to have a kick at Sejanus is neither scrupulous nor observant. There were, we know, many people who confidently believed that the body which swung on the gibbet at Tyburn was not the body of the Protector; and as soon as it was safe to express their belief, they expressed it. When Barkstead came forward with his strange story, the witness which might have confuted him was still festering on the spikes at Westminster. There were many people living who could have placed it beyond doubt that the head there was the head of the Protector, but they were silent. Again, is it incredible that the sons and daughters of Cromwell, who were, we know, devotedly attached to him, would have allowed the head of their father to remain gibbeted for twenty-five years, without making any effort to rescue it? It is surely more natural to attribute their indifference to the fact that they knew it was not there. We have not ventured to express our belief in any of the stories we have cited touching the burial-places of the Protector, but there can be no doubt at all that there has been, among the various branches of the Cromwell family, a tradition to the effect that he was never buried in the Abbey. He may possibly have bound his wife, his children, and the friends whom it was necessary to take into his confidence, to secrecy. That secret has probably never been divulged, though the depositaries of it may at the painful crisis of 1660 have thought themselves justified in assuring his relatives that his body was safe from sacrilegious hands, and beyond possibility of outrage. This would account, not only for the existence of the tradition, but for the various discrepancies in detail; and it would account, above all, for the apathy of his kindred subsequent to the exhumation.

We will now resume our narrative—a narrative to which, from this point, as will be seen from what we have just said, we are not inclined to attach much credit. The bodies, we are told, hung a whole day; they were then cut down and

decapitated. The trunks were buried at the foot of the gallows; the heads, or rather the skulls, were covered with pitch, stuck on poles, and conveyed to Westminster Hall. They were there fixed in a ghastly row. "Went into the hall, and there saw my Lord Treasurer . . . and also saw the heads of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton," Pepys enters in his diary February 5, 1661. Here, by the way, we have a curious piece of evidence to deal with. We have already noticed Sainthill's remark about Cromwell's head being "very fresh embalmed." He saw the skull, it seems, on the spikes at Westminster, and the fact that it was an embalmed skull seems at first to be strong evidence in favor of that skull being the skull of Cromwell. The statement is, however, difficult to reconcile, first, with the fact that the skulls were plastered with pitch; and, secondly, that the head of Cromwell was so disfigured that many took it for the head of Charles the First. Had it been fresh embalmed, it is singular that no other spectator should have noticed the circumstance, and no other spectator has noticed it. It is clear also that Sainthill could never have been near enough to inspect it closely, unless, indeed, he had an opportunity of examining it previous to its impalement; and this does not appear to have been the case. Granting even that it was so, the embalming had not sufficiently preserved the head to establish its identity, or even to distinguish it conspicuously from the other two heads. Cromwell was partially embalmed, but embalming was in those days not uncommonly employed even in the case of ordinary people, and such a circumstance would by no means suffice to establish the identity of the skull. It should, moreover, be borne in mind that Dr. Bates, in his autopsy, says nothing about the head being embalmed. He merely says that the entrails were removed and the cavity stuffed with spices. Taking all these facts into consideration, we must therefore honestly say that we see no proof whatever that the body decapitated at Tyburn was the body of the Protector, or that the skull impaled at Westminster was his skull.

We must now quit history for tradition, and follow the fortunes of "Cromwell's skull" to our own day. Since the year 1813 it has been in the possession of a family named Wilkinson. It was, says a writer in "Notes and Queries," carefully examined by Flaxman, who did not hesitate to pronounce it genuine, and by the eminent antiquary King, who was equally satisfied of its authenticity. That Mr. Wilkinson's interesting relic has been partially embalmed, that it has been impaled on a spike and exposed to the weather, that in many particulars it closely corresponds with those peculiarities in the formation of the Protector's head preserved to us in busts, portraits, and medals, is unquestionably true. It is true, also, that up to a certain point its pedigree is satisfactory—but up to a certain point only. What, then, is its history?

The story goes that, on a stormy night at the end of James the Second's reign, it was blown down. The sentinel on duty picked it up, concealed it, and conveyed it home with him. It was, however, soon missed, and a proclamation demanding its immediate restoration was at once issued by the government. The soldier and his family kept it, therefore, carefully hidden. Some years afterwards it was drawn from its hiding-place and sold to some connections of the Cromwells, named Russel, in Cambridgeshire. It then got into the hands of one Samuel Russel, who publicly exhibited it. By him it was sold in April, 1787, to a Mr. Cox, the proprietor of a museum in Spring Gardens. On the dispersal of his museum it was sold for £230 to three joint possessors, who made a peep-show of it in Mead's court, Bond street, in 1799. Finally it became the property of the daughter of one of these persons. She sold it to Mr. Wilkinson, then M. P. for Lambeth, and by him it was transmitted to his son, in whose possession it now is.

The evidence on which the earlier part of this story rests would not, we fear, bear minute investigation. There is, in the first place, no authority whatever, except mere hearsay, for the story of the sentinel. If the government issued a procla-

mation for the recovery of the skull, some record of that proclamation would undoubtedly remain, but no trace of that proclamation has been discovered. Between the abduction by the sentinel and the transmission to the Russels its history is a blank. Another skull may, with a view to a negotiation with the Cromwell family, have been in the interval easily substituted in place of that originally stolen. It would, moreover, as a writer in "Notes and Queries" well observes, be absurd to suppose that any head which had for nearly twenty years been exposed to such an atmosphere as ours, could possibly be so perfectly preserved as the head in Mr. Wilkinson's possession. We say nothing about several minor difficulties,—that, for example, presented by the existence of the other skull purporting to be that of Cromwell in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford; and the discrepancy presented by the fact that, according to one version of the legend, the soldier picked up the head, not at Westminster, but at Temple Bar. The strongest evidence in favor of Mr. Wilkinson is the evidence of Flaxman, who was minutely acquainted with all the memorials of Cromwell's features which art has left us, and who was therefore eminently qualified to give an opinion. But in these cases internal evidence is of comparatively little value unless corroborated by evidence from without, and the testimony of facts is on this occasion not merely deficient, but contradictory. At every step in this strange problem we are confronted with insuperable difficulties. There is no proof that Cromwell was ever buried in the Abbey at all. If the burial be assumed, there is no proof that the body exhumed in 1660 was his body. If the burial and the exhumation be assumed, there is no proof that the corpse left the Red Lion for Tyburn. Assuming these three facts, as well as the story of the sentinel, there is no proof that the head purloined by him was identical with the head sold to the Russels.

We are glad to think so. We should be sorry to imagine that common hands could maul and palter with a relic so

sacred—it is a sacrilege almost too horrible to realize. Rather let us hope—and there are good reasons for hoping—that as his immortal part lives forever in the memory of a grateful people, so his mortal part has long since mingled with the mold.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

THE UNITED STATES

AS A FIELD FOR AGRICULTURAL SETTLERS.

The subject of this paper is not only a large one, but it is one on which much has been said and written already. It is also true that a most able and exhaustive report on the agricultural capacity of America has been recently issued by the commission which was appointed by the late Government to inquire into the causes of agricultural distress in this country. But I approach the subject from a somewhat different point of view. The purpose for which the assistant-commissioners were sent to America was to inquire into and report as to the probable effect of American competition on the owners and occupiers of land in this country. My object is rather to inquire what are the prospects of those who contemplate emigrating to America with a view to bettering their condition, and to point out what in my judgment are the localities best suited for intending emigrants.

I shall confine myself, as the title of this paper indicates, to the United States, not because I wish to ignore or disparage in any way the claims of Canada, but because I am not a competent witness with respect to that country. When I was last in America* I was not on Canadian soil at all, with the exception of a few hours which I passed on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls. As regards the great and fertile district of Manitoba I could say nothing which has not appeared already in books or newspapers. And even in respect of the United

* A few months ago.

States the knowledge which I have acquired from personal observation is limited to two regions, Western Oregon and Colorado, though I have endeavored to avail myself of the best sources of information within my reach as to other parts of the country.

Agricultural emigrants may be divided into two classes: first, those who intend to cultivate their farms by the labor of their own hands; second, persons possessed of more or less capital, or perhaps, I should rather say, a class of larger capitalists, for, as I think I shall show presently every one who goes to the United States with the intention of owning land, ought to be possessed of a certain amount of capital.

The class of larger capitalists may be again subdivided into arable and pastoral farmers. In the more newly settled Western States this line is much more sharply drawn than it is in this country. In Illinois and the other Middle States there are many persons who pursue a system of mixed husbandry, who raise grain crops and who also own fine herds of cattle. But in the more newly settled States the arable farmers for the most part possess very little live stock except their horses and a few cows, while those who apply themselves to rearing cattle or sheep do very little with the plow.

As regards the agricultural laborer I doubt whether a man who has been bred to agricultural labor only, and who has not the command of some little capital, is likely to do himself much good by emigrating to the United States. Wages, no doubt, are high, while there is work to be done, but there is not so much constant employment as in this country. It is very much the practice in the United States to take men on by the job and to discharge them after the work has been done. And as there is very little green crop grown in the United States, there is much less employment there for women and children than there is here.

These observations are borne out by the report of the assistant commissioners which has lately been issued. They say:

The farm laborer can hardly be said to exist as a distinct class in the United States, unless it be among the colored people in the Middle and Southern States. In the large farms of the West the bothy system is carried out, and buildings are put up in which the summer men mess and sleep. In winter they are off to the towns and cities, and it is seldom the same faces are seen two years running on the farm.

It should be remarked though wages may appear high, the hours of labor from spring to autumn are long, and winter is a period of almost complete cessation from work for man and beast on the American farm. The very few laborers that are required upon a wheat-growing farm in America during the dead winter months is surprising. In one instance we were told that only two men were kept upon 5,000 acres. When the longer days and the harder work of the American laborer, together with his being employed only when he is wanted are taken into account, the annual cost of labor per acre is much less than the amount paid in England.

At the same time there is no doubt that an energetic active man, who can put his hand to anything, who can, for instance, take a spell at lumbering or at carpenter work when agricultural employment is scarce, is likely to do exceedingly well in the United States.

To return to the classes who are possessed of some capital. The emigrant who wishes to cultivate his farm with his own hands may either enter on the Government land which is reserved for homesteads, in which case he has nothing to pay beyond the cost of the survey, amounting only to a few pounds, or he may purchase land and pay for it by installments spread over a term of years. In the case of the Government lands he cannot homestead more than 160 acres, but he may also pre-empt, as it is called, 150 acres more, paying for it at the rate of \$1.25 an acre, if more than twenty miles from a railroad, or \$2.50, or a little more than 10s. an acre, if within twenty miles. He has to pay about 1s. an acre down, and the balance at the end of five years, by which time he must have executed certain improvements. In some States he may pre-empt 640 acres of what are called desert lands, that is lands which will not grow crops without irrigation. He must in this case at the end of five years produce a certificate that he has irrigated the land so as to make it grow crops.

And in some States the settlers may acquire from the government 160 acres by planting ten acres, and producing a cer-

tificate at the end of eight years that a certain number of trees are in a healthy growing state.

It may perhaps be asked what amount of money a settler ought to have to start with. To begin at the beginning, the journey out from Liverpool, say of a man with a wife and two children, to the place where they intend to locate themselves, will cost some £45, more or less.* As to the rest I will take the estimate of Mr. Eaton, a successful farmer who owns a considerable quantity of land in Colorado. Mr. Eaton's letter, which gives the amount required in detail, and which, besides, contains a great deal of valuable information, may be found in a pamphlet entitled "Farm Lands in Colorado," published by the Colorado Company, of which Mr. Barclay, M.P. for Forfarshire, is chairman. Mr. Eaton calculates that a man with a wife and two children will require £326 to support himself and family, and bring a farm of eighty acres, which is about as much as a man with a pair of horses can till, into cultivation. If we add £45 for the cost of the journey out, we have a sum of £371 as the amount which is required to support the family, and meet the necessary outgoings of the farm until the first crop has been reaped and marketed. In the case of a man who enters on a homestead we have to deduct £43, which Mr. Eaton puts down as the first installment of the purchase money, because the homesteader has nothing to pay for the land, and we thus get £329, or say, including the cost of survey, £335 as the amount required. The man who enters on a homestead with this sum in his possession ought, if this estimate is correct, to be free from debt and able to invest the proceeds of his crop, beyond what he may require for the support of himself and family, in any way that may seem best to him. But there are some drawbacks. In order to get a homestead a man must now go very far west. He will in all probability not be very favorably situated as regards access to

* The above is about the cost of the journey to Denver; to Western Minnesota it will be somewhat less.

markets, and consequently the prices he will obtain will be low. For the same reason he may probably have difficulty in procuring many comforts that he has come to look upon almost as necessities of life, and he may have to pay very high prices for them. In the Northwestern States the winters are very long, the cold is intense, and the winds are piercing. Lastly, even in the remote Northwest, great part of the best lands has been taken up already. When I was returning from San Francisco to New York, I met a man who told me that he had gone into the territory of Dakotah to look for land, and that there was no good land to be had, except by purchase, within five hundred miles of Bismarck, which is the furthest point to which the Northern Pacific railroad has yet been extended, and which is some 1,200 miles northwest of Chicago. On the other hand, the emigrant who purchases can choose his own location, and the payment is generally made easy to him by being spread over a term of years.

Hitherto I have been referring to those who intend to till their farms themselves. I now come to the class who are possessed of more capital, and who would desire to obtain land in larger quantities. If the settler's capital is large enough, I think it is better to buy not less than a section, i. e. a square mile, or 640 acres. A smaller lot costs more to fence in proportion to its size. Land can be purchased from the railway companies to whom the government has made grants, or from parties who have acquired land from them. In Western Oregon improved farms, that is, farms with a house and some fences on them, may be purchased at from £5 to £8 an acre if near a railroad. Unimproved and uncleared lands can be had at all prices down to \$2.50 an acre. The land in the valley is open prairie; on the rolling ground at the foot of the hills a good deal of it is covered with oak scrub. The cost of clearing is said to vary from \$5 to \$15 per acre. The average yield is reckoned at about 20 bushels an acre, and it is said the crop can almost always be depended upon. The

whole of Western Oregon is within comparatively easy reach of Portland, whence the grain is shipped. The valley is drained by the Willamette river, which is navigable for a great part of the course; there are also two railroads, and another in course of being constructed. Land at some little distance from the existing railroads can be purchased, I believe, for about £5 an acre. The settler in Western Oregon has the great advantage of an abundant and cheap supply of timber. The sides of the mountains and the edges of the streams are covered with splendid firs, some of them 200 feet high. When I was going over the proposed line of the Oregonian railway, I came across a splendid fir tree which was being burned down by means of a live coal put into the heart of it. I asked to have it measured, and found it squared seven and one-half feet. They told me that there was not enough timber in the strip where this tree stood to make it worth while to put up a sawmill, and that the cheapest mode of getting the tree out of the way was to burn it.

In Eastern Oregon land may be bought of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company for \$2.60, or about 12s, an acre. In some seasons this land is said to be very productive, yielding as much as forty bushels of wheat per acre, but the country is sometimes subject to droughts, water is scarce in some places, and there is a deficiency of timber. The rates to Portland are very high, but this will probably be remedied in time by the construction of a new line of railroad, and I think there can be no doubt that those who purchase land at present prices will find their property rise considerably in value in the course of the next few years.

The only other State as to which I can speak from personal knowledge is Colorado. Good land can be bought there at present for about \$10, or a little over £2 an acre. The right to take water for irrigation from one of the canals costs about £1 an acre. Land in Colorado, from the extreme dryness of the climate, is of little use unless it is either irrigated artifi-

cially or flooded in winter by a stream. A section of good land with the necessary water rights will cost about £2,000. The price may be spread over a term of years, but the rate of interest in Colorado is high, not less than 10 per cent on farming lands, so that those who possess the requisite amount of capital will probably prefer to pay the money down. Mr. Barclay puts the cost of bringing the land into cultivation, not including interest on the purchase money, and charging contract prices for the work done, at about £2 per acre for the first year, so that the whole outlay on 640 acres, including the purchase money, will be about £3,300. To this estimate of Mr. Barclay's, I think, some other items should be added, as, for example, from £80 to £100 for a house and the cost of fencing, which, for 640 acres, should probably be about £200. But with a capital of something less than £4,000 a man ought to be able to make a very good start on a farm of 640 acres. As regards the question whether a settler had better locate himself in Oregon or in Colorado, or in one of the Northwestern States, perhaps I shall best answer it, so far as my opinion is worth anything, by stating what I have done myself. After having traversed the United States from New York to Puget Sound, and having obtained the best information which I could procure, I have purchased land in Colorado for a near relation of my own, who intends to go out as a settler. My reasons are, (1) The yield on irrigated land is larger than either in Western Oregon or the Northwestern States, (2) Prices of agricultural produce are higher. Mr. Barclay and Mr. Eaton both concur in stating that after the first year twenty-five bushels of wheat an acre may fairly be looked for on irrigated land in Colorado. In Western Oregon the average yield is put at twenty bushels an acre. In the Northwestern States it is a good deal less. Sixteen bushels an acre is looked upon as a large crop in Minnesota, one of the large wheat-growing States. In Iowa it is less. In Dakota twenty-five and sometimes even twenty-eight bushels are raised, but these cases are exceptional,

and are found on the monster farms, where the cultivation of wheat is brought to a great perfection. From the best information I can obtain, the average production of Dakotah does not much exceed fifteen or sixteen bushels. Then as to prices. When I was in Portland, wheat was selling for eighty-seven cents a bushel. In Denver the price was at one time \$1.20, and it has not, I believe, been below \$1.10 this year. When we look at the prices in the Northwestern States, the difference is even greater. In Western Minnesota and Dakotah seventy-five cents a bushel is considered a good price for wheat. Without going into the elaborate calculations, I think any one who will work the figures out for himself will see that it will pay better to give \$15 an acre for land that will grow twenty-five bushels, which will fetch \$1.10 a bushel, than to give \$5 an acre for land that will grow sixteen bushels, with the probability that the price may fall much lower. In each case the price of the land will be paid off in about the same time, but when that has been done, the owner of the higher priced and more fertile land will be in possession of a much more remunerative property. But are the high prices of agricultural produce in Colorado likely to continue? I think so. Prices there do not depend on the European markets. There is a large local demand from the mining camps, considerably larger than the State itself can supply.

Then the quantity of land which can be profitably brought under tillage is restricted by the amount of water which can be utilized for irrigation, and in the more settled parts of the State there will soon be very few streams remaining which are available for that purpose. As regards a possible fall in price in consequence of importations from other parts of the United States, the Colorado farmer has a very considerable natural protection, by reason of the great distance over which agricultural produce has to be carried. Take the article of hay, for instance, which is in great demand. Large quantities of hay are brought into Colorado from Kansas City, a distance

of over six hundred miles. The freight from Kansas City is \$10 or a little over £2 a ton, which of itself is considered a very good price in most parts of the United States. Great part of Western Kansas is almost a desert on account of the want of rain and the dearth of water. And though in time freights from Kansas City may be somewhat reduced by the construction of competing lines, the distance can never be much shortened, inasmuch as the Kansas Pacific runs almost in a straight line from Kansas City to Denver.

Other articles of agricultural produce are also high in price. When I was last in Denver potatoes were selling at £8 a ton, whereas we consider £4 a very good price in this country. No doubt the prices both of hay and potatoes were somewhat exceptional last year, as the season had been dry and the crop therefore short. Still I understand that these articles always fetch a high price as compared with what can be obtained for them in most other parts of the United States. There are, too, great developments projected in the shape of railroads connecting with the Colorado lines, and passing through Arizona and New Mexico to ports on the Pacific. I think there can be no doubt that the construction of these lines will tend to stimulate the growth of Denver and of other towns in Colorado. I believe that any one who purchases land judiciously in Colorado at the present time will not only receive a very handsome return for his investment, but that the capital value of his property will be very largely enhanced in the course of the next few years. The climate of Colorado is dry and bracing, owing to the circumstance that even the less elevated part of the State on which the town of Denver stands is some 5,000 feet above the sea. It is never oppressively hot. In winter the temperature is sometimes very low; towards the end of last November the thermometer fell to 20 degrees below zero. But the piercing winds which in winter sweep over the prairies of Iowa and Minnesota seldom prevail in Colorado. Neither is the settler in Colorado liable to suf-

fer from ague, a complaint which sometimes attacks the inhabitants of that part of Western Oregon which may be described as the valley of the Willamette river. Indeed, invalids from many parts of the United States now resort to Colorado in search of purer air than they can find at home. By way of illustrating the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere a story is told of an enthusiastic tourist who started from Denver, hoping to reach the top of Pike's Peak, the highest mountain in sight, and return next day. The base of the mountain is more than seventy-five miles from Denver, and the summit more than 13,000 feet above the sea, or 8,000 feet above the level of the town. I should not myself have estimated the distance to Pike's Peak from Denver at much more than twenty miles.

From an agricultural point of view Colorado has one drawback. Owing to the absence of great heat in summer it is not possible to grow large crops of Indian corn as is done in many parts of the United States. Corn is grown, but the yield is so small that I doubt whether it is a profitable crop. In respect of other hindrances to successful farming, the Colorado beetle, as Mr. Barclay stated in an article which appeared about a year ago in the Fortnightly Review, has never been seen in Colorado.

Grasshoppers did a good deal of damage at one time, but I understand that they have not made their appearance of late years, and the farmers now say they are not much afraid of them, even if they should come, both because the area under crop being considerably larger than it was a few years ago, the damage done would be spread over a wider surface and therefore less felt, and also because they think they could find means of destroying them.

To any one who is fond of sport Colorado offers great attractions. The mountain lakes are full of trout, and the marshy lands swarm with ducks. Deer and both brown and grizzly bears are to be found in the mountains.

I have as yet referred only to those emigrants who desire to settle on arable lands. But it is well known that the breeding and rearing of cattle has attained large proportions in the United States. The profits of this business are not what they were, though they are still large. I have been told that a few years ago it was not uncommon for a cattle breeder to clear 80 or even 100 per cent on his capital. But the profitable nature of the trade has induced large numbers of persons to engage in it with the usual and indeed inevitable result, that there has been a fall in profits. Still, I believe that with good management from 25 to 30 per cent can still be obtained on the money invested. The business of cattle breeding in this country requires considerably more capital than arable farming, and this is the case also in the United States. I believe the smallest number with which it is worth while to start is about 1,000 head of cattle. A mixed herd—that is, a herd of cows and calves, yearlings, two-year-olds and three-year-olds of this number—if composed, as is usually the case, partly of Texan and partly of what are called graded cattle—Texan or Colorados crossed with shorthorns or Hereford bulls—will cost about £3,000. It takes three men to look after 1,000 cattle, and each of these men will receive about £75 a year with his board. Then each man requires several horses or ponies. No ‘cowboy’ ever thinks of walking; if he were to make his appearance on foot among the cattle, they would either charge him or there would be a general stampede. I do not think it would be prudent for any one to go into the cattle business without a capital of some £4,000. And the larger capitalists have a considerable advantage, because a large herd can be much more economically worked than a small one. The reason is that the number of men who have to be employed in looking after the cattle does not require to be increased in the same ratio as the herd. It takes three men to look after 1,000 cattle, but five men can look after 2,000, and a herd of 20,000 cattle can be worked much more econom-

ically than one of 2,000. I do not think that Colorado is a good place for the small capitalist, the man with £4,000 or £5,000, to enter upon the cattle business. I was told that what was called the free ranches, the lands, that is, on which any one may turn out his cattle, were all overstocked; and that in consequence the cattle on them did not thrive or fatten as they used to do.

The really good ranches are virtually in the hands of a few owners. In theory it is open to any one to turn out his cattle on the plains, but the water frontages have been bought up and fenced off, and as the land is of no use without water for the cattle to drink, the man who owns the water frontage also practically owns the pasturage adjoining it; so that if any one now wishes to go in for cattle in Colorado, he must begin by buying out some one who owns a water frontage.

But there is still abundance of land in the United States over which a man may ~~run~~ ^{range} his cattle free of charge. In Texas there are immense masses of fine pasture land as yet unoccupied. I should not, however, from what I have heard of the country, advise any one to go to Texas. The people in many parts of the State are very wild and lawless, and settlers in the southern part, near the Rio Grande, are exposed to the depredations of the Mexicans who come across the frontier and carry off cattle. Then Texas is very unhealthy for the better class of cattle. Cattle of improved breeds, if brought into Texas after they are twelve months old, succumb to the climate, and it is only by bringing them in very young that it is possible to acclimatize them. As for the native Texan cattle, they are the type of all that a beef-producing animal should not be, they have narrow chests, long legs, and backs like razors. I never handled one, but they look as if they had very hard hair and skins. Their beef is hard and stringy, and fetches the lowest price in the American market.

In the Territory of Wyoming there is still grazing land to be had free, and in Dakotah and Montana there are large tracts

still open. The ranchman has many hardships to bear. In summer he has to follow his cattle under a burning sun. In winter he has often to camp out in the snow. He has to be absent for long periods of time from civilized society, he has to live on hard fare, and often to dispense with many comforts which we have come to look on as necessities of life. He sometimes suffers heavy losses from dry summers and severe winters. Still, to many men, the free life in the open air has a quiet charm. I hardly think, however, that a settler, going out from this country, would act wisely in at once entering on the cattle business. It is a business which has to be learned like any other, and I think a young man going to the United States would do well to wait a year or two before he starts a herd of his own. This business is not like that of arable farming. Many men go out from this country to the United States who know very little of farming, and who after a time get on very well. They may make mistakes at first, but they come right at last. But then the land is always there to fall back on. But if a man invests his money in a herd of cattle, and mismanages them, he may lose not his income only, but his capital, or a great part of it. Sheep-breeding is practiced on a larger scale in Eastern Oregon and California, and in Montana, New Mexico, and Texas. The profits are large, but the risks are considered to be greater than in the case of cattle. Sheep require more attention than cattle. They are subject to scab and other infectious diseases to which cattle are not liable; and it is more difficult to bring them through a severe winter. In some of the ranges of Colorado there is a poisonous grass which kills sheep. Cattle either do not eat it or do not suffer from it. A considerable number of lambs are destroyed every year by the prairie wolves. As in this country, cattle and sheep do not thrive on the same pastures. The sheep eat out the best grasses, and leave nothing for the cattle but the coarser herbage. As a natural consequence, the men who turn out sheep on the free ranges are very unpopular with the

breeders of cattle. It does not appear that much attention has as yet been paid in the United States to the improvement of the breed of sheep. At the great cattle show held at Chicago in November last, the sheep from Canada, both Merinos and Cotswolds, were very superior to any that were exhibited by the flockmasters of the United States.

And now let me express a hope that none of those who may read this paper will be tempted to invest their means in this or that State, on the strength of what they may have read, without first making full inquiry for themselves. I should be sorry to have such a responsibility put upon me. And let me put in a word by way of caution to those who may be tempted by the offers of land in America on the part of the various companies which sometimes appear in the newspapers here. We may depend upon it these offers are not made out of pure benevolence, and that the vendor does not fail to put a very handsome bonus in his pocket. I will give an instance of the large profits which these middlemen sometimes expect. Some time since a company, with which I am connected, was offered a tract of land in Texas for 60 cents, or about half a crown an acre, by an American. We had sent out to the United States a gentleman from this country in whom we had confidence, with instructions to examine the lands which were offered for sale and to report on them. He informed us that the parties who were in possession of the Texas land grant offered the land at 40 cents, so that if we had closed with the offer of the American land speculator, he would have pocketed a commission of 50 per cent. As it happened, we did not purchase the land, but if we had bought it direct from the owners, the difference between the price which we should have given them and that which would have been received by the land speculator, would have more than covered the remuneration and expenses of the gentleman whom we sent out to report, though he was several months in America, and traveled many thousand miles. If any consid-

erable number of persons should think of trying their fortunes in the United States I think they could not do better than follow the example of the farmers in the south of Scotland. Some two years ago they clubbed together and sent out some of their number to examine the country and report upon it. Any one who may go out with the view of obtaining information, either for himself or his friends, will find many of his countrymen either settled in the States and in Canada, or residing there temporarily, who will be ready to give him all the assistance in their power. And in every part of North America I believe that English and Scotch settlers are very popular ; there is no jealousy of them, but they are welcomed as men who are likely to make good citizens, and to develop the resources of the country.

AIRLIE.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since the above paper was written, the contract between the Canadian government and the syndicate which has been formed for constructing the Canadian Pacific Railway has been laid before the Dominion parliament. If I am rightly informed as to the terms of that contract, no maximum rates for freight are to be imposed on the railway company, but they are to be allowed to charge as much as they can get ; and, further, the construction of any line that might compete with the Canadian Pacific is to be prohibited for a period of twenty years.

It may be that the political necessity for constructing the Canadian Pacific railroad is so great that the Canadian government has had no choice but to accept these onerous terms. But I am afraid that they will militate very much against the rapid settlement of the country. It is clear that settlers in North-western Canada, who are dependent on a railroad which has such an unqualified monopoly conferred on it, will be placed at a great disadvantage as compared with their neighbors in the United States, where any one can obtain a charter for a railroad if he can find the capital required to build it.

The EARL OF AIRLIE, in The Nineteenth Century.

ON NOVELS AND NOVEL-MAKERS.

BY AN OLD NOVELIST.

"Set a thief to catch a thief." Well—even so! And "Honor among thieves"—you may always find the proverb and counter-proverb—is an equally noble sentiment. I am not going to lay bare the secrets of the prison-house.

Still, may not the ancient gladiator be allowed to haunt his former arena, to examine and criticise the combatants, to watch with interest the various "throws"? And the old vocalist, who has quietly dropped, let us hope in good time, into the teacher of singing—is it unnatural that he should sometimes like to frequent the stalls, and make his own comments on his brethren still before the foot-lights? For he loves his art as much as ever; he understands its secrets perhaps better than ever—only—— But peace! Is he not an aged gladiator—a tired singer? Happy for him if he is wise enough to recognize this fact and act upon it.

Yes—there comes a time when we authors must accept the truth, that it is better for us, as well as our books, to be "shelved." We ought never to write at all unless we have something to say, and there are few things sadder than to see a writer, to whom the world has listened, and listened with pleasure, go on feebly repeating himself, sinking from originality into mediocrity, and then into the merest commonplace. "Stop in time," is the wisest advice that can be given to all who live by their brains. These brains—even if the strongest—will only last a certain time, and do a certain quantity of work—really good work. Alas! for those authors who have to live upon their reputation after their powers are gone.

But though the impulse of genius melts away, and even talent can be worn out in time, there is one thing which, among much lost, is assuredly gained, and that is experience. The quickness to detect faults won through fighting with our

own, and the knowledge how to rectify these errors when found, are advantages we possess still, and should not lightly underrate. Therefore, if after having written novels for more than a quarter of a century, I have lately tried reading them, I may be allowed a few words I trust none which of my co-mates will misconstrue, nor their readers, and mine, misapprehend?

Novel-making—I use the word designedly, for it is a mistake to suppose that a novel makes itself—is not an impulse, but an art. The poet may be “born, not made;” but the novelist must make himself one, just as much as any carpenter or bricklayer. You cannot build a house at random or without having learned the bricklayer’s trade, and by no possibility can you construct a three-volume story, which shall be a real, enduring work of art, without having attained that mechanical skill which is as necessary to genius as the furnace to the ore and the lapidary’s tool to the diamond. And since most long-experienced workmen are supposed to know something of their tools, and the way to use them, as well as to be tolerable judges of the raw material in which they have worked all their days, I do not apologize for writing this paper. It may be useful to some of those enthusiastic young people who think—as a fashionable lady once said to me—“Oh, how charming it must be to write a novel! Couldn’t you teach me?” No; I was afraid not. And though work is genius—as some one has said, and not quite without truth—I could not advise my young friend to try.

Novel—the word, coming from the Italian *novella*, implies something new: a *rifacciamento*, or re-making, in an imaginative shape, of the eternally old elements of moral life, joy and sorrow, fortune and misfortune, love and death. Also, virtue and vice; though whether the novel should illustrate any special moral, is a much-debated question.

Apparently, beyond some vague notions of virtue rewarded and vice punished, the old romancists did not consider

"moral" necessary. There is certainly no "purpose" in the Arabian Night's Entertainments, or the Decameron of Boccaccio; nor very much in Sir Charles Grandison. Probably less than none in Tom Jones; and others of the same age and class. Even the author of Waverley, the Shakespeare, of novelists, only teaches us, as Shakespeare does, by implication. It has been left to modern writers to convert the novel into a sort of working steam-engine, usable for all purposes; to express through their pet theories of religion or morality, their opinions on social wrongs and remedies, and their views on æsthetic and philosophical subjects. From the art of cookery up—or down—to the law of divorce, anybody who thinks he has anything to say, says it in three volumes, mashed up, like hard potatoes, in the milk and butter of fiction.

A portion, however, of our modern novel-writers repudiate the idea of having any moral purpose whatever; and, truly, few of their readers can accuse them of it. Amusement pure and simple—not always either simple or pure, but always amusement—is their sole aim. They—that is the cleverest of them—are satisfied to cut a bit at random out of the wonderful web of life, and present it to you just as it is, wishing you to accept it as such, without investigating it too closely, or pausing to consider whether the pattern is complete, what the mode and reason of the wearing, and whether you only see a part or the whole. That there is a whole—that life is not chance-work, but a great design, with the hands of the Divine Artificer working behind it all—so seldom comes into their calculations that they do not expect it to come into yours. Therefore, with a daring and sometimes almost blasphemous ingenuity, they put themselves to play Providence, to set up their puppets and knock them down, and make them between whiles "play such fantastic tricks before high heaven," that one feels heaven's commonest law of right and wrong would to them be, to say the least, extremely inconvenient.

But to return. Certainly—whatever my fashionable young friend might think—no one can be taught to write novels. But to suppose that novel-writing comes by accident or impulse—that the author has only to sit with his pen in his hand and his eyes on the ceiling, waiting for the happy moment of inspiration, is an equal mistake.

To make a novel—that is, to construct out of the ever-changing kaleidoscope of human fate a picture of life which shall impress people as being life-like, and stand out to its own and possibly an after generation, as such—this is a task that cannot be accomplished without genius, but which genius, unaided by mechanical skill, generally fails to accomplish thoroughly. Much of what is required comes not by intuition but experience. “How do you write a novel?” has been asked me hundreds of times; and as half the world now writes novels, expecting the other half to read them, my answer given in plain print, may not be quite useless. The shoemaker, who in his time has fitted a good many feet, need not hesitate to explain his mode of measuring, how he cuts and sews his leather, and so on. He can give a hint or two on the workmanship; the materials are beyond his power.

What other novelists do I know not, but this has been my own way—*ab ovo*. For, I contend, all stories that are meant to live must contain the germ of life, the egg, the vital principle. A novel, “with a purpose” may be intolerable, but a novel without a purpose is more intolerable still—as feeble and flaccid as a man without a back bone. Therefore the first thing is to fix on a central idea, like the spine of a human being or the trunk of a tree. Yet as nature never leaves either bare, but clothes them with muscle and flesh, branches and foliage, so this leading idea of his book will be by the true author so successfully disguised or covered as not to obtrude itself objectionably; indeed, the ordinary reader might not even to suspect its existence. Yet from it, this ^{and} the principal idea, proceed all after-growths: the kind of plo-

which shall best develop it, the characters which must act it out, the incidents which will express these characters, even to the conversations which evolve and describe these incidents, all are sequences, following one another in natural order, even as from the seed-germ result successively the trunk, limbs, branches, twigs, and leafage of a tree.

This, if I have put my meaning clearly, shows that a conscientiously written novel is by no means a piece of impulsive, accidental scribbling, but a deliberate work of art: that though in one sense it is also a work of nature, since every part ought to result from and be kept subservient to the whole, still, in another, the novel is the last thing that ought to be allowed to say of itself, like Topsy, "Spects I growed."

Not even as to the mere writing of it. Style or composition, though to some it comes naturally, does not come to all. When I was young an older and more experienced writer once said to me, "Never use two adjectives where one will do, never use an adjective at all where a noun will do. Avoid italics, notes of exclamation, foreign words and quotations. Put full stops instead of colons; make your sentences as short and clear as you possibly can, and whenever you think you have written a particularly fine sentence, cut it out."

More valuable advice could not be given to any young author. It strikes at the root of that slipshod literature of which we find so much nowadays, even in writers of genius. To these latter indeed it is a greater temptation; their rapid, easy pen runs on as the fancy strikes, and they do not pause to consider that in a novel, as in a picture, breadth is indispensable. Every part should be made subservient to the whole. You must have a foreground and background and a middle distance. If you persist in working up one character, or finishing up minutely one incident, your perspective will be destroyed, and your book become a mere collection of fragments, not a work of art at all. The true artist will always be ready to sacrifice any pet detail to the perfection of the whole.

Sometimes, I allow, this is hard. One gets interested—novel-writers only know how interested!—in some particular character or portion of the plot, and is tempted to work out these to the injury of the rest. Then there usually comes a flat time, say about the second volume, when the first impetus has subsided, and the excitement of the denouement has not yet come, yet the story must be spun on somehow, if only to get to something more exciting. This may account for the fact that so many second volumes are rather dull. But a worse failure is when vol. iii. dwindles down, the interest slowly diminishing, to nothing. Or else the story is all huddled up, everybody married or killed somehow—not as we novelists try to do it, “comfortably”—but in a hasty, unsatisfactory manner, which makes readers wonder why the end is so unworthy of the beginning.

Either mistake is fatal, and both commonly proceed from carelessness, or from the lack of that quality, without which no good work is possible, the infinite capacity of taking trouble. “Look at my MS.,” said a voluminous writer once to me; “there is hardly a single correction in it, and this is my first draft. I never copy and I rarely alter a line.” It would have been uncivil to say so, but I could not help thinking that both author and public would have been none the worse if my friend had altered a good many lines, and re-copied not a few pages!

While on the question of MSS., let me say one practical word. Authors are apt to think that any sort of “copy” is good enough for the press. Quite the contrary. An untidy, useless, illegible MS. is an offense to the publisher, dangerous irritation to his “reader,” and to the printer an absolute cruelty. Also, many proof corrections often made so wantonly, and costing so much trouble and money, are severely to be condemned. Doubtless the genus irritabile has its wrongs, from hard-headed and often hard-hearted men of business, but volumes might be written about the worry, the loss, the

actual torment that inaccurate, irregular, impectunious and extravagant authors are to that much-enduring and necessarily silent class—their publishers.

An accusation is often made against us novelists, that we paint our characters, especially our ridiculous or unpleasant characters, from life. Doubtless many second-rate writers do this—thereby catching the ill-natured class of readers, which always enjoys seeing its neighbor “shown up.” But a really good novelist would scorn to attain popularity by such mean devices. Besides, any artist knows that to paint exactly from life is so difficult as to be almost impossible. Study from life he must—copying suitable heads, arms, or legs, and appropriating bits of character, personal or mental idiosyncrasies, making use of the real to perfect the ideal. But the ideal, his own, should be behind and beyond it all. The nature to which he holds up the mirror should be abstract, not individual; and he must be a poor creator who can only make his book by gibbeting therein real people, like kites and owls on a barn-door, for the amusement and warning of society.

We authors cannot but smile when asked if such-and-such a character is “drawn from life,” and especially when ingenious critics fancy they have identified certain persons, places, or incidents—almost always falsely. Of course, we go about the world with our eyes open—but what we see and how we use it, is known only to ourselves. Our sitters are never aware they are being painted, and rarely, if ever, recognize their own likenesses. Whether or not it may be allowable to hold up to public obloquy a bad or contemptible character, I suppose it would be fair to describe a perfect character—if we could find it! which is not too probable. For me I can only say that during all the years I have studied humanity, I never met one human being who could have been “put in a book,” as a whole, without injuring it. The only time I ever attempted (by request) to make a study from nature—absolutely literal—all the reviewers cried out, to my extreme amusement, “This character is altogether unnatural.”

Hitherto I have considered the novel simply as a literary achievement—a book “clever,” “interesting,”—above all, a book “that will sell.” But there is a higher and deeper view of it, which no writer can escape, and no conscientious writer would ever wish to escape. If we, poor finite mortals, begin telling stories, we take into our feeble hands the complicated machinery of life, of which none can understand the whole, and very few even the smallest bit; we work it out after our own fancy, moral or no moral; we invent our own puppets and put them through their marionnette-like antics, in imitation of the great drama which a mysterious Hand is for ever playing with us human beings—and sometimes we think we can do it quite as well, if we had the chance! But do we ever consider that in making up from imagination a picture of reality, we are, in rather a dangerous way, mimicking Providence? much as children do with their dolls when they make them go to school, or be put to bed, or have the measles: imitating ordinary child-life, so far as they understand it, in their innocent way. But our ways are not always innocent, and our wisdom is sometimes less than a child’s. A bad novel, which does not “justify the ways of God to men”—as Milton vainly tried to do in *Paradise Lost*—but leaves behind it the impression that the world is all out of joint, that there is no difference between right and wrong, and nothing in life worth living for—such a novel does more harm than a dozen atheistical books, or a hundred dull, narrow-minded sermons. Poison, taken as such, may find an antidote; there is no defense against it when administered in the form of food.

That the novel, not only in its literary but moral form, is an engine of enormous power, no one could doubt who had the reading of the letters received, say in a single year, or even a single month, by any tolerably well-known author, from all parts of the world, and from total strangers of every age, class, and degree. Not merely the everlasting autograph beggars, or the eulogists, generally conceited egotists, who enjoy

the vanity of corresponding with celebrated folk, but the honest, well-meaning, and often most touching letter-writers, who pour out their simple hearts to the unknown friend who has exercised so strong an influence over their lives. To this friend they appeal not only for sympathy but advice—often of the most extraordinary kind—on love affairs, the education of children, business or domestic difficulties, impulses of gratitude, revelations of perplexing secrets, outcries of intolerable pain, coming sometimes from the very ends of the earth, in a mixture of tragedy and comedy, to the silent recipient of these strange phases of human life—stranger than anything he or she has ever dared to put into any novel. Yet so it is; and any conscientious author can but stand mute and trembling in face of the awful responsibility which follows every written line.

This, even of the ordinarily good books—but what of the bad ones?

I believe a thoroughly “bad” book, as we of the last generation used to style such—bad either for coarseness of style, as “*Tristram Shandy*,” or laxity of morals, like “*Don Juan*”—does infinitely less harm than many modern novels which we lay on our drawing-room tables, and let our young daughters read *ad infinitum*, or *ad nauseam*; novels, chiefly, I grieve to say, written by women, who, either out of pure ignorance, or a boastful morbid pleasure in meddling with forbidden topics, often write things that men would be ashamed to write.

Absolute wickedness, crime represented as crime, and licentiousness put forward as licentiousness, is far less dangerous to the young and naturally pure mind than that charming sentimental dallying with sin, which makes it appear so piteous, so interesting, so beautiful. Nay, without even entering upon the merits of the favorite modern style of fiction—in which love to be attractive must necessarily be unlawful—there is a style of novel in which right and wrong are mud-

dled up together into a sort of neutral tint, the author, and consequently the reader, taking no trouble to distinguish between them. The characters are made interesting, not by their virtues but their faults; a good woman worships a bad man, and vice versa. Now this may be true in real life, though I doubt; but to present it in fiction, to make a really noble woman the abject willing slave of a contemptible brute not worthy to tie her shoes, or an honorable man doing all sorts of erring things for the sake of a feeble or vile woman, whom her own sex, and the best of the other, would heartily despise—the effect of such a picture as this is to confuse all one's notions of good and bad, and produce a blurred and blotted vision of life, which, to those just beginning life, is either infinitely sad or infinitely harmful. Besides, it is not true. Time brings its revenges; and if there is one certainty in life, it is the certainty of retribution—ay, even in this life: and alas! down to the third and fourth generation—a creed, by the young doubted or despised, but which the old, whether optimists or pessimists, know to be only too true.

There is another favorite subject of modern fiction: a man or woman married hastily or unhappily, and meeting afterwards some “elective affinity,” the right man or woman, or apparently such. No doubt this is a terrible position, pathetic, tragic, which may happen to the most guiltless persons, and does happen, perhaps, oftener than any one knows. Novelists seize upon it as a dramatic position, and paint it in such glowing, tender, and pathetic colors that, absorbed in the pity of the thing, one quite forgets its sin. The hapless lovers rouse our deepest sympathy; we follow them to the very verge of crime, almost regretting that it is called crime, and when the obnoxious husband or wife dies, and the lovers are dismissed to happiness—as is usually done—we feel quite relieved and comfortable!

Now, surely this is immoral, as immoral as the coarsest sentence Shakespeare ever penned, or the most passionate

picture that Shelley or Byron ever drew. Nay, more so, for these are only nature—vicious, undisguised, but natural still, and making no pretense of virtue; but your sentimentalist assumes a virtue, and expects sympathy for his immorality, which is none the less immoral because, God knows, it is a delineation often only too true, and perhaps only too deserving of pity—His pity, who can see into the soul of man. Many a condemned thief and hanged murderer may have done the deed under most piteous and extenuating circumstances; but theft still remains theft, and murder murder. And—let us not mince words—though modern taste may enwrap it in ever such pathetic, heroic, and picturesque form, adultery is still adultery. Never do our really great authors—our Shakespeares, our Scotts, our Thackerays, our George Eliots—deny this, or leave us in the slightest doubt between virtue and vice. It is the mild sentimentalists who, however they may resent being classed with the “fast” authors—alas! too often authoresses—of modern fiction, are equally immoral; because they hold the balance of virtue and vice with so feeble and uncertain a hand, as to leave both utterly confused, in the writer's opinion and the reader's mind.

But, putting aside the question of morality, there is another well deserving the consideration of novelists, viz., whether the subjects they choose are within the fair limits of art? Legitimate comedy ought to be based on humor and wit, free from coarseness and vulgarity; and in true tragedy the terrible becomes the heroic by the elimination of every element which is merely horrible or disgusting. In the dying martyr we ought to see, not the streaming blood or the shriveling of the burnt flesh, but the gaze of ecstatic faith into an opened heaven; and the noblest battle ever represented is misrepresented when the artist chooses scenes fit only for a hospital operating-table or a butcher's shambles.

I cannot but think that certain modern novels, despite their extreme cleverness, deal with topics beyond the legitimate

province of fiction. Vivid descriptions of hangings, of prison-whippings, of tortures inflicted on sane persons in lunatic asylums, are not fit subjects for art; at least, the art which can choose them and dilate upon them is scarcely of a healthy kind, or likely to conduce to the moral health of the reader.

The answer to this objection is, that such things are; therefore why not write about them? So must medical and surgical books be written; so must the most loathsome details of crime and misery be investigated by statesmen and political economists. But all these are professional studies which, however painful, require to be gone through. No one would ever enter into them as a matter of mere amusement. Besides, as is almost inevitable in a novel "with a purpose" or one in which the chief interest centers in some ghastly phase of humanity, there is generally a certain amount of, perhaps involuntary, exaggeration, against which the calm, judicial mind instinctively rebels. "Two sides to every subject; I should rather like to hear the other side."

Without holding the unwise creed that ignorance is innocence, and that immunity from painful sensations induces strength of character, I still maintain that these are topics which are best kept in shadow, especially from the young. We sometimes admit to our public galleries—though I question if we should—the magnificently painted but gross pictures of a few old masters, and the realistic horrors upon which a certain French school has made its fame. But few of us would choose a Potiphar's wife or a newly-guillotined Charlotte Corday for the adornment of the domestic hearth. Such subjects, though manipulated by the most delicate and yet the firmest hand, are apt, either in art or literature, to do more harm than the moral drawn from them is likely to do good.

Of course, the case may be argued pretty strongly from the other side. Life is not all "roses and lilies and daffydown-dillies," therefore why should fiction represent it as such?

Men and women are not angels, and bad people are often much more "interesting" than good people in real life: why should we not make them so in novels?

I answer, simply because it is we who make them—we short-sighted mortals, who take upon us to paint life, and can only do so as far as our feeble vision allows us to see it; which in some of us is scarcely an inch beyond our own nose. Only a few—but these are always the truly great—can see with larger eyes, and reproduce what they see with a calm, steady, and almost always kindly hand, which seems like the hand of Providence, because its work is done with a belief in Providence—in those "mysterious ways" by which, soon or late, everything—and everybody—finds its own level; virtue its reward, and vice its retribution. To judge authors solely by their works is not always fair, because most people put their best selves into their books, which are the cream of their life, and the residuum may be but skimmed milk for daily use. But, in the department of fiction at least, the individual character gives its stamp to every page. Not all good novelists may be ideal men and women, but I doubt much if any really immoral man, or irreligious woman, ever made a good novelist.

I wish not to malign my brethren. Most of them do their best, and I think we may fairly decline to believe such stories as that of the "popular authoress" who, having starved as a moral, prosy, and altogether unpopular authoress for several seasons, was advised to try "spicy" writing, and now makes her thousands a year. And even after weeding from our ranks the "fast," the sentimental, the ghastly, the feeble and prosy, the clap-trap and altogether silly school, there still remains a good number of moderately clever and moderately wholesome writers of fiction, who redeem our literature from disgrace, or could do so if they chose—if they could be made to feel themselves responsible, not to man only, but to God. "For every idle word that men shall say"—(how much more write?)—"they shall answer in the day of judgment."

To us, who are old enough to have read pretty thoroughly the book of human life it matters little what we read in mere novels, which are at best a poor imaginary imitation of what we have studied as a solemn reality; but to the young it matters a great deal. Impressions are made, lessons taught, and influences given, which, whether for good or for evil, nothing can afterwards efface. The parental yearning, which only parents can understand, is to save our children from all we can—alas, how little! They must enter upon the battle of life; the utmost we can do is to give them their armor and show them how to fight. But what wise father or mother would thrust them, unarmed, into a premature conflict, putting into their pure minds sinful thoughts that had never been there before, and sickening their tender hearts by needless horrors which should only be faced by those who deal with evil for the express purpose of amending it? Truly, there are certain novels which I have lately read, which I would no more think of leaving about on my drawing-room table, than I would take my son to a casino in order to teach him morals, or make my daughter compassionate-hearted by sending her to see a Spanish bull-fight.

Finally, as an example in proof of many, almost all, the arguments and theories here advanced, I would advise any one who has gone through a course of modern fiction, to go through another, considered a little out of date, except by the old, and, I am glad to say, the very young. Nothing shows more clearly the taste of the uncorrupted healthy palate for wholesome food, than the eagerness with which almost all children, or children passing into young people, from thirteen and upwards, devour the *Waverley* novels. A dozen pages, taken at random this moment from a volume which a youthful reader, I might say gormandizer, has just laid down, will instance what I mean.

It is the story of Nancy Ewart, told by himself to Alan Fairford, on board the *Jumping Jenny*, in "*Redgauntlet*." Herein

the author touches deepest tragedy, blackest crime, and sharpest pathos (instance the line where Nanty suddenly stops short with "Poor Jess!"). He deals with elements essentially human, even vicious; his hero is a "miserable sinner," no doubt of that, either in the author's mind, or the impression conveyed to that of the reader. There is no paltering with vice, no sentimental glossing over of sin; the man is a bad man, at least he has done evil, and his sin has found him out, yet we pity him. Though handling pitch we are not defiled; however and whatever our author paints, it is never with an uncertain or feeble touch. We give him our hand and are led by him fearlessly into the very darkest places, knowing that he carries the light with him and that no harm will come. I think it is not too much to say that we might go through the Waverley Novels from beginning to end, without finding one page, perhaps not even one line, that we would hesitate to read aloud to any young people, old enough to understand that evil exists in the world, and that the truly virtuous are those who know how to refuse the evil and to choose the good. And I—who having written novels all my life, know more than most readers how to admire a great novelist—should esteem it a good sign of any son or daughter of mine who would throw a whole cart-load of modern fiction into the gutter, often its fittest place, in order to clasp a huge wholesome armful of Walter Scott.

From "Good Words."

HOW TO READ BOOKS.

A TALK WITH CHILDREN.

Have you ever thought of the great pleasure that is to be gained from reading? Have you ever tried to imagine what life would be to you if there were no books in the world, or if you could not read? Every child knows, I hope, the joy of

having a true friend, whose company is dear to him, who can be interested in what he is interested, no matter whether it be work or play. Now a book is not quite like a friend. The author can talk to us as he pleases; he can make us sorrowful or glad; he can make us cry or laugh; he can give us knowledge and he can make us think; but we cannot talk back to him, we cannot tell him what we feel, and he cannot sympathize with us as a friend can. On the other hand, friends may change; they may go far away; they may cease to care about the things we care for. Books cannot change, though our interest in them may; and if they are great and good books—for there are bad books, just as there are false friends—it is impossible to know them too well or read them too often.

I dare say you have heard people speak of a taste for reading. Some children read greedily any book that comes in their way. A biography, a volume of travels, a poem, a history, even a cookery-book will attract their attention, and be read from the first page to the last. I even knew a boy who found inexhaustible pleasure in the study of Bradshaw's Railway Guide. Such little people have, no doubt, a taste for reading. But this taste, to be of much good, needs to be cultivated. A child may have what is called a natural ear for music; but this will never make him a good musician. He must be taught his notes, and learn a great deal besides, before his ear for music will prove of much service. Just so does the young book-reader need training in order that he may read wisely. Now I shall try and tell you, as well as I can in a few pages, how to read, and the good that is to be gained from reading; but there is something to be said first. You must learn—

How to use Books.—Books deserve to be treated with care. Think of the labor it has cost to produce them! The author's head-work is the hardest labor of all; but the paper-maker, the printer, the binder, the publisher, and sometimes the artist, have each to use brains and hands in the making of a book

If it be a good book, which our poet Milton calls "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit," no toil is too great to expend upon it. If the words are beautiful, so also should be the form, and many of our publishers take delight in bringing out editions of famous poets and prose writers that it is a luxury to handle and to read. Now, not only books like these, but every book we read, should be used in a careful manner. We are gentle towards everything we love, and people who love books will be sure to treat them gently. Here are four rules to remember—1. Never turn down the leaves of a book. 2. Never play with the leaves so that they become dog-eared. 3. Never read a book with dirty or inky fingers. 4. Never place a book upon the table face downwards, lest you should crack the binding. A book that has been well read will no doubt show signs of use; but if it have been read with proper care, it will not show signs of neglect.

Suitable Books.—Young children with a craving for books cannot always gratify their special tastes, but must be content with what they find in the family bookcase. Pious people, who really want to do children good, will sometimes give them tracts or little books which teach them what a wicked world they live in, and how—which is, indeed, quite true—pain and sorrow and death are evils common to all men. A happy, healthy child, who has been taught to love his heavenly Father, who enjoys the sunshine and the flowers and feels his life in every limb, may read books of this kind, and for a moment be made unhappy by them; but he looks up to see his mother's smile, or he runs out into the fields and hears the birds singing, and the belief that he has been born into a happy world is once more strong within him. The tracts, you see, make no impression, because they are not fitting food for a joyous child; and just so, books that will do you good service must be books you can partially understand and appreciate. I say partially, because it is not necessary you should understand all a book teaches in order to gain delight from it.

and wisdom also. It is a great pity when a boy or girl who really likes reading is forced to read dull books or books that are unsuitable. And it is a terrible pity when all the literature open to boys and girls is of a trivial, feeble sort, or worse still, of a corrupting character. Happily good books for the young are numerous, and there are few children, whether in country or town, that have not access to some well selected parish library.

The Bible.—And here, perhaps, I may remind you that there is one book good for all ages and for all circumstances in life. The first book an English child will learn to read is the Bible—that is to say, THE BOOK which ranks above all other books as containing the word of God. It would be easy to fill these pages with good words about the Bible; but that is not my object now. All I want to say is that, apart from the great purpose with which it has been given to us, this book, or rather these books, for the Bible consists of many volumes composed in different ages by historians, prophets, poets and apostles—this book, I say, is the most interesting that has ever been written. There is, no doubt, much in it hard to be understood; but there is much more which a child can understand and enjoy. The beautiful Old-Testament stories of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, of Samuel and David, of Elijah and Daniel, are told in our translation of the Bible in the most beautiful English that was ever written. Then in Job, the book of Psalms, and the prophecies of Isaiah, we have the devout thoughts of good men expressed in the highest strain of poetry; and passing on from these, we come to the simple gospel story—the story of glad tidings—with our Lord's parables and precepts, his gracious deeds and divine words, followed by the Acts of the Apostles, and the letters they wrote to the first Christian disciples. Our English Bible is not only the first book that should be read by the child, because it tells him what no other book can, but because it is the key to so many other good books—that is to say, it opens them and

makes them plain. Nobody who has read this wonderful book carefully and who loves the wise and beautiful lessons it contains, will like to read what is coarse and evil. He will have a taste for something better.

Two Words explained.—You will all have seen the word “literature,” but probably you would find it difficult to tell me what it means. I must try and explain the term as well as I can. First of all, I will tell you what it is not. Books have been written upon every subject in which men are interested. The architect, the engineer, the lawyer, the doctor consult books that will help them in their professions; but law books, and medical books, and books on architecture—books written for a special class—are not literature. On the other hand, books written in verse or prose that awaken thought, that give solace and delight, and lift us above the narrow round of our daily life—books that make us happier, wiser, even merrier—are books that deserve to be called literature. Our poets, our historians, our essayists, our novelists, the travelers who describe what they have seen in different parts of the world, the critics who write about books and show us their faults and beauties, have all contributed to build up what we call our national literature, by which we mean the literature produced by Englishmen. Every great people has produced a noble literature, and this is, indeed, one of the chief signs of its greatness. We read the literature of the Jews in the books which form our Bible; ancient Greece produced a literature unequalled in Europe to this day for beauty of language and wealth of thought; Rome, that once ruled the world, did so first by the sword, then by her laws, and then by the poets and historians who have made the Latin language so famous. Modern nations, too—such as Germany, France and Italy—can each boast a national literature; but not one of these countries has a literature equal to that which is open to readers of the English language. Here, then, is a vast store-house full to overflowing of precious treasures, and the wealth piled up

may so puzzle the youth who looks in at the door, that he will perhaps hesitate to enter. What can he do? he may ask; how can he best use the good gifts that wise and great Englishmen have left for his service? In reply to this question I must explain to you another word, and that word is CULTURE. You know the difference between land in its natural state and land that has been drained and manured, that has felt the plowshare and the harrow; you know, too, the difference between the flowers of our woods and fields and the flowers that grow in a well-cared-for garden. Some sort of difference like this may be seen between people whose minds have been allowed to run wild and people whose minds are carefully cultivated. The contrast, however, is not quite complete, because nature however wild, and flowers however untended, are always beautiful; but there is no beauty in a mind that like the garden of the sluggard, contains nothing save wild briars, thistles and thorns. In order, then, to read books so as to get good out of them, the mind needs culture, which is not mere knowledge, although that is very needful, but the power of seeing what is good and wise in a book, and rejecting what is feeble and false. This power cannot be acquired off-hand like a lesson. Some people, although they may read a great deal, never gain this gift, never know how to use their reading wisely. They have a confused notion of many things, but they know nothing thoroughly, partly because they have never had the training so necessary in early life, and partly because they read books in a sleepy, stupid way, content to be amused, and not wishing to learn. Reading, you will see, may be the idlest of pastimes, a pursuit followed from mere indolence and emptiness of mind. I am writing, however, for boys and girls who want to know how to read, and for them a few hints shall be given that may prove generally useful.

Reading with a Purpose.—Some of the children who read these pages will have visited the British Museum, but few probably have entered the reading room with its splendid

dome and vast shelves of books. Those who may have done so will have been told that the books they see are but few in comparison with the number contained in that immense library. Now it is evident that if a man were to read in that room every day and all day through a long life, the books he read would be insignificant in number when compared with the volumes stored up in the museum. What then does the student do, who wants to make good use of that great library? He selects a subject, and chooses books that will tell him what he wants to know on that subject. And just in the same way the boy or girl who loves reading, and wishes to gain from it something more than mere amusement, must choose some subject—that is to say, he must read with a purpose. Mind I do not say that amusement is not sometimes a sufficient reason for taking up a book. We cannot be always wise, and a capital story-book—a book for example like “Alice in Wonderland,” or “Cast up by the Sea,” is as good a recreation for a child on a rainy day as a game of cricket or rounders when the sun is shining. As you grow up you will, I hope, read a number of stories, and among others, the stories written by Sir Walter Scott, which are so pure, so wise, so beautiful, that young people, and old people too, will be happier and better for reading them. The boy or girl who does not love a good tale will not often be found to care for books of any kind.

But if reading for amusement is an easy and pleasant thing to do in leisure moments, reading with a purpose requires resolution and courage. Without these virtues neither boy nor man will do much good in life, and therefore it is well to remember, even in early years, that nothing of lasting value can be acquired without labor. There is no doubt plenty of reading that needs no thought, but then it does no good, and only serves, as people say, to kill time—a horrible expression when you come to think about it. To get good from a book you must feel a thorough interest in it. A boy who keeps

pigeons and is fond of them will read with great eagerness any book that tells him about those birds; and you may be sure that when he reaches the end of that book he will have learned all it has to teach him. And the reason is plain. The boy is interested in his subject, he wants to gain knowledge, and this desire makes it pleasant to acquire it. So you see he has been reading with a purpose.

A Plan for Reading.—The young reader who is beginning to understand the importance of reading is apt to waste the time which he is really wishing to improve. Now it is impossible to give him all the advice that might be of use to him in this difficulty, but I will give him one hint that may be serviceable, and one which an intelligent boy or girl can follow to some extent alone, and may follow easily with the help of a master.

I will suppose that the student has already some knowledge of English history, and especially of that history from the time of the Reformation, when a new era began in these islands. Whatever is really noble in English literature (with the exception of the poetry of Chaucer, who ranks among our greatest poets and lived in the fourteenth century) dates from the latter part of the sixteenth century, so that speaking roughly we may say that all the famous books England has given to the world have been given within three hundred years. Suppose then that we make our starting point the reign of Queen Elizabeth. If the chief events of that interesting reign are known to the young reader, he will have learned from it, or rather this knowledge will come with riper age, that though our ancestors had many faults in those days (different, but not perhaps worse faults than we exhibit now), they had also splendid virtues, courage, self-denial, the love of enterprise, the love of country, faith in themselves and in God. The books people write are an index to character, and the books written during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I. show the character of that age. Therefore you will see that

the actions of that time, as described by the historian, and the words of that time, uttered in literary form by poets and other writers, serve to illustrate each other. Study carefully then the history of Elizabeth's reign, and that of her successor, store up in your memory the principal dates and events, and then when these are familiar read some of the best books, or selections from the best books, written during that period, and learn the most important facts in the authors' lives. This advice is not, of course, intended for very young children, but boys and girls of twelve years old and upwards should not find it difficult to follow. They might read some of Shakespeare's plays, some beautiful passages from Spenser's "Fairie Queene," and many of the lovely songs and lyrics written in that golden age of English poetry; and they might read, and could not fail to read with pleasure, the lives of the brave soldiers, sailors, and travelers who helped to make that age so famous—the lives, for instance, of Drake and Frobisher of Sir Philip Sidney and of Sir Walter Raleigh, which have all been written, and written extremely well, by modern writers. It was the age of adventure, and the daring deeds of English seamen were as famous then as they have been in later years. Read what those men did, and you will say that they were men of whom Wolfe and Nelson and Collingwood might well have been proud. Read about the Elizabethan heroes in the first place, and then if you read the life of Lord Nelson, so beautifully told by Southey, or the life of the good and brave Collingwood, or the lives of Wellington, Lawrence, and Havelock, whose brave doings should be known to every English child, you will learn how the spirit that animated the men who fought and labored for England three hundred years ago has inspired also the splendid deeds achieved in our own century. Thus you can see that books will not only tell you what has been done by famous Englishmen in days gone by, but may also call forth one of the noblest of virtues—patriotism, or the love of country. And no man who loves England,

no child who has learned to be proud of his English birthright, will do aught that can disgrace the English name. The more you know of this dear island—"this precious stone set in the silver sea"—the better will you love it, and this knowledge, remember, is to be chiefly gained by books. You will understand now, I think, how close is the connection between the history of a country and its literature—between the heroes, martyrs, and statesmen, who have fought, bled, and labored for their country's welfare, and the poets and historians who have sung their praises or recorded their acts.

One or two words more must be added here. You will see that the plan of reading suggested may be followed through any reign, or any portion of a reign, but though system in reading is good, it is not necessary to follow it too strictly. Sometimes it may be best to read the book that comes easiest to hand, and a good book, remember, may be read and read and read again, and each time with greater benefit. What child ever grew tired of "Robinson Crusoe" or the "Pilgrim's Progress?" what man that loves reading can grow weary of Shakespeare or of Scott? The number of books and cheap magazines printed in our day may tempt a young reader to be indolent, and to pass from one to another as a butterfly from flower to flower without mastering any. A few books well chosen and well read will be better than many books glanced at carelessly. A sensible man, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, advised his son not to take up any book without reading it to the end. The advice may have been good for Buxton's son, but it is not good in all cases, and might disgust some young readers altogether. For different minds not only is different food needed, but it must be taken in a different way. Variety is more necessary in some cases than in others, but all minds—young minds as well as old—need discipline; and if it be enough for the student to taste certain books, it is only when other books are patiently studied and inwardly digested.

How to Remember What is Read.—I have said that we do not easily forget what we read on a subject that greatly interests us. A man who is told that some one has left him a large sum of money is sure not to forget that news. A boy who has the promise of a cricket-bat will not forget that promise. And so you see there is a connection between a strong interest and a good memory. It is generally true that a man who loves poetry remembers poetry; that the man with a strong curiosity to learn the facts of history remembers those facts; and it may be safely said that the child whose interest is thoroughly aroused in any subject is certain to recollect what he reads about it. There are many things it is necessary to know which cannot attract a child. These must be learned by heart; and as the memory, like every other faculty, grows stronger by exercise, it is well that it should be thus used in early life. Useful facts, such as dates, if stored in the memory while young, will be fresh for use in after days, and in all future reading they will be found of service. There are other ways in which the memory may be strengthened; and no doubt the young reader will agree with me that if not more useful these ways are more agreeable than the dull storing up of figures. Suppose, for instance, that after reading a charming tale you shut the volume and try to tell the story to your brothers and sisters. This may, no doubt, be difficult at first; but the labor will soon become a pleasure, and the effort to recall the tale will so fix it in your mind that many a long year afterwards it will be still remembered. This is one hint to the boy or girl bent upon self-improvement; and I need scarcely add that the endeavor to write down in simple language an account of what has been read is another way of strengthening the memory. Indeed, it is something more, and may be a lesson in English composition, which is, you know, the art of writing English.

Reading Aloud.—The art of reading aloud should be practiced by every reader. A book read in a clear voice, with

proper emphasis and feeling, seems quite different from the same book read in a sing-song drawl. The noblest words ever written are likely to fall upon deaf ears when read as task work and without animation. The mind of the reader does not come into contact with the mind of the writer ; and so the thoughts uttered, however beautiful and worthy, make little if any impression on those who hear them. Every child will have noticed this in a church. One clergyman has read the words of Bible or Prayer-book so as to compel him to listen : another has read the same words so as to send him to sleep. To read well you must understand and feel what you are reading, and the more alive with meaning the words are to you the better will you utter them. Thus a good reader not only makes his hearers understand the books he reads but proves by his clearness of utterance and modulation of tone that he understands it well himself.

A good voice is what we call a gift of nature and the charm of its sweetest tones cannot be acquired ; but the voice is so flexible an organ, that, however naturally defective, it can be trained and improved, and every young person may learn the art of elocution, or of distinct and forcible utterance, which is essential to good reading. Poetry and rhythmical prose, that is to say, prose that moves in a kind of harmonious measure, should be read aloud, and if possible in the open air. Let the boy or girl begin by a clear and energetic recitation of such stirring verses as Drayton's "Agincourt," Scott's "Flodden Field," Campbell's "Hohenlinden," Macaulay's "Lays," and Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." From these he might pass on to descriptive and pathetic poetry—to the incomparable "Elegy" of Gray, to Goldsmith's "Traveler" and "Deserted Village," to "Wordsworth's loveliest lyrics, and to the many noble passages in Shakespeare which are fitted for recitation. And lastly, let him turn to the sublime and unapproachable harmony of Milton, whose majestic verse, although perhaps but dimly understood, will fill the ear and gladden

the heart with its enchanting music and superb beauty of form. Every word in the works of a great poet has a special meaning, and so you will see how necessary it is that every word should receive due attention from the reader. In reading prose it is possible to slur over words, to clip them, and to treat them with something like contempt, but in reading verse this is not so easy to do, and therefore it will be well to study the art of reading aloud through the help of our great poets. And, in order to succeed in this accomplishment, it is advisable—I had almost said necessary—to commit poetry to memory. Thus only will it become a part, as it were, of your mental property, and only by this familiarity with poetical words and imagery will you be able to read poetry as it deserves to be read. It is not necessary to do more than mention the conspicuous faults of bad readers. Some read as if they were crying, although the subject may be the merriest in the world; some whine and some drawl; some assume an artificial sort of voice, altogether unlike the voice in which they talk to a friend; some lay an emphasis on the wrong words; some mumble their words so indistinctly, and read in such a monotonous tone, that it is impossible to listen to them with patience. Remember, then, in reading aloud, to avoid all tiresome effort. Be natural; speak with clearness; understand and feel what you read; and you can hardly fail to read well.

And now, before I end this "talk," let me remind you that it is possible to be a slave even to books. Books cannot be loved too well, but they must be loved wisely. Some young people live in a kind of book-world, and forget the living world around them, and older people become sometimes so absorbed in the imaginary griefs of characters in novels as to disregard the real troubles of their friends and neighbors. This is not making a good use of books. Then, if books so occupy you that you do not care about the beautiful world in which you are living, it is a sign that you are not using them to good purpose. The mountains and woods, the sky and

ocean, the birds and flowers have a thousand voices; but it is possible to close our ears against them, and to despise that Book of Nature which is open to every one and has a lesson for all. Yet remember that other books are great and pure and noble, in proportion as they make us see more clearly and enjoy more thankfully the glories displayed in this infinitely wonderful book, of which David speaks so well in the nineteenth Psalm and in the one hundred and fourth Psalm. Many and many a lesson must be learned about this world which books cannot convey, and the proof of what a man knows and can do is not always to be tested by his book-knowledge. It is possible to write many books or to read them without growing in wisdom, just as it is possible to travel in foreign countries and to learn no more than if you had remained at home.

I hope that what has been said will be enough to teach many a young reader that one of the most substantial enjoyments of life is to be found in books. With such companions no one need be idle or dull. Let them be used thoughtfully and lovingly, and you will find that they grow dearer every day.

JOHN DENNIS, in *Good Words*.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT AT BUNKER HILL.

BY ROBERT C. WINTHROP.*

Fellow-citizens—I cannot assume the position which belongs to me to-day, as president of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, and enter on the discharge of the duties which devolve upon me in that capacity, without first giving expression to my deep sense of the honor of an office which has been held heretofore by so many distinguished men.

* An oration delivered at the unveiling of W. W. Story's statue of Col. William Prescott, at Boston, June 17, 1881.

Fifty-eight years have now elapsed since this association received its charter of incorporation from the Legislature of Massachusetts. During that period its presidency has been held, successively, by the gallant Revolutionary patriot, John Brooks; by the illustrious defender of the Constitution of the United States, Daniel Webster; by the grand old Boston merchant and philanthropist, Thomas Handasyd Perkins; by that sterling statesman and admirable governor, Levi Lincoln; by that eminent and learned jurist and judge, William Prescott; by the amiable physician, Dr. Abner Phelps; by the accomplished and independent editor, Joseph T. Buckingham; by the worthy and faithful historian of the association, George Washington Warren; and lastly, by the devoted and excellent historian of the battle itself, and of everything relating to that battle—including "The Siege of Boston," "The Life of Warren," and "The Rise of the Republic"—our lamented friend, whose name I cannot pronounce without a fresh sense of his loss to us and to the history of his country—Richard Frothingham.

If, my friends, at the termination of the brief service on which I can look back, and the certainly not longer service to which I may look forward, my own name shall not be thought unworthy of such associations, I shall count it to have been among the crowning distinctions of a life now drawing to its close.

One, only, of my predecessors is left among the living, whose term of service, as I may not forget, equals those of all others put together, and whose presence is thus welcomed with peculiar interest on this occasion.

One, only, of those predecessors was present, as a witness and as an actor, at the conflict which our monument commemorates,—John Brooks of Medford—remembered well by some of us as a model governor of Massachusetts, but in 1775 a young major in Colonel Frye's regiment; who aided the heroic Prescott in the construction of the redoubt; who was

his chosen companion in that midnight stroll upon the shore, to make sure that the British sentinels had taken no alarm and were still crying "All's well;" and who only left this hill at last to bear a message, on foot, from Prescott to General Ward at Cambridge,—across that Neck of fire, on which the veteran Pomeroy, while willingly exposing his own life, would not risk the life of a borrowed horse, amid the ceaseless storm of shot and shell which was sweeping over it from floating batteries and from fixed batteries, from the Lively and the Falcon and the Glasgow and the Somerset and the Cerberus; a message, not asking to be relieved by other troops, for Prescott scorned the idea that the men who had raised the works had not the best right, and were not the best able, to defend them, but a message imploring those reinforcements and supplies of men, of ammunition, and of food which had been promised the night before, but most of which never came, or came too late. That was the perilous service performed by our first presiding officer. That was the ordeal to which he was subjected. I may well congratulate myself that no such crucial test of courage has been transmitted as an heirloom of this chair, or is prescribed as an indispensable qualification of those who occupy it.

For those who have succeeded Governor Brooks, it has been privilege and pride enough to assist in the erection and preservation of this noble shaft; in commemorating from year to year the patriotism and heroism of the men who fought this first great battle of the American Revolution; and in illustrating the principles and motives which inspired and actuated them. This duty has been discharged faithfully and fully in the past, and but little remains to be done by any one hereafter. The inspiration and influence which have already proceeded from these silent blocks of granite, since they were first hewn out from yonder Quincy quarries,—as they were slowly piled up through a period of eighteen years, to a height of two hundred and twenty-one feet, and as they have since

stood in their majestic unity and grandeur,—can never be overestimated. The words which have been uttered at its base and around it, from the first magnificent address of Daniel Webster, the orator alike of the corner-stone and of the capstone, down to the present hour, have been second to no other inspiration or influence, since those of the battle itself, in animating and impelling the sons to emulate the glory of their fathers, and to be ever ready and ever resolved to jeopard their lives, on the high places of the field, in defense of Union and Liberty.

For indeed, my friends, this stately obelisk is no mere mute memorial of the past, but a living and speaking pledge for the future, that those free institutions for which the first great struggle was made here, at the very point of the bayonet, shall here and always find glad and gallant defenders, whenever and wherever those institutions shall be assailed. It is not a structure—thanks to those who designed and built it—capable of being desecrated or perverted—as, alas! the Old South has been, and the Old State House still is—to purposes of gain or traffic. It occupies ground on which no speculation would ever dare to encroach, or even to cast a rapacious or covetous eye. Its simple, massive masonry may defy any less unimaginable convulsion than such as has recently overwhelmed the poor island of Chios. Not a monolith; not of any mythological or mythical origin; there will be no temptation for archaeologists to dislocate it from its rightful surroundings, and bear it away to strange and uncongenial climes. Here, on the very spot where Prescott fought and Warren fell, it will stand and tell its wondrous story of the birth of American Liberty, in plain, distinct, unmistakable characters, to the thousands and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands who shall visit it or gaze upon it, for as many centuries as the equivocal hieroglyphics of the obelisk of Alexandria, now so marvelously translated to the Central Park at New York, have told the story of Egyptian despots and dynasties.

How different a story! What gratitude to God and man

should swell our hearts at this hour, as such a contrast is even suggested—as we turn from the contemplation of Pharaohs and Ptolemies to that of our august and unique Washington, and from the darkness of paganism to the glorious light of Christianity! Formal doxologies may disappear from revised New Testaments,—as they ought to disappear if not found in the original text of the sacred volume—but they will never fail to be breathed up to the skies from millions of pious and patriotic hearts, from generation to generation, for the blessings of civil and religious freedom, until those blessings shall cease to be enjoyed and appreciated!

And now, fellow-citizens, in hailing the return of a day, which can hardly be counted of inferior interest or importance to any day in the whole illuminated calendar of the American Revolution, and is welcoming you all, as it is my official province to do, to its renewed observance on these consecrated heights, I have no purpose of entering upon any detailed historical discourse. The seventeenth of June, 1775, as its successive anniversaries come round, from year to year, will never be overlooked, nor ever fail to awaken fresh emotions of gratitude and joy in every American breast. But the more formal and stately commemorations of the day may well succeed each other at considerable intervals. Our magnificent centennial celebration, with all its brilliant incidents and utterances, is still too fresh in our remembrance, and in the remembrance of the whole country, to bear any early repetition. Nor would we forget, if we could forget, that other centennial celebrations are now rightfully in order.

The year '75 belonged peculiarly to Massachusetts—to Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill. The whole nation recognized our claim. From the east and the west, from the north and the south, alike, to yonder plains of the first blood, and to this hill of the first battle, the people were seen flocking in numbers which could not be counted. Citizens and soldiers of almost every variety of military or civil associa-

tion; representative organizations and representative men; mayors of cities, governors of states, senators and cabinet officers, the President of the United States to one of them, and the Vice-President to both, came gladly, at the call of Massachusetts, to unite with her in her sumptuous and splendid ceremonials. Six years only have since elapsed, during which we have rejoiced to see other states, and other cities and towns, in New York and New Jersey, in Vermont and Pennsylvania, in North Carolina and South Carolina, and I know not where besides, holding high holidays on the hundredth anniversaries of events which have illustrated their own annals.

Another great year of our Lord and of liberty has at length arrived, and is already far advanced, and the attention of the whole country is now justly turned to that momentous Southern campaign of 1781, which began with the great battle of the Cowpens,—just celebrated so worthily,—and which ended with the surrender of the British army to the allied forces of America and France at Yorktown. I need not say that all our hearts ought to be, and are, with our brethren of the South, as they are so eagerly preparing to celebrate the great events which occurred on their own soil. We should shrink from anything which might even seem like competition by renewing a general and costly celebration here. Rather let our sympathies be freely offered, and our contributions be liberally remitted to them; and let us show how heartily we unite with them in their just pride and exultation that the soil of the Old Dominion was privileged to be the scene of the crowning victory of American independence. And may the blended associations and memories of Yorktown and Bunker Hill supply the reciprocal warp and woof for weaving afresh any ties of mutual respect and mutual affection which may have been unstrung or loosened by the storm of civil war, and which may still remain snarled and tangled, and for renewing the chords of brotherhood and those bonds of union which shall be as imperishable as the glories of our common fathers!

I have said, fellow-citizens, that I did not come here to-day to deliver any elaborate or exhaustive historical discourse. Indeed, where could I turn, even if it were expected or desired by any one that I should describe in detail the struggle which has made this hill so historic and so hallowed—where could I turn for any materials which have not already become hackneyed and threadbare, and which are not as familiar as household words to those who surround me? No battle of its size, or of any size, the world over, from Marathon to Waterloo, or earlier or later, on either side of the ocean, has been more thoroughly investigated and more minutely depicted than that which took place here one hundred and six years ago to-day. Of all its antecedents and inducing causes—the stamp act, the writs of assistance, the British regiments, the Boston massacre, the tea tax, the tea party, the Boston port bill, Lexington, Concord—of which one of them all has a single fact, a single tradition, a single illustration, eluded the research of our historians and antiquarians, our orators and poets? And as to the conflict itself—to which they all pointed and led, like so many guideposts or railway tracks to a common and predestined terminus—what could be added to the brilliant chapters of Bancroft, the thrilling sketch of Washington Irving, the careful illustrations of Lossing, the elaborate and faithful narrative of Frothingham, and the earlier and most valuable history of Dr. George E. Ellis, who made even Frothingham his debtor? Meantime, as I am but too conscious, the rhetoric, as well as the record, has been drawn upon to the last dreg. Not only have Webster and Everett, again and again, condensed and crystallized all the great scenes and incidents and emotions of the day in those consummate phrases and periods of theirs, which defy all rivalry, and supply the most inspiring and wholesome declamation for all our schools; but the whole story was told again, with signal felicity and skill, in all the fullness of its impressive details, by the orator of the Centennial, General Devens, whose presence is always so welcome in his native Charlestown.

No one, I think, with such histories and field-books and hand-books at command, and who has not wholly neglected such sources of information, can come up to these consecrated heights, to this Mons Sacer of New England, on this day, or on any day, without finding the whole scene unrolling itself before his eye like some grand stereoscopic panorama. He recalls the sudden gathering of the three selected Massachusetts regiments—with the little Connecticut fatigue party under the intrepid Knowlton, in front of General Ward's headquarters at Cambridge on the evening of the 16th of June. He sees Prescott taking command, agreeably to the order of the commander-in-chief. He hears, as through a telephone, the solemn and fervent prayer of President Langdon, before they moved from the Common. He takes up the silent march with them, just as the clock strikes nine, and follows close by the side of those two sergeants, bearing dark lanterns, behind Prescott leading the way. He halts with them after crossing to this peninsula, as they approach the scene of their destination, and shares their perplexing uncertainties as to the true place for their proposed intrenchments. He is here with them at last, on this very spot, with nothing brighter than starlight, thank Heaven, when they first arrived, to betray them to the British in Boston, and with only a little "remnant of a waning moon" afterwards. He hears and sees the first spades and pickaxes struck into the now sacred sod just as the Boston clocks strike twelve—giving their ominous warning that the night is far spent, that the day is at hand, that four hours at most remain before the darkness shall be gone, when they and their works must be exposed to the view and the assault of the enemy. But he sees a thousand strong arms, every one with a patriot's will behind it, steadily and vigorously improving every instant of those hours; and the dawning of that bright midsummer St. Botolph's day finds him standing with Prescott within an almost finished redoubt of six or seven feet in height, inclosing a space of eight rods square, and swarming with the sons of Liberty.

But, alas, the panorama is but half unrolled. Crimson folds, not altogether the reflections of a blazing, fiery sunshine, begin to show themselves, as the vision of our imaginary visitor proceeds. He witnesses the amazement and consternation of the British sentinels on ship and shore, as they rouse themselves and rub their eyes to descry the rebel intrenchments which have sprung up like a prodigy. He hears the angry and furious cannonade which bursts forth at once from the dogs of war anchored in the stream. He walks the parapet with Prescott, to give confidence and courage to his soldiers, as they see one of their number, for the first time, shot down and dying at their side. He perceives the hurried preparations in Boston; he sees the dragoons galloping with orders from the Province House to the camp on the Common; he hears the rattle of the artillery wagons along the pavements. The big barges for transportation come at length in sight, with the glittering brass six-pounders in their bows, and crowded from stem to stern with grenadiers and light infantry and marines in their gay scarlet uniforms. He sees them landing at yonder Morton's Point, and coolly refreshing themselves on the grass for an encounter with our half-starved and almost wholly exhausted raw militia. The first onset, with its grand and triumphant repulse; the second onset, while Charlestown is now blazing, and amid every circumstance and complication of horror, but with its even grander and still more triumphant repulse,—these pass rapidly before his exulting eye. An interval now occurs. "Will they come on again?" is heard on the American side. "It would be downright butchery for us," is heard from some of the British soldiers on the other side. And, certainly, the pluck of old Mother England was never more signally displayed on our soil, or on any other soil beneath the sun, than when General Sir William Howe, as brave in the field as he was sometimes irresolute and unskillful in strategy, with Brigadier Pigot as his lieutenant, and with Sir Henry Clinton as a volunteer, led

up what remained of grenadiers and light infantry—their knapsacks stripped from their backs, and relying wholly on their bayonets—to that third terrific onset, which comes at last to sear the very eyeballs of any actual, or even imaginary beholder. But there was pluck at the top of the hill as well as at the bottom, or on the way up,—bone of the same bone, flesh of the same flesh, blood of the same blood,—the valor of Old England, inflamed and electrified by the spirit of liberty, in the heart, mind, and muscle of New England.

Prescott with his little band is seen standing undaunted at bay, displaying there and ever—as Ebenezer Bancroft of Tyngsborough, a captain in Bridge's regiment, who fought bravely and was wounded at his side, bore special witness that he had displayed through the hottest of the fight—a coolness and self-possession that would do honor to the greatest hero of any age. But, alas! their ammunition is exhausted, and the British have overheard that it is. The very last artillery cartridge has been broken up and distributed to the sharpshooters, and there are but fifty bayonets for the whole remaining band—hardly a hundred and fifty of them left. The grenadiers and marines are already seen scaling the ramparts. The brave but rash Major Pitcairn, who had given the first fatal order to fire at Lexington, and who was now the first to enter here, falls mortally wounded. But hundreds of his men are close behind him, and bayonets and clubbed muskets are now making a chaotic scene of carnage and havoc which beggars all description. The redoubt can no longer be held against such desperate odds, and the voice of its wise as well as fearless, commander is at length heard, giving the word to retire.

The battle still rages at earthworks and at rail fences—almost a separate engagement—where Stark and Pomeroy and Knowlton have been doing such gallant service from the beginning; and where Putnam, who had advised and accompanied the original movement, and had displayed every attri-

bute of his heroic nature in promoting its successful prosecution, in almost every stage of its progress, is seen still striving to make a last stand on the neighboring hill-top, and to cover the retreat of his brave comrades from the redoubt. But all this is auxiliary and incidental, as it all is vain. It is one and the same battle, in its inception and in its close. The day is decided; the conflict ended; and Prescott, among the very last to quit the intrenchments, having resolved never to be taken alive, and parrying the thrusts of British bayonets by dint of his trusty blade, comes out with garments scorched and pierced, but himself providentially unscathed; and he may now be seen, on the final fold of our imaginary panorama, at the headquarters of General Ward at Cambridge—from which he started the evening before—to report that he had executed his orders, had made the best fight in his power, and had yielded at last only to superior force.

Such, fellow-citizens and friends, are the faint outlines of a picture which passes rapidly along before any tolerably instructed eye, as it looks out on these surroundings—impressing itself on retina and lens as vividly and distinctly as Boston's Centennial pageant last autumn, or Harvard's Greek play last month, was impressed on every eye which witnessed either of them. Such a picture is enough for this occasion. These Charlestown heights, of which it might almost have been said, as Virgil said of the afterwards famous Alban Mount—

Tum neque nomen erat, nec honos, aut gloria Monti,

which then had neither glory nor honor, nor even distinct and well-defined names—Bunker Hill and its dependent slope, Breed—were lost to us on that day. The consequences of the battle, and even the confused details of it, developed themselves slowly. It took time for an immediate defeat to put on the aspect and wear the glories of a triumph. I doubt not that some of the old Mandamus Councilors in Boston went to their beds that night thinking what a fine conspicuous site this would be for setting up a monument of solemn

warning, for all time to come, of the disasters which were sure to fall on the heads of rebels against British rule! Even by our own New England patriots the result, we are told, was regarded at first not without disappointment and even indignation, and some of the contemporary American accounts, private and official, are said to have been rather in the tone of apology, or even of censure, than of exultation. Nobody for years, adds Frothingham, came forward to claim the honor of having directed this battle.

No wonder that a cloud of uncertainty so long rested on the exact course and conduct of this eventful action. Every one was wholly occupied in making history; there was no leisure for writing history. It was a sudden movement. It was a secret movement. It was designed only to get the start of the British by an advance of our line of intrenchments. No one imagined that it would involve a battle, and no adequate provision was made for such an unexpected contingency. The very order for its execution—the order of Ward to Prescott—the only order from any one, or to any one, relating to it, was, without doubt, designedly withheld from the order-book of the commander-in-chief at Cambridge. It certainly has never been found.

Meantime, one incident of the conflict had overwhelmed the whole people with grief. The death of Warren, the president of the Provincial Congress, the chairman of the Committee of Safety, the only chief executive magistrate which Massachusetts then had, and who, only three days before, had been chosen one of the major-generals of her forces—in the bloom of his manhood, “the expectancy and rose of the fair State,” beloved and trusted by all—could not, and did not, fail to create a sorrow and a shock which absorbed all hearts. The death of the glorious John Hampden on Chalgrove Field is the only parallel in history to that of Joseph Warren at Bunker Hill. That thrilling lament—almost recalling the wail of David over Absalom—to which Webster gave

utterance here in 1825, making the whole air around him vibrate to the pathos of his tones, and leaving hardly an unmoistened eye in his whole vast audience, was but a faint echo of the deep distress into which that event had plunged all New England fifty years before. But though one of Warren's proudest distinctions will ever be that he came to this hill as a volunteer, before he had received any military commission, and that he nobly declined to assume any authority—when Putnam proposed to take his orders at the rail fence, and again when Prescott offered him the command at the redoubt—his name was long associated, both at home and abroad, with the chief leadership of an action to which he had come with a musket on his shoulder—though he may have exchanged it for a sword before he fell.

Everything, indeed, was in doubt and confusion at that moment. Even Warren's death was not known for a certainty at Cambridge for several days after it occurred, and as late as the 19th the vote of the Provincial Congress, providing for the choice of his successor, spoke of him as one "supposed to be killed." All our military affairs were in a state of transition, reorganization and complete change. The war was to be no longer a local or provincial war. The Continental Congress at Philadelphia had already adopted it as a war of the United Colonies; and, on the very day on which Warren fell they had drawn up and ratified a commission, as general and commander-in-chief of all such forces as are, or shall be, raised for the maintenance and preservation of American liberty, for George Washington of Virginia. Congress had heard nothing about Bunker Hill, when this providential appointment was made. Lexington and Concord, of which the tidings had reached them some weeks before, had been enough to ripen their counsels and settle their policy. And now the public mind in this quarter was too much engrossed with the advent of Washington to Cambridge, and the great results which were to be expected, to busy itself much with the details of what was considered a mere foregone defeat.

It was only when Washington himself, hearing at New York or Trenton, on his way to Cambridge, of what had occurred here, had expressed his renewed and confirmed conviction that the liberties of America were now safe ; it was only when Franklin, hearing of it in France, wrote to his friends in London : " Americans will fight ; England has lost her colonies forever ;" it was only when Gage had written to Lord Dartmouth that " the rebels are not the despicable rabble too many have supposed them to be. . . . The number of killed and wounded is greater than our forces can afford to lose. . . . The conquest of this country is not easy. . . . I think it my duty to let your lordship know the true situation of affairs ;" it was certainly, only when from all the American colonies there had come voices of congratulation and good cheer, recognizing the momentous character of the battle, the bravery with which it had been fought, and the conclusive evidence it had afforded that the undisciplined yeomanry of the country were not afraid to confront the veteran armies of Old England at the point of the bayonet in defense of their rights and liberties ; it was only then that its true importance began to be attached to the battle of Bunker Hill, as the first regular battle of the American Revolution, and the most eventful in its consequences—especially in those far-reaching moral influences which were to be felt, and which were felt, to the very end of the war.

A much longer time was to elapse before the record of that day was to be summed up, as it has recently been, by the latest and highest authority on " The Battles of the Revolution," as " the record of a battle which in less than two hours destroyed a town, laid fifteen hundred men upon the battle field, equalized the relations of veterans and militia, aroused three millions of people to a definite struggle for national independence, and fairly inaugurated the war for its accomplishment."

Let me not omit, however, to add, that no more emphatic, or more generous, or more just and welcome tribute, has ever

been paid to the men and the deeds we are commemorating to-day, than that which may be found in the "Memoirs of the Southern Campaign of the Revolution," where an incidental allusion to Bunker Hill concludes with these emphatic words: "The military annals of the world rarely furnish an achievement which equals the firmness and courage displayed on that proud day by the gallant band of Americans; and it certainly stands first in the brilliant events of our war. When future generations shall inquire where are the men who gained the highest prize of glory in the arduous contest which ushered in our nation's birth, upon Prescott and his companions in arms will the eye of history beam."

These are the words written and published seventy years ago by Henry Lee of Virginia, the gallant commander of the famous Cavalry Legion, known familiarly as "Light Horse Harry," and the father of one whose purity of character and brilliancy of accomplishments compelled each one of us who knew him to exclaim, as the late war for the Union went on, "*Cum talis sis, utinam noster esses!*" Would we could call so grand a leader ours!

Frothingham has told us truly that no one, for years, came forward to claim the honor of having directed this battle. And there was at least one man—of whom Everett well said, "The modesty of this sterling patriot was equal to his heroism"—who never to the end of his life made any boastful claim for himself, who was contented with stating the facts of that eventful day in reply to the inquiries of John Adams, and in repeated conversations with his own son, and who then awaited the judgment of history, letting all considerations of personal fame and personal glory go, in the proud consciousness of having done his duty.

And now, fellow-citizens, we are gathered here to-day to pay a long-postponed debt, to fulfill a long-neglected obligation. We have come to sanction and ratify the award of history, as we find it in the pages of Ellis and Irving and Froth-

ingham and Bancroft, to mention no others, by accepting this splendid gift from a large company of our fellow citizens, of whose names Dr. Ellis, I believe,—to whose inspiration we primarily owe it,—is the sole depository; and by placing the statue of Colonel William Prescott in the very front of our noble monument—thus recognizing him in his true relation to the grand action which it commemorates, and of which he was nothing less than the commander. We do so in full remembrance of those memorable words of Webster, which have almost the solemnity and the weight of a judicial decision: "In truth, if there was any commander-in-chief in the field, it was Prescott. From the first breaking of the ground to the retreat, he acted the most important part; and if it were proper to give the battle a name, from any distinguished agent in it, it should be called Prescott's Battle."

Our celebration to-day has this sole and simple end; and it becomes me, therefore, my friends, to devote the little remnant of my address to a brief notice of the career and character of the man we are assembled to honor.

Descended from a good Puritan stock which had emigrated from Lancashire in old England, and established a home in New England, as early as 1640, he was born in Groton, in this good old county of Middlesex, on the 20th of February, 1726. Of his boyhood and common-school education there are no details. But soon after arriving at maturity we find him purchasing of the Indians, then still numerous in that region, a tract of land, a few miles beyond the present limit of Groton, which his great-grandson still holds by the original Indian title. Here he was more or less instrumental, with the patriot clergyman of the parish, Joseph Emerson, who had served as a chaplain under Sir William Pepperell, in having that part of Groton set off into a separate district, and named Pepperell, in honor of the conqueror of Louisburg.

Meantime, the soldierly spirit which belonged to his nature, and which had been called into exercise by the proximity of

the savages, had led him as early as October, 1746—when the approach of a formidable French fleet had created a consternation in New England—to enlist in the company of Captain William Lawrence, and march for the defense of Boston. A few years later he takes the office of a lieutenant in the local militia, and, in 1755, proceeds with his regiment to Nova Scotia. Serving there under General Winslow, his gallantry attracted special attention, and he was urged by the general to accept a commission in the regular army. Declining this offer, he returned home to receive the promotion to a captaincy. A happy marriage soon followed, and he remained for nearly twenty years as a farmer and good citizen at his Pepperell home; as Addison said of some of the heroes of his "Campaign"—

In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shown.

But the controversies with the mother country were by no means unobserved by him. The bill for shutting up the port of Boston, with the view of starving the people into submission and compliance, signed by the king on the 31st of March, and which went into operation on the 1st of June, 1774, stirred the feelings and called forth the succors of the whole continent. Letters of sympathy and supplies of provisions poured in upon our Boston Committee of Correspondence, in answer to their appeal, from every quarter. The earliest letter but two, in order of date, was signed William Prescott, dated Pepperell, 4th of July, by order of the committee of that always patriotic town—sending at once forty bushels of grain, promising further assistance with provisions and with men, and invoking them "to stand firm in the common cause." The cause of Boston was then the cause of all.

But the untiring research of the historian, Bancroft, brought to light, for the first time, some years ago, a still more important and memorable letter from Prescott in behalf of his fellow farmers and townspeople, addressed, in the following August'

to the men of Boston, which breathes the full spirit of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill conjoined, not without a strong foretaste of the still distant Fourth of July. "Be not dismayed or disheartened," it says, "in this great day of trials. We heartily sympathize with you, and are always ready to do all in our power for your support, comfort, and relief; knowing that Providence has placed you where you must stand the first shock. We consider that we are all embarked in one bottom, and must sink or swim together. We think if we submit to those regulations, all is gone. Our forefathers passed the vast Atlantic, spent their blood and treasure, that they might enjoy their liberties, both civil and religious, and transmit them to their posterity. Their children have waded through seas of difficulty, to leave us free and happy in the enjoyment of English privileges. Now, if we should give them up, can our children rise up and call us blessed? Is not a glorious death in defense of our liberties better than a short, infamous life, and our memories to be had in detestation to the latest posterity? Let us all be of one heart, and stand fast in the liberties wherewith Christ has made us free; and may he of his infinite mercy grant us deliverance out of all our troubles."

No braver, nobler words than these of Prescott are found in all the records of that momentous period.

And now, the time having fully come for testing these pledges of readiness for the last resort of an oppressed people, and the voices of Joseph Hawley and Patrick Henry having been distinctly heard, responding to each other from Massachusetts to Virginia, "We must fight," Prescott is seen in command of a regiment of minutemen. At the first alarm that blood had been shed at Lexington, and that fighting was still going on at Concord, on the 19th of April he rallies that regiment without an instant's delay, and leads them at once to the scene. Arriving too late to join in the pursuit of the flying regulars, he proceeds to Cambridge, and there awaits events, till, on the following 16th of June, he receives the

order from General Ward—the commander-in-chief of the Massachusetts forces, with whom he had been in constant communication and consultation—to conduct the secret expedition which resulted in the battle of Bunker Hill.

All that remains of his career, after that battle was over, may be summarily dispatched. He had originally enlisted for eight months, hoping and believing that troops would not be needed for a longer period; but he continued in the service until the close of 1776, when Boston had been freed from the enemy, when independence had been declared, and when the war had been transferred to other parts of the country. Nor did he leave it then until he had commanded the garrison on Governor's Island in the harbor of New York, and had attracted the notice and commendation of Washington by the good order in which he brought off his regiment when the American army was compelled to retire from the city. He was then more than fifty years old, and physical infirmities incapacitated him for the saddle. But in the autumn of 1777 he once more appears, as a volunteer, at the battle which ended in the surrender of Burgoyne; and Trumbull, the artist, who unconsciously, and to his own often expressed regret, did him such injustice in his fancy sketch of the battle on this hill, has made ample amends in his picture of "Burgoyne's Surrender"—now in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington—by giving him a place, musket in hand, in the principal group, next to the gallant Morgan of the Virginia Riflemen, whose statue, by a striking coincidence, has just been unveiled at the Cowpens, at the Centennial celebration of that great South Carolina battle, of which Morgan was the hero, as Prescott was the hero of this. No two men are more worthy to stand side by side in our national historic gallery than William Prescott and Daniel Morgan. Honor to the memories of them both in all time to come, from every tongue and every heart throughout our land!

Again Prescott withdraws to his farm at Pepperell, where

he constantly exhibits a vigilant interest, and exercises a wholesome influence, in the affairs of the town and of the State, serving his fellow citizens as a magistrate and a selectman, coming down to Boston in three several years as their representative in the State Legislature, and buckling on his sword once more, during Shays's rebellion in 1787, to defend the courts of justice at Concord. A man of strong mind, determined will, benevolent as he was brave, liberal even beyond his means, of courteous manners, the pride of his neighborhood, delighting to show kindness and hospitality to his old fellow-soldiers, he died at length on the 13th of October, 1795, on the verge of threescore-years-and-ten, and was buried with military honors.

He left a name, I need not say, not only to be honored in its own right, as long as Bunker Hill shall be a watchword of heroism and patriotism in our land, but to be borne, as it has been, with eminent distinction by his only son, the learned and admirable judge and jurist, and by his accomplished and distinguished grandson, beloved by all who knew him, whose "Ferdinand and Isabella" and "Conquest of Mexico and Peru" and "History of Philip II." were the earliest triumphs in American historical literature, and were achieved under infirmities and trials that would have daunted any heart which had not inherited a full measure of the bravery we are here to commemorate.

Nor may I wholly omit to recognize the interest added to this occasion by the presence of a venerable lady—his only surviving grandchild—who, apart from those personal gifts and graces to which I should not be pardoned for alluding, brings to the memories of this hour another illustrious name in American history—the name of Dexter—associated, in one generation, with high national service in the Senate and in the cabinet, and, in two generations, with eminent legal learning, ability and eloquence.

But I must not dwell longer on any personal topics, how-

ever attractive, and must hasten to a conclusion of this address.

I have said, fellow-citizens, that we were here to-day, to fulfill a long-postponed obligation, to pay a long-deferred debt. But let me not be thought for a moment to imply that there is anything really lost, anything really to be regretted, as we now unveil this noble statue, and hail it henceforth, for all years to come, as the frontispiece and figure-head of this consecrated ground. The lapse of time may have evinced a want of quick appreciation on the part of others, but it has taken away nothing from the merits or the just renown of Prescott. On the contrary, it has given an additional and most impressive significance to this memorial, far more than a compensation for any delay in its erection.

I would by no means undervalue or disparage the spontaneous tributes which so often, have immediately, or late, followed the deaths of distinguished men, here and elsewhere, and which are fast adorning so many of the public squares and parks of our country—at Washington, at New York, and in Boston, as well as in other of our great cities—with the bronze or marble forms of those who have been lost to our civil or military service. Such manifestations are possible in our day and generation, when wealth is so abundant and when art is so prolific. They would have been all but impossible for us, a century, or even half a century, ago. They do honor to the men who are the subjects of them. They do honor to the natural and irrepressible emotions which prompt them. Like the decorations of the soldiers' graves, or the dedication of the soldiers' homes, they challenge and receive the sympathies of all our hearts. They are, however, the manifestations of the moment, and bespeak but the impulses of the hour.

But when it was my privilege, just a quarter of a century ago, to inaugurate, and give the word for unveiling, the first bronze statue which had ever been erected in the open air within the limits of Boston, and when I reflected that nearly

seventy years had then elapsed since the death, and more than a hundred and fifty years since the birth, of Benjamin Franklin, whom that statue so admirably portrayed; when, more recently, the statue of Samuel Adams was unveiled at the old North End of our city, nearly eighty years after his death, and almost a hundred and fifty years after his birth; and when later still, two hundred and ninety-two years after his birth, and two hundred and thirty-one years after his death, the statue of John Winthrop was seen standing in yonder Scollay Square, with the charter of Massachusetts in his hand, looking out upon the great city of more than three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, which he had founded—I could not help feeling that an accumulated interest, an enchanced and augmented glory would gather around those memorials for every year which had been allowed to pass since they were so richly deserved; and that the judgment of posterity had at last confirmed and ratified the award, which history had long ago pronounced, upon the merits of those whom they represented.

And so again, emphatically, here, to-day, inaugurating this splendid statue of William Prescott, eighty-six years after he was laid in his humble grave, a hundred and fifty-five years after his birth, and a hundred and six years after he stood, where we now stand, in command of this momentous battle, we may all well feel that the tribute has not come a day too late for his permanent fame and glory. We may even rejoice that no partial or premature commemoration of him had anticipated the hour when not only the wealth of our community and the advancement of American art should suffice for an adequate and durable presentment of his heroic form, but when the solid judgment of posterity should have sanctioned and confirmed the opinions of our best historians, founded on the most careful comparison of the most distinct contemporary records. We recognize in such results that history is indeed the great corrector, the grand decider, the irreversible

umpire, the magic touchstone of truth. An august posthumous tribunal like that of the ancient Egyptians seems to rise before us, open to every appeal, subject to no statute of limitations—to which the prejudices of the moment or the passions of the multitude are but as the light dust of the balance—and pronouncing its solemn and final decisions, upon the careers and characters of all whom it summons to the bar of its impartial and searching scrutiny.

Nor can there be, my friends, any higher incentive to honest, earnest, patriotic effort, whether in the field or in the forum, than such evidences, and such assurances, that whatever misapprehensions or neglects may occur at the moment, and though offices and honors, portraits and statues, may be withheld or postponed, the record will not be lost, truth will not perish, nor posterity fail to do that justice which the jealousy, or the ignorance, or, it may be only the inability, of contemporaries may have left undone.

It is a most interesting part of the story of this day, that when Prescott proceeded to the headquarters of his commander-in-chief, General Ward, at Cambridge, and reported the results of the expedition which he had been ordered to conduct, and had conducted, he added, perhaps rashly, but with characteristic courage and confidence, that if he could only have three fresh regiments, with sufficient equipments and ammunition, he would return and retake the hill. I know not whether he was ever on this spot again, from that hour to the present. But he is here at last! Thanks to the generosity of our public-spirited fellow-citizens, and thanks, still more, to the consummate skill of a most accomplished American artist—second to no living sculptor of the world—who has given his whole heart, as well as the exquisite cunning of his hand, to the work—he is here at last, “in his habit as he lived!”

And now, before I proceed with any poor words of my own, let the statue speak for itself, and display the noble form which has too long been concealed from your impatient sight!

The genius of Story presents him to us now, in the light banyan coat and broad-brimmed hat, which he is known to have thrown on during the intense heat of the day and of the battle, in exchange for the more stately and cumbersome uniform in which he had marched from Cambridge the night before, and which may be seen dropped beneath his feet. His eagle gaze is riveted with intense energy on the close-approaching foe. With his left hand he is hushing and holding back the impetuous soldiers under his command, to await his word. With his right hand, he is just ready to lift the sword which is to be their signal for action. The marked and well remembered features, which he transmitted to his son and grandson, and which may be recognized on at least one of his living descendants, have enabled the artist to supply, amply and admirably, the want of any original portrait of himself. Nothing more powerful and life-like has been seen on this hill since he was here before. - And that very sword—which so long adorned the library walls of his grandson, the historian, and which is now one of the treasures of the Massachusetts Historical Society—one of those “crossed swords” whose romantic story has so often been told in verse and prose,—that same sword which, tradition tells us, he waved where he now stands, when, seeing at length “the buttons on the coats,” or, it may have been, “the whites of the eyes,” of the advancing enemy in their original onslaught, he first gave the word “fire!”—that same sword I am privileged to hold up at this moment to your view, if, indeed, I shall be able to hold it, while it seems ready to leap from its scabbard, and to fly from my hand, to salute and welcome its brave old master and wearer! No blade which ever came from the forges of Damascus, Toledo or Genoa was ever witness to greater personal perils, or was ever wielded by a braver arm.

Prescott stands alone here now. But our little museum—to be reconstructed, I trust, at no distant day, of enduring materials and adequate dimensions—already contains a marble

statue of the glorious Warren. The great first martyr of the Revolution, and the heroic commander of this earliest Revolutionary battle, are now both in place. Around them on other parts of the hill, in other years, some of the gallant leaders who rushed to their aid from other States, or from other parts of our own State, will, it is hoped, be seen—Pomeroy and Stark and Reed and Knowlton, with Putnam at the head of them all. They will all be welcome, whenever they may come. Primarily a Massachusetts battle, it was peculiarly also a New England battle; and all New England might well be represented on these heights. But the pre-eminent honors of this occasion are paid, as they are due—and long, long overdue—to our grand Massachusetts Middlesex farmer and patriot.

He has returned;—not with three fresh regiments only, as he proposed, but with the acclamations of every soldier and every citizen within the sound of what is being said, or within any knowledge of what is being done here, to-day. He has retaken Bunker Hill; and with it, the hearts of all who are gathered on it, at this hour, or who shall be gathered upon it, generation after generation, in all the untold centuries of the future!

THE FIRST PRINTED BOOK KNOWN.

In the forest of Soignies, in Brabant, there were in the fifteenth century three priories occupied by Canons Regular of the rule of St. Augustin. Of these, history from time to time makes mention—history of art more frequently. It was, for example, to one of them that the famous painter Hugo van der Goes, over whose life and works there hangs so thick a cloud, retired. Here it was that he spent his last days among the kindly friars, who by their singing soothed the hours when the darkness settled down upon his mind. Here, too, as we learn, the great Roger van der Weyden more than once

came to stay; and the priory of Groenendael possessed at all events one picture by the master's hand. Curiously enough it was in a manual made for the use of the novices in this house that the inscriptions written under Roger's famous pictures for the Brussels town hall were preserved, which have since enabled students to identify as copies of them the beautiful tapestries won by the Swiss from Charles the Bold, and hanging to-day in the cathedral at Berne.

The traditions of this society were to some extent artistic, and Roger and Hugo do not seem to have been the only artists who retired into or visited their cloisters. Hence it will not be surprising if future investigation enables us to refer to them some of the productions of the early school of woodcutters and engravers. The forest of Soignies lay near to the populous towns of Brussels and Louvain. Religious houses situated in it were used as resting-places by the great men who had to journey past them. They were thus well suited to be centers from which new ideas might radiate.

The Canons Regular devoted themselves not only to religion, but, like the "*Fratres vite communitatis*," to the spread of learning also. They contain among their number not a few authors famous in their day. Such were Ruysbroeck, John of Schoonhoven, Arnold Sheyloven, and Mark Mastelyn. The last mentioned of these left behind him a book, entitled "*Necrologium Viridis Vallis*," which in the year 1630 a Brussels printer found it worth while to publish. Among other persons mentioned is one Henricus ex Pomerio or Van den Bogaert, in his day Prior of Groenendael. It is to this man that the reader's attention is more especially directed.*

The principal events of his life may be shortly told. He was born at Louvain in the year 1382, in troublous times; he

* A MS. in the Bibliothèque Royale at Brussels (No. 11,974), entitled "*Gazophylacium Sognianum sive historia sacra memoris Sogniae*," gives a full list of twenty-eight of Bogaert's writings. It was from this volume that Sanderus took his information. See for this and for other facts connected with Bogaert, M. Ruelens's learned monograph on the "*Pomerium Spirituale*" in the "*Documents iconographiques et typographiques de la Bibliothèque Royale de Belgique*."

studied at the university of his native town ; and, after earning his degree, he went off to Brussels, and there opened a school. After some time he returned to Louvain, bringing his school with him, and there in due course he rose to a prominent position among his fellow-townsmen, becoming even town secretary. At the age of thirty, however, he appears to have wearied of the turbulence of civic life, and, following the example of many a man desirous of quiet, if not for prayer, at all events for study, he retired from the world and took refuge in the priory of Groenendael. In 1421 we find him sent as prior to the neighoring convent of Sept-Fontaines, which belonged to the same order. Ten years later he was raised to the dignity of Prior of Groenendael, but shortly afterwards was elected to preside over the nuns of St. Barbera at Tirlemont—a position which he held for thirteen years. At length, at the age of seventy-two, and much against his own inclination, he was again elected Prior of Groenendael. He held the office for the shortest period allowable, and then retired to the solitude and peace of his own cell. He died in the year 1469.

So much for the man. With his numerous works, his controversies with jealous rivals, how he was accused to the Pope, how he defended himself and was acquitted—with all this we have nothing to do. The reader's attention, however, must be called to the names of two books which appear in the list of his writings. They are "*Explanationis figuralis super pater noster descriptio*," and "*Spirituale Pomerium, cum figuris*." Recent investigation has shown that copies of these books are to this day in existence ; and not only so, but that they are the earliest books printed from engraved blocks of wood to which a date can be assigned among those which are known to have come down to us. So far our work has been somewhat dull ; but let the reader take heart, for before leaving him we hope to be able to discover a fact not unimportant.

The *Explanatio figuralis* proves, as we shall hereafter show,

to be identical with a block-book known as the "*Exercitium super Pater Noster*," the only copy of which, in its original state, is preserved in the Public Library at Mons. It was included among the early books recently brought together in the gallery of Retrospective Art in the exhibition at Brussels. Unfortunately, the last two leaves are wanting—the remainder of the book is in the most perfect state of preservation.

It is a folio volume of the same dimensions as the rest of the block-books, and when complete it consisted of five sheets. These are only printed on one side; the other side remains blank. The sheets are not gathered up into a quire, one inside another, but sewn one by one into the cover, so that in turning over the leaves the first page is blank, the second and third contain printed matter, the fourth and fifth are blank, and so on. In books printed in this fashion it was not uncommon to paste the blank sides together two by two, and then the volume resembled one printed in the later manner on both sides of the paper.

The impressions were taken, not from a form composed of type, but from engraved blocks of wood, the whole of a single sheet being taken from one block. For the printing of the book, five such blocks were required, each containing the matter of two consecutive pages.

The contents of the pages are all similar. In a compartment across the top of each are four or five lines of wood-cut Latin text,* commencing with a sentence from the Lord's Prayer, and then proceeding to point out three points worthy of attention in connection with it. The center of the page is occupied by a wood-cut illustrative of these three points, below which, in another compartment, are some Flemish verses freely translated from the Latin lines above.

* For example, the text above the fifth cut is:—"Fiat voluntas tua sicut in celo et in terra. Hic nota in seculo tres vivorum defectiones. Primo habencium voluntates adhuc fractas quales sunt infideles. Secundo habencium perversas, quales sunt mali christiani. Tercio habencium imperfectas quales sunt boni. Et quia voluntates in celo sunt omnes integre, recte et perfecte ideo ut sic in terra fiat ora ut supra et ce."

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cut is:—"Fiat voluntas tua sicut in celi
defectiones. Primo habencium mon-
do habencium perversas, quales sunt in
uales sunt boni. Et quia voluntas
in terra fiat ora ut supra ut de

All the cuts in the book present mon. The first shows us the brother—seated on a bank outside the prior-est. A stag is seen among the trees engaged in meditation, and, a scroll shows us the direction of his thoughts; it doce me orare." To him there comes with a small tablet on his arm; he pater noster." The figure of the robes are light; his hair hangs in his face is mild, and in some degree brother looks up at him with more confidence in faces in early wood-cuts. His both natural and easy; there is a calm of his garments, and an air of quiet about him.

These two figures—the brother and his companion groups or incidents illustrate the Lord's Prayer, and explain the three points especially worthy of reflection.

It was long ago known that the Library of Paris possessed a copy of a MS. entitled "Pater Noster," and illustrated with wood-cuts without reason, considered to be the work of Pieter Bogaert. More recent investigations may not be the case. The prints were from a MS. are impressions from the very blocks which the Mons block-book—the first printed; but the blocks are in a later state than those on which the Flemish verses were cut off before these impressions were made. Therefore, it represents the same cuts.

But there is a more noticeable difference between the block-book and the prints in the MS.

the impressions are taken. The reader will probably know that in the very earliest days of printing, long before the invention of movable types, impressions from a wood-cut block were taken, not by means of a press, but by rubbing the back of the sheet of paper while it was in contact with the block. The block was, first of all, thoroughly wetted with some form of watery ink, and then the sheet of paper, well dampened, was placed in contact with it and held down, while the operator carefully rubbed the back of it either with his hand, with a brush, or with some kind of burnisher. The ink employed for this purpose was always of a light brown tint.

Owing to the wetness of the paper and the amount of rubbing which was necessary to produce a clear impression, the back of the paper often bears almost as clear an image of the block as the front; and the lines of ink lie in deep furrows, which, in many cases, remain clear when the ink itself has faded.*

But the discovery of printer's ink, an ink the vehicle of which was a greasy substance, and the possibility of thereby taking impressions by simple pressure, created a complete revolution in the methods of printing. It led to the immediate introduction of the printing-press, and thenceforward systems of rubbing, brushing, or burnishing were laid aside. The invention of printing-ink bears the same relation to the history of printing which that of oil-colors does to the history of painting. It does so in this manner. When once a printer had had experience of the use of the more advanced method, he would be quite certain never to recur to the old one. On the other hand, it is not to be supposed that the new invention would spread like an electric flash over the whole country at once, though it may be assumed that it would not be long in becoming generally known.

Now, whereas the Mons block-book is printed in light brown

* It will be seen that it was impossible to print on both sides of a sheet of paper by this method.

water-color ink by means of rubbing, the prints in the Paris MS. are taken in black ink, and give, so far as I could see, no indications of having been rubbed, but rather pressed or rolled against the wood block. Owing to their being pasted down at the corners, it is not easy to be certain of this; but, so far as can be seen, they give every evidence of the use of some sort of printing-press.

As we shall hereafter see, the MS. must have been produced before 1440, and hence we find the date, resting upon certain evidence instead of conjecture, for the group of block-books to be before 1440.

So far we have spoken only of the *Exercitium*; but the *Pomerium Spirituale* mentioned among the works of Henrick van den Bogaert has also come down to us in a mutilated form, and it is by means of it that we discover the very valuable date for these volumes. It exists in the form of a MS., illustrated by cuts preserved in the *Bibliothèque Royale* at Brussels, and in all respects similar to that of the *Exercitium* found at Paris. Each volume consists of a single six-sheet quire in folio. In both cases one side of a sheet is occupied by a wood-cut, printed in black ink, while the opposite page is filled with MS. text. The writing is nothing but a somewhat verbose amplification in Latin of the short wood-cut legends which appear on the cuts. In the case of the *Pomerium* the writer of the MS. seems also to have been its author, probably some Groenendaël monk who took the Prior's little book as his text, and proceeded to write a commentary on it; or, possibly, he may have been the Prior himself. The Paris *Exercitium* is equally obviously a copy by the hand of a scribe taken line for line from a volume written by some one else. This is shown clearly enough in one case, where the copyist has turned over two leaves of the volume he was copying instead of one, and has therefore written the wrong line opposite to a certain cut. He has found out his mistake after a word or two and corrected it, drawing his pen through them and starting afresh.

The two MSS., therefore, are twins, as abundant confirmatory evidence might be adduced to prove. The style of the design of the cuts, of the execution, of the wood-cut letters, of the treatment of the subjects, and of the MS. is the same in both; they are the work of the same hands—author, wood-cutter, printer, commentator—and they must belong to the same date.

By carefully measuring the prints in the *Pomerium MS.*, and making allowance for compartments containing Flemish text, such as those we saw were cut off in the case of the *Exercitium*, we find that the blocks of the former were exactly half the size of those of the latter, and that the original block-book edition of the *Pomerium* must have formed a quarto volume. Such a volume I have nowhere been able to discover, but that it has existed there is ample evidence. We are therefore quite prepared to credit the statement of Dumortier* that he had seen the *Pomerium* cuts united in a small volume unaccompanied by MS.

The subject of the "*Pomerium Spirituale*" is, as its name implies, allegorical. A maiden, representing one of the twelve virtues, is discovered kneeling at the foot of one of the twelve trees of the spiritual orchard—the symbols of the Divine attributes—receiving the fruits of the tree. The twelve maidens form subjects for meditation for the twelve hours of the day. In connection with each of the maidens is represented and described one of the incidents of the sacred history, past or future, serving to exemplify that attribute which is the real subject of the picture. Each print is similar in its general design to all the rest. The little maid kneels, sits or stands, as the case may be, under a tree on the left, among the branches of which, on a scroll, is the name of the attribute. Three apples, the fruits of the tree, lie on the ground beside her. Behind her is a scroll containing the words which she

* Dumortier—"Notes sur l'Imprimerie," in the *Bulletins de l'Académie royale de Belgique*, tome viii., 1841.

addresses to her heavenly spouse. Other inscriptions, in different places, explain the scene. The right and center of the cut are occupied by the event from sacred history. The names of the three fruits are engraved in three lines, in a compartment at the foot of the cut.

Lastly, the MS. text of the "Pomerium" distinctly informs us twice over that the author of the book was Henricus ex Pomerio, a canon regular of the monastery of the Blessed Virgin of Groenendael. Twice over are we told that the book was finished in the year 1440.* To this year, therefore, we must refer both MSS., though that of the "Exercitum" may have been produced a year or two earlier or later. Both the block-books must be dated before 1440.

We cannot finally quit this subject without casting a passing glance at the style of the execution of the wood-cuts. It is the same in both books; they are obviously the work of one hand, and may be treated together. The most marked feature is the constant employment of long pointed lines, placed closely side by side, to shade large spaces, especially as a sort of relieving shadow to detach the figures from the ground. The shade is for the most part unpleasantly flat. The faces and features are very similar in style to those which appear in that most finished of all the early wood-cut books—the "Ars Moriendi." But such is not the case with the hair, which is much less carefully arranged by the Groenendael artist. The head, however, of the kneeling maiden is sometimes very pretty, with its pointed forehead, simple attitude, and quiet look, the hair being wavy and light. The real fault of the cut lies in the masses of gridiron shade, which spoil their effect and add nothing to their meaning. Considering, however, their early date, and the difficulties with which

* The author's name occurs in red at the end of the preface. Further on we read, "Editum est hoc spirituale pomerium per fratrem Henricum ex pomerio canonicum regularem professum in monasterio beatae Mariae viridis vallis." On the last page is written, "Explicit spirituale pomerium editum anno domini m^ccccc^{mo}xl^{mo};" then follows a prayer of eight lines; and then, "Explicit est sup. spirituale pomerium editum et completum, Anno domini m^ccccc^{xl}o deo gratias."

the artist must have had to contend, it must be allowed that he has attained an excellence of finish in the arrangement and shaping of his lines of no low order.

To sum up, then. The conclusions which an examination of these volumes enables us to assert are as follows:—Some time before the year 1440, Henrick van den Bogaert wrote a little work entitled "*Spirituale Pomerium*." He employed some artist living in the neighborhood of the priory of Groenendaël, and possibly one of the brothers themselves, to engrave it upon blocks of wood with accompanying illustrations, from which impressions might be taken by the recently introduced process of printing. Nor was this the only work of his so treated, but about the same period there appeared, in a similar but larger form the "*Exercitium super Pater Noster*" by the same author and artist. At a later time, in the year 1440, the former, and probably both books, was taken in hand again, it may well have been by the author himself—the blocks were trimmed by the removal of the Flemish portions of the text, now no longer required, and impressions were taken from them by a more advanced process of printing. The prints thus made were pasted into a volume of blank paper, pages being left plain for the addition of a MS. commentary of a more extensive kind than that admitted by the limited space available on the cuts themselves.

The earliest printing-press, therefore, to which both a date and a locality can at present be assigned was used near Groenendaël, in the forest of Soignies, in the province of Brabant, before the year 1440. While it is to be hoped that further investigations may enable us to group together other block-books as the productions of the same press, it is quite possible that they may reveal to us the existence of other centers of printing activity at dates considerably earlier.

M. W. CONWAY, in *The Academy*.

THE REVISED VERSION OF THE ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT.

A revision of the English Authorized Version could not have been much longer deferred. By the year 1870, when the Revision Companies were appointed, public opinion had become quite matured upon the subject. The period for debate, extending in real earnest from about 1856, was over, and the period for action had arrived. A very healthy tone had gradually come to prevail upon the question. On the one hand, all thought of adding another to those many "Improved Versions," which had turned out such conspicuous failures, was abandoned. On the other hand, that idle sentiment which strove for long to regard the Authorized Version as something too sacred ever to be touched, had, by the date referred to, talked and written itself out. Scholars connected with the various churches in our country were all but unanimous in the conviction that neither as respects text nor translation could the common English Version of the New Testament be regarded as satisfactory. As to the text on which the Authorized Version was founded, it was well known to have rested on the slightest critical materials, a point which will be more particularly adverted to afterwards. And as to the translation, the mere fact that more than two centuries and a half had elapsed since it was formed, was of itself enough to suggest, without going into points of lexical or grammatical correctness, that, owing to the inevitable changes always taking place in language, it could not but call for revision and rectification.

Accordingly, when the Convocation of Canterbury, in February, 1870, adopted certain resolutions in favor of instant revision, it showed itself for once a true exponent and interpreter of national opinion. The particular resolutions which were adopted did the utmost credit to the shrewd sense as

well as the catholic spirit of the body which had now undertaken to deal with the question. This will be plain from the following extracts. After declaring (1) "That it is desirable that a revision of the Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures be undertaken," and (2) "That the revision be so conducted as to comprise both marginal renderings and such emendations as it may be found necessary to insert in the text of the Authorized Version," Convocation added the following: (3) "That in the above resolutions we do not contemplate any new translation of the Bible, or any alteration of the language, except when in the judgment of the most competent scholars such change is necessary;" (4) "That in such necessary changes, the style of the language employed in the existing version be closely followed;" (5) "That it is desirable that Convocation should nominate a body of its own members to undertake the work of revision, who shall be at liberty to invite the co-operation of any eminent for scholarship, to whatever nation or religious body they may belong."

The golden mean was thus indicated between undue conservatism and unnecessary alteration. The constitution of the New Testament Company was also strikingly liberal. Among its twenty-seven members, all the leading religious communions in our country were represented. Side by side with bishops, deans, and other dignitaries of the Church of England, there sat, on a footing of perfect equality, scholars connected with the Presbyterian, Congregational, Wesleyan, Baptist, and Unitarian churches. It may be regarded as a striking proof how well-timed was the movement for revision, that scarcely one of the divines invited to join the Company declined to serve. Only Dr. Tregelles, influenced by considerations of health, and Dr. (now Cardinal) J. H. Newman, whose co-operation could hardly have been anticipated, failed to come forward in response to the call of Convocation. Moreover, not one of the original members of the Company whom time has spared, ceased to act up to the very conclusion of the work.

Several lamented losses were incurred, through death, among the members—Bishop Wilberforce, Dean Alford, and Dr. Eadie, all dying within a few years after the commencement of the work ; but the only resignation which took place was that of the present Dean of Ely, who did not at first belong to the members of the Company.

The work thus begun on June 22, 1870, has been uninterruptedly carried forward during the last ten and a half years. Altogether, the Company have held over 100 sessions, each session consisting of four days, and the members sitting each day for seven hours. This statement is of itself sufficient to suggest how great labor and pains have been expended on the task in hand. The result is before us in the Revised Version just published ; and what, let us now inquire, are the practical gains which have been secured ?

There need be no hesitation in saying at once, that, both as regards text and translation, an immense advance has been made on the Authorized Version. We are, indeed, far from supposing that, in either of these respects, the *ne plus ultra* of perfection has yet been reached. Readings have here and there been preferred which do not commend themselves to our acceptance, and renderings have occasionally been adopted from which we very strongly dissent. But both these points were, in every case, determined, as they only could be, by the decision of a majority of the Revisers ; and few indeed are the instances in which the present writer differed from his colleagues, compared with the vast number of cases in which the judgment of the majority of the Company had his cordial concurrence.*

* I may give in a note, without lengthened argument, a few examples of various kinds of changes for the worse, which have, in my opinion, been accepted in the Revised Version. First, the text adopted at Luke ii. 14 seems to me utterly to spoil the parallelism, while it hardly yields a sense, and is, besides, opposed to a vast amount of external evidence. Secondly, I think an error has been committed in introducing a personal reference to Satan in the translation of ἀπὸ τοῦ πονηροῦ, given at Matt. vi. 13. Thirdly, the two verses, Acts. i. 18, 19, have, quite against the Greek, been printed as a parenthesis, and this, apparently with the view of avoiding a fancied difficulty, which really does not exist. Speaking generally, it seems to me that too many minute variations from the Authorized Version have been admitted.

Readers of the Revised Version will be strongly tempted to do it injustice on a first perusal. Their predominant feeling will be one of disappointment and regret. They will miss altogether certain passages with which they have been familiar all their days, and will be ready to say that in every chapter the rhythm of the Authorized Version, which has charmed their ears from infancy, is unpleasantly disturbed. But the prejudice thus apt to be excited should be resisted and laid aside. The one vital question in every case is whether or not evidence and argument are in favor of the Revised Version; and, if so, the changes which have been made should be gratefully accepted. Let us consider this point both as respects text and translation.

As is well known, the Bible was the first book ever printed, but that was the Latin Bible. A splendid edition of it, of which some highly prized copies are still in existence, came forth from the printing-press of Gutenberg and Fust at Mentz in 1452. The Hebrew Bible had also been published under the auspices of some wealthy Jews in 1488. But, what seems at first strange, no edition of the New Testament in the original was issued from the press within the century which witnessed the invention of printing. The Songs of the Virgin Mary and Zacharias were the only portions printed, as an appendix to a Greek edition of the Psalms, before the beginning of the eventful sixteenth century. The reason of this curious fact doubtless was that the Greek language was as yet hardly known in Western Europe. But the "new learning" was everywhere spreading; editions of the ancient classics were pouring from the press; and an edition of the Greek New Testament, superintended by Erasmus, at last came out in 1516, the year which marked the birth-throes of the Reformation.

It is right, however, to state that, while the edition of Erasmus was the first actually published, one had been printed some little time before. This is known as the Complutensian

edition (from Complutum, the Latin name of Alcalá in Spain, where it was printed), and was prepared under the auspices of the excellent and accomplished Cardinal Ximenes. The printing of the New Testament was finished on January 10, 1514, but, for various reasons, it was not published till six years afterwards. In the meantime, Erasmus had a request addressed to him on April 17, 1515, by Froben, an eminent publisher at Basle, that he would immediately set about the preparation of an edition of the Greek Testament. Erasmus was at that time in England, and on receipt of Froben's communication he immediately fell to work. His industry, then as ever, was prodigious; and he actually had out his first edition of the Greek New Testament, with Latin notes, forming a large folio of 1,027 pages, before a year had passed, the date of the work being February, 1516. Here, then, we find the beginning of our Authorized Version. The first edition of Erasmus constituted the basis of that text on which our common English Version was formed. He, no doubt, introduced changes into subsequent editions—some of them by no means improvements—and alterations were afterwards made by Stephens, Beza, and other editors; but, without going into details, it may simply be stated that when, in 1604, at the command of King James, our translators began the preparation of the present Authorized Version, the Greek text which they used was one substantially the same as the fourth edition of Erasmus, published in 1527. What, then, let us inquire, were the critical materials on which that edition rested?

It has already been hinted how hurriedly Erasmus flung forth his first edition of the New Testament. As he himself said, "it was rather tumbled headlong into the world than edited." In his haste, he laid hold of those Greek manuscripts which lay nearest to his hand, and these happened to be both few and inferior in character. They are still to be seen at Basle, bearing the marks of having been used as

"copy" for the printer. Of the one good manuscript to which Erasmus had access he made but little use. The authority he principally followed was a manuscript which the monks at Basle had bought for two florins, and small as was this price, modern scholars have declared, on examining the document, that it was quite enough. What could be expected as the result but the production of a very erroneous text? And still more remains to be said on this point. For the book of Revelation, Erasmus had only one copy, and even that was not complete. The last six verses were altogether wanting, and the great scholar had no means of supplying them, except through his own imagination and erudition. Unwilling to send forth a mutilated edition to the world, he took the Latin version of the missing verses, and conjecturally re-translated them into Greek. The remarkable fact consequently is that, in the common, uncritical editions of the Greek Testament, circulating in our own day, there are a number of Greek words, which, so far from having been written by St. John, can be traced no higher than to the learned guesses of Erasmus.

By the time his fourth edition was published, Erasmus had seen the work of Cardinal Ximenes, and took advantage of it to clear away many of the erroneous readings he had at first adopted, especially in the book of Revelation. But the Complutensian text had itself been based on manuscripts of modern date and little authority. Nor did subsequent editors do much to improve the text down to the date of our Authorized Version. The only manuscript of the first class to which they had access was that now known as D, containing only the Gospels and Acts in Greek and Latin, and belonging to the sixth century. This manuscript was once the property of the Reformer Beza, but he was afraid to use it. He thought its readings dangerous, as they certainly are often peculiar; and both he and those who followed him down to the reign of King James, adhered substantially to that text which, as

we have seen, was founded on such a slender basis by Erasmus.

The plain truth then is, that our common English version rests upon a Greek original which can claim almost no critical authority. At the time of its preparation, none of the sources of a pure text were available. The citations of the New Testament found in the early Fathers had not been carefully examined. The ancient versions had not been critically studied. The most valuable manuscripts of the New Testament had not been discovered. In a word, the science of textual criticism had not yet come into existence.

During the two centuries and a half which have passed away since then, this science, like others, has made prodigious strides. Many most able and learned men have devoted themselves to its cultivation. In England, the names of Walton, Mill and Bentley; and in Germany, the names of Griesbach, Lachmann, and Tischendorf, are honored as those of the great departed, who have made it the object of their lives that the very words of Scripture should, as far as possible, be recovered. And the question simply is, shall not the results of their labors be made known to English readers? While everything else has advanced, and while the very poorest now have access to advantages and comforts which could not be enjoyed by the wealthiest two centuries ago, shall we continue to stand, in regard to the purity of the text of God's Word, at the point where our ancestors stood when the Authorized Version was formed? This is a question which admits of but one clear and decided answer, and, accordingly, the text from which the Revised Version of the New Testament has been formed is one which has, in multitudes of passages, departed from that text which constituted the basis of our common English translation.

But while changes due to this cause will be found in every chapter, most of them are of very little importance. It is only on rare occasions that the differences of reading involve

questions of doctrine, or can otherwise be regarded as of very great consequence. Before proceeding to consider those passages of which all will recognize the significance, let us glance at some of the minor changes which have been made, both as interesting in themselves and as illustrating the principles which have been adopted by textual critics.

At Mark vi. 20 the Authorized Version runs as follows: "For Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and a holy, and observed him; and when he heard him *he did many things*, and heard him gladly." But in the Revised Version the passage stands thus: "For Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and a holy, and kept him safe; and when he heard him, *he was much perplexed*, and heard him gladly." Here, there are, no doubt, many ancient authorities in favor of the reading represented in the common version. But, notwithstanding, it can hardly be questioned on critical principles that that reading is erroneous. The difference between the two versions springs from the fact that in the one text a very common verb is found, while a very uncommon verb occurs in the other. Now, Biblical scholars have adopted the principle that, where there are conflicting readings, one which is difficult or unusual is, in general, to be preferred to another which is easy and common. The reason for this rule is evident. On the one hand, a transcriber was strongly tempted to change an expression or a construction which he did not understand into another with which he was quite familiar, and which seemed to suit the context. On the other hand, it is obvious that there was no temptation to alter a common word or construction into one that was unusual and could only be comprehended with difficulty. This one consideration leaves little room for doubt as to the true reading in the passage before us. We can easily fancy a copyist being stumbled by the very rare word *ἡπόρει*, and changing it into the common *ἐποίησεν*; but the opposite process it is nearly impossible to imagine. There is a different critical principle

which comes into operation at such passages, as Acts viii. 37 and 1 Cor. vi. 20. Additions have, in both these passages, been made to the true text. The first verse referred to is a baptismal formula, which appears in some copies of the New Testament to have crept in from the margin, and which must, on every ground of evidence, be dismissed. In the second passage, again, these words—"and in your spirit, which are God's"—seem to have been inserted with the mistaken view of promoting edification. It is quite plain, however, to one who considers the apostle's line of argument in the passage, that the added words are wholly out of place; and, in point of evidence, they have in fact hardly any support. The exhortation of St. Paul appositely ends with—"Glorify God therefore in your body," just as his reasoning in the Epistle to the Romans is forcibly summed up at chap. viii. 1, in these comprehensive words: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus"—without the enfeebling and unsupported addition here found in the Authorized Version. Since, then, the sacred text was apt, in various ways, to be added to, Biblical critics have adopted this other general principle that a shorter reading is usually to be preferred to a longer. If we now turn to 1 John ii. 23, we shall find a passage which calls forth a different line of remark. It will be observed that the second half of that verse is printed in italics in the Authorized Version, to indicate a doubt as to its genuineness. No such brand, however, attaches to it in the Revised Version, and modern criticism pronounces quite decidedly in its favor. How then did it come to be omitted in some even of the best manuscripts? The answer is that this was due to the fact that the two clauses of the verse end with three words exactly the same in Greek. The eyes of some transcribers were thus deceived. They wrote the first clause, and then on looking up from their work to the copy before them, their glance fell on the last words of the *second*, and supposing from the appearance which these presented that

they had just written it, they were led to omit the clause altogether. These words and clauses of *like ending* have been a very fruitful cause of omissions in the manuscripts, but, the cause of the mistake being so obvious, there is usually little difficulty in making the necessary correction.

Having thus given some examples of those minor changes of text which are represented in the Revised Version, with the reasons which may be assigned for the various readings, we now pass on to notice those more important omissions and alterations which will be observed in the revised translation. The first instance of omission which will probably strike the English reader is that of the doxology to the Lord's Prayer. These words (Matt. vi. 13), "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen;" have entirely disappeared in the Revised Version. The state of the evidence is as follows: The words in question are not quoted or commented on by the earliest of the Fathers, even by those of them, such as Origen, who formally expounded the Lord's Prayer; they never existed in the Latin versions, and they are not found in the two oldest manuscripts, B and ~~N~~, both belonging to the fourth century, nor in D; while A and C, both dating from the fifth century, are here unfortunately defective. On the other hand, the words are found in the ancient Syriac version, formed perhaps in the second century, but apparently conformed at a later date to the text prevailing in the Church, so that its authority loses much of the weight it would otherwise possess; and they are also found in the great majority of the later manuscripts, but in varying forms, always a suspicious circumstance. What then, are we to conclude respecting the words? If evidence is to decide, as evidence alone ought to decide, there can hardly be a doubt that they did not exist in the original text, but crept into it from some of the ancient Liturgies. This is a conclusion which some may regret, or even refuse to accept. But it should be remembered that unless a strict adhesion to critical principles is maintained

in dealing with Scripture, all must soon become uncertainty and confusion; and that, if we defy the laws of evidence in regard to any one passage which is wished to be retained, we cannot logically appeal to these laws either for the exclusion or retention of other passages.

We now turn to Mark xvi. 9-20 (close of St. Mark's Gospel). Quotations are made from this passage by Irenæus and other very early writers. It is found in all the ancient versions. It exists in A, C, D—three of the five great Uncials—and in almost all the other Greek manuscripts. But, while there can thus be no question as to the canonical authority of the passage, there is not a little doubt respecting its authorship. Eusebius, the father of ecclesiastical history (circ. A. D. 330), tells us that the section did not exist in the best manuscripts in his day. And when we look into \aleph , we find that the verses are wholly wanting. When, again, we turn to B, we see that in it, too, the verses are wanting; but a space is left vacant, indicating that the transcriber was aware of the existence of the passage. The internal evidence is still more decisive against the belief that the section proceeded from St. Mark. No fewer than seventeen expressions occur in its twelve verses, which are found nowhere else in the second Gospel. The difference of style is perceptible even to a reader of the English version, and far more so to one who peruses the passage in the original. We cannot tell why St. Mark stopped at the end of the 8th verse. That must have been due to accident, and not intention. The evangelist could never have *meant* to end his work with the words "for they were afraid." No history that was ever given to the world intentionally closes with such abruptness. The last word is actually a conjunction, being the Greek expression corresponding to the English "for." But such a termination, while it could not have been intentional, may have been caused by accident. We know, for instance, how many works have been left unfinished owing to the sudden death of their authors. This was, doubt-

less, the reason why the history of Thucydides ends so abruptly. This, too, was the reason why the great epic of Virgil was left with so many of its lines incomplete. And every one knows and regrets that it was owing to the sudden death of Lord Macaulay that his history is only a magnificent fragment. So St. Mark may never have had it in his power to complete the Gospel as he intended. But that does not in the least detract from the authority of its last twelve verses, while the fact of their being due to a different authorship really imparts to them an additional interest and importance. They undoubtedly come to us from the period of the Apostles, and thus furnish a practical attestation that the second Gospel was accepted in the Church even from the earliest times.

We must next look at another long passage, which stands on much the same footing, viz., St. John vii. 53—viii. 11 (the woman taken in adultery). That section is wholly wanting in A, B, C, &, while it occurs in a peculiar form in D, and is not found in the best versions. Internal evidence is also strongly against it. The style is entirely different from that of St. John, and the passage has no connection with the context. Besides, some manuscripts do not insert it here, but have it at the end of Luke xxi., which seems a far more fitting place for it. Taking all these facts into consideration, the almost unanimous opinion of modern critics is that the paragraph formed no part of the original Gospel of St. John. At the same time, all agree that the narrative is eminently Christian in sentiment, and probably quite historical as to the facts stated. It thus comes to us as one of the very few genuine narratives connected with Christ, which have reached us outside of the New Testament. The reason why this one has been preserved, while multitudes of others that must have been prevalent in the early Church passed away, is that it secured for itself in many copies a place within the sacred inclosure of the Scriptural text.

We may now pass to a brief consideration of the famous

passage, 1 John v. 7, 8. The reader will observe that these words—"in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one"—have been omitted in the Revised Version, so that the passage reads as follows: "For there are three that bear record, the Spirit, and the water, and the blood; and these three agree in one." All reference to the "three heavenly Witnesses" thus disappears, and the most popular of all texts in proof of the doctrine of the Trinity has no longer a place in the New Testament. This is one of the most certain results of textual criticism. The words referred to are as undoubtedly spurious as the first verse of St. John's Gospel is genuine. They are not quoted or referred to by any of the early Fathers, even when expressly treating of the doctrine of the Trinity. They do not exist in any of the ancient versions, except the Latin, and not in the best copies even of that. They are not found in any of the ancient manuscripts, nor indeed in any Greek manuscript at all, except two, respecting which it is the settled conviction of Biblical critics that the words have been translated from the Latin. Nothing, therefore, is more certain than that the passage did not exist in the original text of the New Testament. It seems to have been foisted into the Latin in the supposed interests of orthodoxy, and has not been thought worthy of notice even on the margin of the Revised Version.

But what criticism takes away in the above passage, it makes up for at 1 Pet. iii. 15. There the Authorized Version reads, "But sanctify the Lord *God* in your hearts." There is, however, very feeble support for this reading. All the great manuscripts, A, B, C, ~~N~~, with the best versions and several of the Fathers, sanction the following as the true text: "But sanctify the Lord *Christ* in your hearts." Now, this is a change of the greatest doctrinal importance. To see that such is the case it must be noticed that the Apostle is here quoting from Isa. viii. 13. And, as he applies to Christ language which is in the Old Testament made use of with reference to *Jehovah*,

there can be no question that he takes for granted the supreme Godhead of the Saviour.

Another passage presenting various readings of great interest is found at 1 Tim. iii. 16. The question there is whether we are to read "God" or "who." Previous to the discovery of \aleph , some twenty years ago, the Alexandrian manuscript (A) was here of supreme importance, as being the only great Uncial containing the passage. From the worn and faded condition of the manuscript at the place, and from the fact that there is very little difference in the forms for "God" and "who," as written in ancient Greek documents, the utmost variety of opinion existed among Biblical critics as to the side which A really favored. Both the great Vatican manuscript (B), and the Ephraem manuscript (C) are here defective, so that the Sinaitic manuscript (\aleph) has supreme weight in here establishing the true text. And, as it clearly reads "who," there is now no doubt that we should read, as in the Revised Version, "He who was manifested in the flesh."

The results reached by criticism may be regarded as certain with respect to all the passages which have yet been noticed. But it is not so in regard to these two important texts, Acts xx. 28, and Col. ii. 2. The renderings of these adopted in the Revised Version can only be viewed as resting upon readings in favor of which a slight probability may be pleaded. And no one who examines the amount of the evidence on either side will attach much less weight to the readings which have in these passages been placed on the margin than to those which have been admitted into the text.

We now proceed more briefly to look at some of those changes which are due to an amended *rendering* of the text of the Authorized Version.

Positive mistakes of the Greek have been corrected. We may turn for an example to Acts iii. 19, 20. The Authorized Version here presents an instance of sheer mistranslation; and it is important in the interests of eschatology that the

error should be corrected. It is impossible that the *ὅπως αὖ* of the original can be translated "when;" the only proper rendering is, "in order that," and, with this meaning, it dominates the verb not only in the 19th, but also in the 20th, verse. The proper translation is, as in the Revised Version, "Repent ye therefore, and turn again, that your sins may be blotted out, *that so* seasons of refreshing *may come* from the presence of the Lord; and *that he may send* the Christ who hath been appointed for you (even) Jesus." For another example of mistranslation, let us look at Gal. v. 17, as it stands in the Authorized Version. We there read, "For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other; *so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.*" This rendering completely inverts the meaning. In the original it is "the Spirit" and not "the flesh," which is represented as the conquering power; and the proper translation is that of the Revised Version—"For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; for these are contrary the one to the other; *that ye may not do the things that ye would.*" For other examples of mistranslation in the Authorized Version we refer the reader to Matt. xiv. 8; Luke xviii. 12; Acts xxvi. 28; 1 Tim. vi. 5; Heb. xi. 13, etc.

Mistakes in Greek grammar have been rectified. This might be largely illustrated with respect to several points. It is seen with reference to the article; the Authorized Version sometimes inserts it without any sanction from the original, as at John iv. 27, "they marveled that he talked with *the* woman," instead of "they marveled that he talked with *a* woman," the meaning being thus perverted and obscured. More frequently it *omits* the article when found in the Greek, as so often before the official title "Christ" in the Gospels, and as at 2 Thess. ii. 3, "except there come *a* falling away first," for "*the* falling away," the definite apostacy in question. Sometimes, again, the article is *over-translated* as a demonstrative pronoun, as at

John i. 21, "Art thou *that* prophet?" for "*the* prophet," and in many other places. The same incorrectness appears in the renderings of Greek tenses. Aorists are constantly translated as perfects, and though this is necessary and proper in some passages, there are many others in which the strict grammatical rendering of the tense should be adhered to, as at Matt. vii. 22, "*Did* we not prophesy?" instead of "*Have* we not prophesied?" On the other hand, perfects are sometimes translated as aorists, to the detriment of the sense, as at Luke xiii. 2, where the proper rendering, "because they *have* suffered these things," indicates the recent character of the calamity. Imperfects are frequently translated as aorists, and fine points indicated in the original are thus concealed, as at Mark xv. 6, "he *released* unto them one prisoner," for, "he used to release unto them one prisoner." See also Luke i. 59; v. 6, etc. Further, the Greek prepositions are often mistranslated. One example out of multitudes is seen at 2 Peter iii. 12, where, instead of "The day of God *wherein*," the proper rendering is "The day of God, *by reason of which*." Compare Rom. iii. 25; Heb. vi. 7, etc.; and for an improper translation of other prepositions see Luke xxiii. 42; 2 Thess. ii. 1, etc.—in a word, the number of grammatical errors in the Authorized Version is so great that it would take many pages simply to enumerate them.

Unintelligible archaisms have been removed and proper names consistently translated. Of course no attempt has been made to impart a modern air to the Revised Version. On the contrary, the antique style has been carefully preserved, as shedding a sort of solemnity about the sacred volume. But a number of terms which are now obscure or misleading have been replaced by others. It is sufficient to mention "prevent," which occurs with the sense of "anticipate" at Matt. xvii. 25; 1 Thess. iv. 15; "ensue," which is used for "pursue" at 1 Peter iii. 11; and "conversation," which means "conduct" at Gal. i. 3; and many other passages. As to proper names, the

greatest confusion prevails in the Authorized Version. We find Timotheus and Timothy, Lucas and Luke, Marcus and Mark, Midian and Madian, etc., variously employed in referring to the same persons or places. This is often most misleading to plain readers, especially in regard to the name "Jesus," which is twice employed, not to denote Christ, but Joshua, the leader of the people of Israel (Acts vii. 45 and Heb. iv. 8). It borders on the grotesque to find Kish spoken of as "Cis," Hosea as "Osee," Jeremiah as "Jeremy"; and it is credibly reported that even dignitaries of the Church have been known to treat the New Testament form of Korah as a monosyllable, while they read in the epistle of Jude of "the gainsaying of *Core*." All these points have, as a matter of course, been rectified in the Revised Version.

Consistency has, as far as possible, been maintained in translating the same Greek words. Variation is, of course, to some extent a necessity, since the same word has different meanings in different passages. The only question, therefore, is whether our translators have not varied their renderings unnecessarily and unreasonably, so as, in fact, to have diminished the value of their work. That such is, in reality, the case might be very largely evinced. But here a few illustrations only can be given. At 1 Peter ii. 4, 5, we read, "To whom coming, as unto a *living* stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and precious, ye also, as *lively* stones, are built up," etc., the very same word being thus variously translated in the two clauses, and the identification of Christ's life with that of his people being thus to some degree obscured. The very same words rendered "thy faith hath saved thee" at Luke vii. 20, and xviii. 42, appear as "thy faith hath made thee whole" at Luke viii. 48, and xvii. 19. At chapter vi. 20 of the same Gospel we find the words "blessed *be* ye," while the very same Greek words are rendered "blessed *are* ye" in the next and following verses. Exactly identical expressions are variously represented in the several Gospels. Compare, for instance, Matt,

xxvii. 45; Mark xv. 33; Luke xxiii. 44. Quotations from the Old Testament repeated in the same language in different passages are very variously rendered, as at Heb. iii. 11 and Heb. iv. 3, etc. Different degrees of force are given to the very same Greek words in different passages, as at Matt. xvii. 5, compared with Mark ix. 7, and in multitudes of other places. Now, all this needless variety of rendering must be very perplexing to an English reader, must often lead him to imagine differences in the original which do not exist, and must go far to deprive him of the advantage which might be derived from comparing one passage in which a particular expression occurs with another in which the same word or phrase is employed.

Unnecessary confounding of one Greek word with another in translation has been avoided. This is the opposite error to that which has just been noticed, and admits of large illustration from the Authorized Version. Let the following examples suffice. Three different terms are alike translated "brightness." The first occurs at Acts xxvi. 13—"I saw in the way a light from heaven above the *brightness* of the sun"—a perfectly correct translation. The second is found at 2 Thess. ii. 8, "shall destroy with the *brightness* of his coming," and this passage furnishes an instance of sheer mistranslation. The word rendered "brightness" is in every other passage (1 Tim. vi. 14; Tit. ii. 13, etc.) translated "appearing," and should always have some such meaning assigned to it. The third term occurs in the striking passage, Heb. i. 3, "who being the *brightness* of his glory," and is found nowhere else in the New Testament. It denotes the flashing forth of radiance, and not a mere reflected splendor, as might be inferred from the Authorized Version: it should therefore, be translated by some such expression as "effulgence." Again, two very different terms are alike translated "hell" in the Authorized Version, and this sometimes grates very harshly on the reader. A bold attempt has been made in the revised translation to escape

this result by transferring the word "Hades" into our language, while "hell" is reserved for the other expression. This attempt deserves to prove successful, as it serves to distinguish between the abode of the dead, or the region of disembodied spirits, and the popular conception of hell. The gain thus secured is strikingly seen in such verses as Acts ii. 27, 31, where it is almost dreadful to read of Christ's soul not having been "left in hell." The meaning, of course, is that he was not left in the region of the dead; and the revised translation therefore is, "Because thou wilt not leave my soul in Hades, neither wilt thou give thy Holy One to see corruption." Once more, as is well known, two very different words are alike translated "beast" and "beasts" in the Book of Revelation. The one simply denotes "living creature," while the other is properly rendered "beast." The worst results have followed from confounding them—from translating the word which occurs, for instance, at Rev. iv. 6, by the same term in our language as that which is found at xiii. 1. It is, indeed, simply horrible to read (chap. v. 14) that "the four *beasts* said, Amen;" and when the necessary corrections have been made, as in the Revised Version, an English reader cannot fail to have much additional pleasure in perusing the Apocalypse.

Such, then, are a few illustrations of what has been done to amend the English New Testament, both as respects text and translation. And now the question naturally suggests itself, *What is to be the fate of the Revised Version?* That is a question which can, of course, be definitely answered only after the Version has passed through the ordeal of public opinion. But, judging by analogous cases in the past, there is little reason to be sanguine as to the favorable reception which awaits it, at least in the immediate present. We know how high the Vulgate now stands in the estimation of the Church of Rome. Well, that is substantially the revision of the Old Latin made by St. Jerome in the fifth century. And how was his work

received when it appeared? Why, it was condemned with the greatest severity, and he himself assailed with the utmost virulence, while the greatly improved version which he had produced did not obtain general acceptance in the church till after a period of 200 years! Think again how dear to every one is now our existing Authorized Version, how proud we are of its general faithfulness as well as its noble style, and how attached to its sweet and solemn utterances. And how was it ushered into the world? Why, it lay neglected and despised for the first fifty years of its existence, while one of the greatest scholars of the age declared that he "would rather be torn in pieces by wild horses than impose such a version on the poor churches of England"! How then can it be expected that the new revision will escape the fate of those which have preceded it? The present writer well remembers that when, as a Company of Revisers, we first took our seats around the long table in the Jerusalem Chamber, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who has throughout acted as chairman, plainly warned us not to be over-sanguine as to the immediate success likely to attend our work. And he had expressed the same thing previously in his "Considerations on the Revision of the English Version of the New Testament." His words (p. 221), were:

Even with the most prospered issues, a generation must pass away ere the labors of the present time will be so far recognized as to take the place of the labors of the past. The youngest scholar that may be called upon to bear his part in the great undertaking will have fallen on sleep before the labors in which he may have shared will be regarded as fully bearing their hoped-for fruit. The latest survivor of the gathered company will be resting in the calm of Paradise, ere the work at which he toiled will meet with the reception which, by the blessing of God the Holy Ghost, it may ultimately be found to deserve. The bread will be cast upon the waters, but it will not be found till after many days.

This may appear too despondent a view to take of the matter, but it is certainly one which is confirmed by all past experience. The old words of Scripture, with which our ears have been familiar from childhood, possess an indescribable charm, and we can hardly be persuaded to part with them for

others, however more accurately these may represent the original. But while this is so, there can, at the same time, be no doubt that the Revised Version will gradually win its way to public acceptance, *if it deserves to do so*. Beyond all question it will be subjected to a vast amount of criticism, much of which will, doubtless, be intelligent, and not a little, probably, the reverse. Considering the long time which has been taken in its preparation, and how many minds have aided in suggesting the amendments which it embodies, there seems little likelihood that anything new will emerge in the discussions it may excite, anything, that is, which was not considered by the Company. There is a well-known story connected with the Authorized Version, to the effect that a certain scholar sent the translators five reasons in favor of a particular rendering, but was answered that they had already had the suggestion before them, and had found fifteen reasons for rejecting it. Something like this will, doubtless occur again, and will combine with many other causes to occasion delay in the acceptance of the Revised Version. Yet who can tell but, in these times of ours, when everything is so rapidly accomplished, a favorable reception may be gained for this new edition of the English Testament at an earlier date than its best friends now venture to anticipate? At any rate, the utmost confidence may be felt that no rash changes have been made; that every effort has been put forth to render the work as faithful a transcript of the original as possible; that neither ecclesiastical nor theological prejudices have been allowed the slightest influence in molding the translation; and that the one object aimed at has been to cause the light of Divine truth to shine with a brighter luster on the minds of those who are indebted for an acquaintance with it solely to the English language.

ALEXANDER ROBERTS, D. D., in Fraser's Magazine.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER AND SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

Already, in these brief reminiscences, I have spoken of divines, novelists, and essayists. Incidentally, allusion has also been made to poets. The two distinguished masters of physical philosophy whose names are written at the head of the present paper, may well be taken as representatives of the men of science with whom my earlier business projects brought me into contact. In settling the programme of Good Words, the desirability of popularizing science was one of the aims kept in view. I may now venture to say that this dealing with scientific topics in the pages of a magazine which was to be offered for Sunday as well as week-day reading, was felt to have some riskiness about it. At least, there was need for care in selecting the writers. If it would be too much to assert now, as it most certainly would be, that Science and Religion are in Literature reconciled, it may at least be stated that they are not so fiercely hostile as they were twenty years ago. One might almost say that religious teachers and the younger men of science then were in open feud. Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species" had just been published, and had caused an excitement in the religious world which did more than bring back the only half-abated tumult and heat aroused by "The Vestiges of Creation." There is nothing issuing from the press to-day approaching in polemical bitterness to the loud debates of that stormier time. Darwinism survives, but so also does religion; and it then was thought by a good many people that this double result was not possible. Some of those, however, with whom I was then working, had hearts too brave to fear for the future of Christianity.

"We cannot leave science out of the magazines," said Dr. Norman Macleod to me in one of our preliminary talks. "And there is no cause why we should do so. The thing to make sure of is that Christianity is not left out of the science we

put in. Thank God," he added, "we have Christian philosophers still left among us, as the world always will have."

Dr. Macleod, I believe, had some acquaintance with the Herschel family on Lady Herschel's side. He made application to Sir John, and received a kind promise in the matter. The appeal to Sir David Brewster fell to my lot; and I communicated with him, in the first instance, by letter. At this time I had not removed from Edinburgh; and, owing to his connection with the University, I had opportunities from time to time of seeing Sir David's easily-recognized figure. I had not had the good fortune of being acquainted with him, and only knew him by sight. By repute, of course, everybody knew him. That held good, indeed, of Europe, no less than of Britain. There is no scientific man to-day nearly so popularly known as he was then. He was always coming before the public in some fresh way, announcing some new discovery. But to one who, like myself, had chosen publishing for his business in life, Sir David Brewster was interesting, not alone as the scientific discoverer and the academic dignitary, but as the editor of a "*Cyclopædia*," before the long lines of the volumes of which I had often stood in admiration. I was necessarily aware, too, of his far-back connection with *The Edinburgh Review* and *The North British Review*, for which latter publication I need not hesitate to confess an early predilection. I very well remember the kind of professional gratification I felt when I, at length, found myself in relation with one whose association with literature included all the leading publications, and went back so far. But I am hurrying on a little too quickly.

It was not until the spring of 1862 that I was honored by a visit from Sir David at my office, immediately after his earliest paper had appeared in *Good Words*. A partial breakdown in his health had delayed his writing for the magazine. This first contribution attracted a good deal of public notice, for it was entitled "*The Facts and Fancies of Mr. Darwin*,"

and it was written with not a little of Sir David Brewster's incisiveness of style. In the opening sentence he asserted that Mr. Darwin's book contained "much valuable knowledge and much wild speculation"; and, as was natural, starting from this point of view, the critic dwelt more upon the latter division than the former. Nearly Sir David's Brewster's first words upon entering the room on the second floor of No. 42 George street, Edinburgh, which then formed my office, were, "I hear that some of Mr. Darwin's friends think I used too sharp language; but I adhere to all I said. He is very clever, but a surprisingly loose reasoner. A capital observer; I fully admit that." Sir David went on to speak very kindly of the magazine, and unhesitatingly condemned some of the opposition it was then meeting with in certain religious quarters. Science and religion, he repeated several times during the interview, must be one, since each dealt with Truth, which had only one and the same Author. His aged face lighted up with wonderful fire as he asked, "Did Newton ever doubt it, or was he a smaller man than some of these we have now? But who is it who demurs to-day? Not Herschel, not Faraday." Most assuredly, I thought to myself, it was not Sir David Brewster who did so, for the light of faith was visible in his eyes as he spoke. It was the light of faith touched with just some sparkles of the flame of battle. For the prompt combativeness of the strong man, which had rendered his career often stormy as well as nearly always triumphant, and which age had only slackened not extinguished, made itself seen and felt in the first passages of even fragmentary talk. But again and again, as I more fully learned later, his speech could soften into a fine restraint: there came a placidly gentle expression into the eyes; and the veteran philosopher's manners took on a courtliness which bore witness to his wide social experience.

Before the interview ended, I found that Sir David had bethought himself of the Human Eye as a likely subject for

one or two articles for *Good Words*; and it was to mention this that he had so kindly taken the trouble to climb my staircase. He promised to supply the first paper for the March number of the magazine. He continued for some little time to talk upon a variety of subjects, his full mind seeming easily to well over into fluent conversation on any matter for which the slightest of cues happened to offer. As I listened I could not help thinking that the speaker carried you back in his career, to times and persons that supreme celebrity had long since made historic. The venerable man before me—he was then in his eighty-first year,—had talked with La Place; he had seen Cuvier; been introduced to Lamarck. But though the four-score years had bent his shoulders a little, and worn the figure into what I fear must be called gauntness, drying his visage and stamping it with wrinkles, he was arranging, with an enthusiasm not unbefitting youth, for fresh papers to appear in a newly-started cheap popular monthly periodical. He wrote two articles on the Eye, the second being printed in *Good Words* for August, 1862. The precise titles were, “The Eye: Its Structure and Powers;” and “The Human Eye: Its Phenomena and Illusions.” It is nearly superfluous to say that the papers were models of scientific exposition, giving the exactest information in the easiest, most readable style. Any one may refer to them to-day with pleasure and advantage.

In the meantime we removed our business from Edinburgh to London, and I had no further personal intercourse with Sir David in Scotland. But I had not been very long settled in my new quarters before he, on visiting town, again looked in upon me. Subsequently I had the favor of several calls from him there; and he went on writing for the magazine. During 1863, he contributed two papers; the first of these, published in the January number, being on “The Characteristics of the Age.” It was full of pleasant banter, deriding every skillfully a number of semi-scientific crazes just then making a great stir in London and other places. But in the

issue for October, he took in hand a more serious topic, one which he had much at heart, as the suggester of the "built-up" lens for use in lighthouses was likely to have, viz., "The Life-boat and its Work." Once again, and only once, did Sir David use his pen for Good Words in a paper entitled "Life in a Drop of Water," published in February, 1864. I cannot resist the temptation to quote the concluding paragraph of the article, for it appeared to me at the time, and does so still, to be a good specimen of Sir David's style at its best, and very remarkable indeed, remembering the years which he had reached :—

"Whatever difference of opinion may exist respecting the origin of animalcular life, there is but one opinion about its universal diffusion. In the lower atmosphere in which we live, the air is full of particles, mineral and vegetable, from substances injurious to health, and of millions of animalcules born and bred in putrid marshes, and in the countless charnel-houses of civilization. Neither power, nor wealth, nor science, can purify the air which they poison, nor strangle the scorpions which that poison breeds. The storm that changes our aerial food may leave us in a less salubrious atmosphere, and the zephyr breath even, that wafts to us the perfumes of summer, may mingle with them the malaria through which they have passed. The thunderbolt from above may precipitate in meteorites the solid particles in the atmosphere; but the ascending lightning-stroke again carries them upward, from the metalliferous rocks around us. The cunning of the chemist cannot throw down the poison that twinkles in the sunbeams, or slay the vampires that swarm under our roofs. In the meadows, and on the heath or the river side, and on the granite peaks, in the day and in the night, in our food and in our drink, we cannot escape from the atoms of poison which we breathe, and the legions of swarming, crawling, and whirling life which are ever at work within us, and without us, and around us. The epidemics which are ever filling our homes with

mourning, are doubtless the slow and the sudden growth of these deleterious visitants. The lance and the leech cannot cope with them; and all the correctives in the pharmacopœia are equally powerless. There is no relief but in resignation, no comfort but in the true anodyne of life,—**THY WILL BE DONE.**"

Sir David's long life did not reach its end until 1869; but his age, and the repeated public reports of weakening health, made it impossible to urge appeals for further contributions. Again and again, however, expressions of his continued interest in the magazine reached the office indirectly. Very gratefully I bear testimony to the punctuality and considerateness in every way which he showed in reference to his contributions. If any writer had good justification for asking postponement or for causing inconvenience by not adhering to understandings as to amount of space, it surely was Sir David Brewster, at his time of life, and with a mind surcharged on what he was writing. But he was just the one who made no excuse, required no indulgence. Every one of the promises he made was kept to the moment, fulfilled to the letter. I was much surprised when he one day, in reply to a complimentary remark on this score, said, "It costs me a good many pains to write against time." But I learned afterwards, from those who had opportunities of observing his working habits, that this really was so, and that, though he was always ready for experimental study, he had a tendency to put off any piece of writing to the last moment. How he managed to combine precise punctuality with that impulse I cannot tell, but I know **that** he did succeed in doing it. His manuscript was very legibly penned, and in revising for the press he made little alteration: there was every mark of great care being taken with the original composition. On the last occasion, or the last but one, of his talking with me, he said,

"Go on giving the people full, true information about the facts of the world, and it is impossible that better knowledge

of it can finally leave men ignorant of the Maker of the world."

I bethought myself of that when he was finally laid to rest, full alike of years and honors, in the shadow of Melrose Abbey, feeling assured that even his learning had then been added to, and that his knowledge had at last become perfect.

But so far I have confined myself to one of the two names prefixed to this paper. During these years, the magazine had another scientific contributor, whose fame in some respects outshone that of Brewster himself. Sir John Herschel, the second—or, if we reckon, as we well may do, his aunt Caroline, the third—of the family dynasty, the inheritor of his father's genius as well as his honors, could not, it is true, point to the same multiformity of popular achievement as his great northern contemporary, the inventor of the kaleidoscope, and I know not what else, but his wonderful successes in his own loftier, stiller, more solemn field, and an unequalled brilliancy of literary style, caused him to be regarded in England in those days as the very sun of the world of science, though Faraday and Whewell were yet above the horizon.

I have already mentioned that he kindly yielded to the appeal Dr. Macleod made to him, immediately after Good Words started, to become a contributor to its pages. But the carrying out of this welcome promise was in some way hindered month after month, so that the first paper from his pen did not actually appear until just a year after Sir David Brewster's earliest contribution. The precise date was January, 1863. It was an article entitled "About Volcanoes and Earthquakes," and he followed it up with a second essay on the same subject next month. In the first of these papers was given a most lucid exposition of the causes of the phenomena; in the other was supplied an admirably condensed history of the more notable among the recorded catastrophes. A few days after the second paper appeared in print, I made my first personal acquaintance with the distinguished writer of them.

It was, I remember, a dull afternoon when the name of Sir John Herschel was unexpectedly announced in the inner room of my office. I hurried forward to receive him with all possible respect, and my first sight of the visitor gave me a gentle, not unpleasant, but still a distinct shock of surprise. I saw standing in the dimly-lighted doorway, as it might be in the frame of a picture, a small, finely-shaped old man, wearing on his head a black velvet skull-cap, from beneath which fell, in a loose straggling way, long locks of snow-white hair. His face, which had the placid worn look of age, was made very striking by large lustrous eyes, above which the expansive brow rose deeply furrowed by countless wrinkles. It was like receiving a guest from another time, one who brought with him the atmosphere of past generations. Indeed, if I must quite convey the impression I got during the first seconds of his unlooked-for presence, I think I must say that I was rather reminded of one of the ancient alchemists than of our-modern men of science. But very quickly this sense of a picturesque unusualness of dress and appearance merged into an appreciation of a strict fitness in it all. Sir John Herschel's bearing, even under his weight of years, was grace itself, and the most ordinary remarks falling from his lips had a certain polish of diction. A little foreignness of aspect and manner seemed to me to cling to him throughout, but our interview had not advanced very far before I mentally put away my first thought of the alchemist, and was quite ready to substitute for it the notion of one of the old scholarly Venetian nobles.

"I was passing," he kindly explained, "and I felt that I must call and thank you." (Some little act of service had been done him; if I recollect rightly the sending of copies of the magazine to friends of his whose names he had supplied.) "But, besides that, I wanted to say to you, as well as to Dr. Macleod, how glad I am to find myself in such good company in your pages."

He went on to speak in words of high praise of several

well-known contributors, who happened to be among the writers in the last number of the magazine. I had to submit to a keen, though very courteously-conducted cross-examination as to the position of the periodical, its early obstacles, and our means and modes of distributing it. Some of Sir John's remarks on particular articles which had appeared in *Good Words*, ranging from the very beginning of it, showed that his saying that he had watched its progress with interest was not a compliment merely.

"I am not a very young man," he finally said, shaking his head with a sad smile, "and I must not make large promises; but I have planned several papers, if I am spared to write them. You may depend upon my doing what I can."

The expectations thus raised were not disappointed, for he contributed to the April issue of *Good Words* a magnificent paper on "The Sun." It was the proper theme for the man who had once said, "My first love was Light," and he made its treatment worthy of it and of himself. He summarized the recent discoveries as to the great orb down to the very latest announcement, evidently rejoicing in the advances which younger men were making on the splendid investigations of his father and himself. During the same year (1863), Sir John Herschel furnished two more papers, both dealing with the subject of "Comets." Every one of his contributions showed his special power of bringing recondite knowledge down to the level of the common understanding; and at the same time, his no less unfailing characteristic of mixing lofty speculation with the most laboriously-minute expounding.

A striking instance of this occurs to me as I write. On his returning the proof of the second article on "Comets," it was found that he had added a footnote containing a hint which, if worked out into all its details, must of necessity greatly modify the fundamental conception of the physical universe. In the body of the paper he had occasion to speak of two kinds of matter, one of which he styles "levitating," as opposed

to "gravitating." The note goes on to say, "But the existence of a repulsive force, somehow operated, remains uncontroverted. . . . All this supposes a real existence of "electricity" as a *thing*, an *entity having force, but devoid of inertia*, which ideas if we once consent to detach from each other, we are landed in a new region of metaphysical as well as dynamical speculation, and may be led to conceive the possible existence of *a transferable cause of force* distinct alike from force and from matter." (The italics are Sir John Herschel's own.) In times when "force" is a term so largely used, it may be worth while recalling that this experienced philosopher had a glimpse of a conception more ultimate still, and which he believed he could apply in the explanation of physical phenomena. His lofty imagination always shot new light through the topic he was handling. Whether he is speaking of the distance and velocity of magnificent Sirius or of the measurement of "the standard British inch," he plays with the theme in a way which alternately makes the large small and the small large.

In this last remark I have unawares anticipated mention of Sir John's final contribution to Good Words; it was a paper with the title "Celestial Measurements and Weighings," and appeared in June, 1864. The thoughtful reader will thank me for quoting a fine imaginative passage, in which the veteran astronomer may be thought to sum up, with his own eloquence, his life-long telescopic searchings of the heavens:—

"Practically speaking, the material universe must be regarded as infinite, seeing that we can perceive no reason which can place any bounds to the farther extension of that principle of systematic subordination which we have traced to a certain extent, and which combines in its fullest conception a unity of plan and a singleness of result with an unlimited multiplicity of subordinated individuals, groups, systems, and families of systems. Thus it by no means follows that all those objects which stand classed under the general designa-

tion of 'nebulæ' or clusters of stars, and of which the number already known amounts to upwards of five thousand, are objects (looked upon from this point of view) of the same order. Among those dim and mysterious existences, which only a practiced eye, aided by a powerful telescope, can pronounce to be *something different* from minute stars, may, for anything we can prove to the contrary, he included *systems of a higher order* than that which comprehends all *our* nebulæ (properly such) reduced by immensity of distance to the very last limit of visibility. And this conception, we may remark, affords something like a reasonable answer to those who have assumed an *imperfect transparency* of the celestial spaces on the ground that, but for some such cause, the whole celestial vault ought to blaze with solar splendor, seeing that in no direction of the visual ray, if continued far enough, would it fail to meet with a star. . . .

"Such a speculation as this just mentioned may possibly appear irrelevant. But it must be remembered that it is LIGHT, and the free communication of it from the remotest regions of the universe, which alone can give, and does fully give us, the assurance of a uniform and all-pervading energy—a mechanism almost beyond conception, at once complex, minute, and powerful, by which that influence, or rather that movement, is propagated. Our evidence for the existence of gravitation fails us beyond the region of the double stars, or leaves us at best only a presumption amounting to conviction in its favor. But the argument for a unity of design and action afforded by light stands unweakened by distance, and is co-extensive with the universe itself."

I wish that I was able to recall more fully than I am Sir John Herschel's conversation at the interviews with which he from time to time favored me. During one of the talks, some allusion was made to Africa, and a fair opening arose for mentioning his famous labors at the Cape. It was surprising to see the quick enthusiasm with which his mind carried him

back to the southern hemisphere, whose glittering constellations he was the first learnedly to track. On several occasions, he spoke of the supposed opposition between science and religion, and always repudiated the notion. I remember he firmly insisted that in the end theology would gain by successful physical investigation, making our knowledge of the Deity's operations more definite. This prospect of intellectual advancement seemed to him to promise spiritual progress. Anything that theology lost, he said, would be simply non-essentials, founded on mistake, arising from ignorance, and really hurtful to spiritual life, not helpful to it. One of his remarks was this,—“Science will teach man how God deals with him physically in this world, and, as he learns both the wisdom and the love of the method of such dealing, man cannot but know and love his Maker and Ruler better.” Throughout, his speech on these matters was, as all acquainted with his writings would expect, that of the older generations of philosophical thinkers, Brewster, Faraday, Whewell, whose knowledge most assuredly added to their faith, not detracted from it.

I had the privilege of seeing Sir John Herschel two or three times after the appearance of his latest paper, and on each occasion his unwearied mind was promptly willing to project fresh contributions to the magazine. But it was too much to hope for. I, indeed, now a little wonder at the courage required for the application alike to him and to Sir David Brewster to take up their pens at their time of life. The spectacle of these two patriarchs of science, one turned eighty years of age, and the other not very much younger, writing side by side in the pages of a sixpenny magazine, with no other motive than the wish to increase knowledge among the people, seems to me even more impressive looked back upon now than it did then. Not a little of the credit of the modern popularization of physical science is fairly due to these two great men.

I always remember them together, for when in personal communication with either of them, I was in some way made to think of the other. In appearance, in manner, and in the modes of their relation to the public, they were very different ; you might almost term them contrasts. One was combatant, ready always to champion science in front of the world, the founder of a "British Association" for its promotion ; the other, though the most widely-traveled savant of his time, was elegant, preferring quiet, working in privacy. But on one point they were alike, and the palm must be equally divided between them,—that is, their eager desire to scatter wide among the multitude the knowledge which they so laboriously won.

It is a lasting gratification to have been, owing to the accidents of one's own career, a little helpful to them in their great task.

ALEXANDER STRAHAN, in *The Day of Rest*.

CHARLES DICKENS IN THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

The figure of the amiable, accomplished, and ever-to-be-regretted Charles Dickens has been brought before us "even in his habit as he lived," with abundance of detail and color. Mr. Forster's complete and admirable biography, done with the taste and workmanlike finish of a true "man of letters," will be more and more esteemed as the time from his death lengthens. Objection was indeed taken to the biographer accompanying his hero about as closely as Boswell did Johnson ; but this really brought before the world much that would otherwise have been lost or unseen ; and in the last volume, where the author seems to have accepted this criticism and to have become historical, there is a sensible loss of dramatic vividness. Lately the world has received the closing collec-

tion of his letters, edited by Miss Hogarth and Miss Dickens, and set off with a graphic and most pleasing commentary whose only fault is that of being too short. Here his *gaieté de cœur*, his unflagging spirit, wit, and genial temper, are revealed in the most striking way.

There is, however, one view of him which has scarcely been sufficiently dealt with—namely, his relations with his literary brethren and friends, as editor and otherwise. These exhibit him in a most engaging light, and will perhaps be a surprise even to those abundantly familiar with his amiable and gracious ways.

In the old Household Words days, the "place of business" was at a charming little miniature office in Wellington Street—close to the stage door of the Gaiety Theater. It seemed all bow window; at least, its two stories—it had only two—were thus bowed. The drawing-room floor seemed a sunshiny, cheerful place to work in. This is now the workshop of another magazine, the Army and Navy. But I always pass it with respect and affection. I never came away from it without taking with me something pleasing.

Often, about eleven o'clock, he was to be seen tramping briskly along the Strand, coming from Charing Cross station, fresh from his pleasant country place in Kent, keen and ready for the day's work, and carrying his little black bag full of proofs and MS. That daily journey from Higham station, with the drive to it in his little carriage or wisk car, took full an hour each way, and was a serious slice out of his time.

It is always a problem to me why business men, to whom moments are precious, should be thus prodigal in time devoted to traveling—coming from Brighton and returning at headlong speed. At Bedford Street, by the bootmaker's shop, he would turn out of the Strand—those in the shops he passed would know his figure well, and told me after his death how they missed this familiar apparition—and would then post along in the same brisk stride through Maiden Lane, past

"Rule's," where he often had his oyster, through Tavistock Street, till he emerged in Wellington Street, the last house he passed before crossing being "Major Pitt's," the hatter's. This mention of "Major Pitt" suggests that it was always pleasant to see what pride the tradesmen took in having him for a customer, and what alacrity they put to his service, or to oblige him in any way. This I believe was really owing to his charming hearty manner, ever courteous, cordial, and zealous; his cheery fashion of joking or jest, which was irresistible. The average tradesman has small sympathy or intelligence for the regular literary man. It is sometimes caviare, indeed, to them.

Our writer, however, was a serious personality of living flesh and blood, and would have made his way in life under any condition. His extraordinary charm of manner, never capriciously changed, the smile and laugh always ready—the sympathy, too, that rises before me, and was really unique—I can call no one to mind that possessed or possesses it now in the same degree. Literary men, as a rule, have a chilliness as regards their brethren; every one is more or less working for his own hand. Yet, few men had more anxious responsibilities or troubles to disturb them, or so much depending upon them as he had in many ways. I believe the number of people who were always wanting "something done for them," either in the shape of actual money advances, or advice, or productions "to be taken," or to be seen, or to have their letters answered, or who desired letters from him in their interests, was perfectly incredible. Many a man takes refuge in a complete ignoring of these worries, which would require a life to attend to. An eminent and highly popular man of our own day, who is thus persecuted, has adopted this latter mode, and rarely takes notice of a letter from a friend or stranger, unless he is so minded to do. He is strictly in his right. You are no more bound to reply to persons that do not know you, than you are to acknowledge the attentions of an organ-grinder—who plays for an hour before your window.

Another little Household Words tradition was this: The "chief" himself always wrote with blue ink on blue paper. His was a singularly neat and regular hand, really artistic in its conception, legible, yet not very legible to those unfamiliar with it. Here, as in everything else, was to be noted the perfect *finish*, as it might be styled, of his letter-writing—the disposition of the paragraphs, even the stopping, the use of capitals, all showing artistic knowledge, and conveying excellent and valuable lessons. His "copy" for the printers, written as it is in very small hand, much crowded, is trying enough to the eyes, but the printers never found any difficulties. It was much and carefully corrected, and wherever there was an erasure, it was done in thorough fashion, so that what was effaced could not be read. Nearly all the band followed his example in writing in blue ink and on blue paper, and this for many years; but not without inconvenience. For, like the boy and his button described by Sir Walter Scott, the absence of paper or ink of the necessary color affected the ideas, and one worked under serious disabilities, strangeness, etc. Another idiosyncrasy of his was writing the day of the month in full, as "January twenty-sixth."

It is in his relations with writers in his periodical, and, indeed, in all connections with his "literary brethren," as he modestly called them, that this amiable and engaging man appears to the most extraordinary advantage. As I read over his many letters on those points, I am amazed at the good-natured allowance, the untiring good humor, the wish to please and make pleasant, the almost deference, the modesty in one of his great position as head, perhaps, of all living writers—to say nothing of his position as director of the periodical which he kindled with his own perpetual inspirations. There was ever the same uniform good nature and ardor, the eagerness to welcome and second any plan, a reluctance to dismiss it, and this done with apologies; all, too, in the strangest contrast to the summary and plain-spoken

fashion of the ordinary editor. I fancy this view has scarcely been sufficiently brought out in all the numerous estimates of this most charming of men. And, at the risk of some intrusion of my own concerns, I shall be enabled to show him in even a more engaging and attractive light. The various accounts have scarcely been concerned with this side of his character.

This patient interest should, in these editorial matters, become more wonderful when it is considered that his position as head of an important periodical made him a marked figure for importunity. Many of his friends were tempted to become "literary." They even had *their* friends who desired to become literary, and under pressure would introduce to this great writer immature and unprofitable efforts which he had to put aside with what excuses he could. Then there were his "literary brethren," each with his "novel" or short paper, which it would occur to him some morning "he would send off to Dickens." These had to be considered, and his good nature or courtesy drawn upon. As for the general herd of scribblers, the postman on "this beat" could give due account of the packages of MS. that daily arrived. It was no wonder that he had to compose a sort of special circular answer, which was duly lithographed and returned with their productions to the various candidates. I believe every composition was seriously glanced at, and some estimate made—and many an obscure clever girl was surprised to find her efforts appreciated. The usual rejection-form was as follows:—

Sir,—I am requested by Mr. Charles Dickens to express his regret that he cannot accept the contribution you have had the goodness to offer him for insertion in this periodical. So many manuscripts are forwarded to this office, that Mr. Dickens trusts it is only necessary to suggest to you the impossibility of its business being transacted, if a special letter of explanation were addressed to every correspondent whose proffered aid is declined. But he wishes me to convey to you the assurance,—firstly, that your favor has been honestly read, and secondly, that it is always no less a pleasure to him than it is his interest to avail himself of any contributions that are, in his judgment, suited to the requirements of Household Words.

The band of writers he assembled round him and inspired

was certainly remarkable. There was Hollingshead, incisive, wonderful in collecting facts where abuses were concerned, and putting his facts into vigorous downright English. His strokes always told, and a little paper of his, conceived in this spirit, entitled "Give us More Room," a simple subject, was copied at length into the Times, and from the Times into other papers. There was Moy Thomas, now the pleasant writer of the Monday "Causeries" in the Daily News. There was Walter Thornbury, with his extraordinary knowledge of London antiquities and curious "out-of-the-way" reading, an explorer of old "wynds" and alleys, from "Bookseller's Row" to Red Lion Square; very dainty in his taste, as his quaint bookplates, designed for him by Mr. Marks, show. He had great antiquarian knowledge, and yet, odd to say, a facile dramatic and unantiquarian style. There was also the amiable Charles Collins—our "Conductor's" son-in-law—a man of a quiet, pleasant humor with a flavor of his own, and heartily liked by his friends. He had a remarkably sweet disposition, though sorely tried by perpetual ill health. His humor was stimulated by the companionship of his father-in-law, and took somewhat the same cast. For instance, when he was appointed, during one of the great exhibitions, to the odd function—but that era of exhibitions engendered all sorts of fantastic things—of making a collection of all the existing newspapers of the kingdom, the oddities that cropped up during this duty tickled his fancy and that of his friends hugely. He noted that the smaller and more obscure the place, the grander and more commanding was the title of its organ—witness, *The Skibbereen Eagle*, a name that gave him much delight. Writing he delighted in, but, by a cruel fate, it was a labor, if of love yet accompanied by something like torture. Every idea or sentence was wrung from him as he said, like drops of blood. Neither ideas nor words would flow. His "*Cruise upon Wheels*," a record of a journey along the French roads in a gig, is a most charming travel-book, in which his quaint humor

is well shown. The late Andrew Halliday was another useful writer that could be depended on to gather hard facts, and set them out when gathered in vivacious style. He enjoyed a fixed substantial salary—think of that, ye occasional “contributors”—and I have seen him arrive in his hansom with his formal list of “subjects” for treatment, which were carefully gone through, debated, and selected. He afterwards made play-writing his regular vocation, but was cut off in his prime, like many a writer. There was Parkinson and there was Professor Morley; above all, there was the always brilliant George Augustus Sala, perhaps the only writer in periodicals who writes a distinctly original style, with personality and unflagging vivacity. I have not space to dwell on his merits here, but I may at least confess to looking with a sort of wistful envy at his exquisite penmanship, that seems never to depart from one steady standard of excellence. The surprising neatness and clear picturesqueness of his calligraphy is the delight of compositors, as with humiliation I have to confess that mine is their despair. Indeed, I may make a clean breast of it and further own that on one journal of enormous circulation the men demanded, and obtained, extra pay “for setting Mr. —’s copy.” As I write, the old *Household Words*—a title infinitely superior to *All the Year Round*—is revived by the old editor’s son, a capable, energetic, and clever man, who has pushed his way with success. One of the old guild thus writes of the new venture in the *Daily News*:—

One function of the original *Household Words*, as of its legitimate successor, *All the Year Round*, has proved to be that of ushering in new claimants to a place in the world of literature and journalism. The great position enjoyed by Dickens in the literary world, his early and intimate connection with newspaper work as a man “in the gallery,” and his genial and helpful nature, attracted a crowd of aspirants around him. He was immeasurably more infested than ever was Pope by “frantic poetess” and “rhyming peer,” and the “parson much bemused with beer” was assuredly not wanting. Out of this crowd of claimants he chose his “young men” with the skill of a born leader, and helped them on by tongue and pen, by shrewd counsel, and fierce “cutting” of their articles. If he had any fault, it was in the good nature which prevented him from crushing unhappy creatures, doubtless well fitted for every pursuit but that of letters; and who were induced to persevere by his mistaken kindness, to their own ultimate sorrow and discomfiture. Some had written much or little before

they came to him, but the fact remains that it was under his leadership that they achieved reputation. Beneath the banner upheld by Charles Dickens and his faithful friend, the late Mr. W. H. Wills, marched a brilliant array of writers, if not quite of the Titanic proportions of the early contributors to *Fraser's Magazine*, yet noteworthy by their brilliant success in the new periodical. Mr. Wilkie Collins had previously written fiction, but his most famous work, "The Woman in White," appeared in *Household Words*. The late Mr. Charles Collins was actually egged on by "the Chief" into writing his remarkable "Eye Witness," and other papers. Mr. Sala's "Key of the Street" unlocked for him the avenue to his successful career; and Mr. Grenville Murray spreads his wings as "The Roving Englishman," and made his mark by a fierce attack on the late Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, whom he satirized as "Sir Hector Stubble." Mr. Edmund Yates's best novel, "Black Sheep," and scores of his best articles, appeared in the journal "conducted by Charles Dickens," as did Lord Lytton's "Strange Story;" as well as "Hard Times," "Great Expectations," the "Uncommercial Traveler," and a regiment of Christmas stories by the hand of the master himself. Among the writers of poems and stories, short and long, essays and descriptions, are the well-known names of Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Gaskell, Peter Cunningham, Miss Jewsbury, John Forster, Albert Smith, James Hannay, and Mark Lemon.

The time when "the Christmas Number" had to be got ready was always one of pleasant expectancy and alacrity. It was an object for all to have a seat in a "vehicle" which traveled every road and reached the houses of a quarter of a million persons. With his usual conscientious feeling of duty to the public, he labored hard, first, to secure a good and telling idea; and second, to work it out on the small but effective scale with which he had latterly grown unfamiliar, owing to his habit of dealing with large canvases. Hence the labor was in proportion, and at last became so irksome that he gave the place up altogether, though it must have been a serious loss of profit. *Frappez vite et frappez fort*, was the system. I remember his saying, when complaining of this tax, "I have really put as much into Mrs. Lirriper as would almost make a novel." He himself generally supplied a framework and a couple of short stories, and the rest was filled in by "other hands." I have myself furnished two in a single number.

As the time drew near, a pleasantly welcome circular went forth to a few of the writers of the journal; the paragraphs of which, as they exhibit his lighter touches, will be welcome. They show, too, the matter-of-fact, business-like style in which the matter was conceived and carried out.

In inviting you to contribute to our Christmas Number, I beg to send you Mr. Dickens's memorandum of the range that may be taken this year. You will see that it is a wide one.

The slight leading notion of the Number being devised with a view to placing as little restriction as possible on the fancies of my fellow-writers in it, there is again no limitation as to scene or first person or third person; nor is any reference to the season of the year essential.

It is to be observed that the tales are not supposed to be narrated to any audience, but are supposed to be in writing. How they come to be in writing *requires no accounting for whatever*. Nothing to which they refer can have happened within seven years. If any contribution should be of a kind that would derive any force or playfulness, or suggestiveness of any sort, from the pretense that it is incomplete—that the beginning is not there, or the end, or the middle, or any other portion—the pretense will be quite consistent with the general idea of the Number.

On another anniversary the circular ran :—

Your tale may be narrated either in the first or in the third person—may be serious or dull—may be told by an individual of either sex, and of any station. It is not essential to lay the scene of action in England (tho' the tale is told in England), and no reference whatever to Christmas is desired.

The tale is supposed to be related by word of mouth to a man who has retired from the world and shut himself up moodily, gloomily, and dirtily. Generally it should have some latent bearing by implication on the absurdity of such a proceeding—on the dependence of mankind upon one another—and on the wholesome influences of the gregarious habits of humanity.

A third was to this effect :—

The tales may be in the first person or in the third, and may relate to any season or period. They may be supposed to be told to an audience or to the reader, or to be penned by the writer without knowing how they will come to light. How they come to be told at all does not require to be accounted for. If they could express some new resolution formed, some departure from an old idea or course that was not quite wholesome, it might be better for the general purpose. Yet even this is not indispensable.

The following was more elaborate :—

An English trading-ship (with passengers aboard), bound for California, is supposed to have got foul of an iceberg, and becomes a wreck. The crew and passengers, not being very many in number, and the captain being a cool man with his wits about him, one of the boats was hoisted out and some stores were got over the side into her before the ship went down. Then all hands, with a few exceptions, were got into the boat—an open one—and they got clear of the wreck, and put their trust in God.

The captain set the course and steered, and the rest rowed by spells when the sea was smooth enough for the use of the oars. They had a sail besides. At sea in the open boat for many days and nights, with the prospect before them of being swamped by any great wave, or perishing with hunger, the people in the boat began, after a while, to be horribly dispirited. The captain, remembering that the narration of stories had been attended with great success on former occasions of similar disasters, in preventing the shipwrecked persons' minds from dwelling on the horrors of their condition, proposed that such as could tell anything to the rest should tell it. So the stories are introduced.

The adventures narrated need not of necessity have happened in all cases to the people in the boat themselves. Neither does it matter whether they are told in the

first or in the third person. The whole narrative of the wreck will be given by the captain to the reader in introducing the stories, also the final deliverance of the people. There are persons of both sexes in the boat. The writer of any story may suppose any sort of person—or none, if that be all—as the captain will identify him it need be. But among the wrecked there might naturally be the mate, the cook, the carpenter, the armorer (or worker in iron), the boy, the bride passenger, the bridegroom passenger, the sister passenger, the brother passenger, the mother or father passenger, or son or daughter passenger, the runaway passenger, the child passenger, the old seaman, the toughest of the crew, etc., etc.

This was the skeleton or ribs of "The Wreck of the Golden Mary," which had extraordinary success, though some critics were merry on the idea of the suffering passengers having to listen to such long narratives—one adding, that he wondered that it did not precipitate the catastrophe.

Another was more general:—

Mr. Dickens is desirous that each article in the new year's number of Household Words shall have reference to something *new*, and I beg to ask you to assist us in producing a paper expressive of that always desirable quality.

I can give you no better hint of the idea than the roughest notion of what one or two of the titles of the papers might be: A New Country; A New Discovery (in science, art, or social life); A New Lover; A New Play, or Actor, or Actress; A New Boy.

Your own imagination will doubtless suggest a topic or a story which would harmonize with the plan.

Yet one more:—

In order that you may be laid under as little constraint as possible, Mr. Dickens wishes to present the requirements of the number, in the following general way:—

A story of adventure—that is to say, involving some adventurous kind of interest—would be best adapted to the design. It may be a story of travel or battle, or imprisonment, or escape, or shipwreck, or peril of any kind—peril from storm, or from being benighted or lost; or peril from fire or water. It may relate to sea or land. It may be incidental to the life of a soldier, sailor, fisherman, miner, grave-digger, engineer, explorer, peddler, merchant, servant of either sex, or any sort of watcher—from a man in a lighthouse, or a coastguardsman, to an ordinary night nurse. There is no necessary limitation as to the scene, whether abroad or at home; nor as to the time, within a hundred years. Nor is it important whether the story be narrated in the first person or in the third. Nor is there any objection to its being founded on some expedition.

In connection with this matter, I may say, that nothing was more delightful than the unrestrained way in which he confided his plans about his own stories, or discussed others connected with mine; imparting quite a dramatic interest and color to what might, as mere business details have been, left to his deputy.

Once, in a little town in Wales, I had seen a quaint local museum, formed by an old ship captain, who had collected odds and ends of his profession, mostly worthless; much like what is described in "Little Pedlington." The oddest feature was the garden, in which he had planted various figure-heads of vessels, Dukes of York and others, who gazed on the visitors with an extraordinary stare; half ghastly, half grotesque. This seems to furnish a hint for the machinery of one of his Christmas stories, and was suggested to him.

That notion of the shipbreaker's garden (he wrote, November, 1865) takes my fancy strongly. If I had not been already at work upon the Christmas Number when you suggested it, I think I must have tried my hand upon it. As it is, I often revert to it, and go about and about it, and pat it into new forms, much as the buttermen in the shops (who have something of a literary air at their wooden desks) pat the butter. I have been vexed at not being able to get your story into "Dr. Marigold." I tried it again and again, but could not adapt its length to the other requirements of the Number. Once I cut it, but was not easy afterwards, and thought it best to restore the excision and leave the whole for a regular Number. The difficulty of fitting and adapting this annual job is hardly to be imagined without trying it. For the rest, I hope you will like the Doctor—and know him at once—as he speaks for himself in the first paper and the last. Also I commend to your perusal a certain short story, headed "To be taken with a grain of salt."

I hope you are in force and spirits with your new story, and hope you noticed in the Times the other day that our friend——is married!

How amazing this modesty, and these excuses for not using what another would have simply said he found "unsuited to the magazine."

As I look over the records of his interest in my undeserving scribble, there comes, mingled with pain and regret for this genial, never-flagging friend, something of a little pride in having gained the interest of so true and appreciative a nature. It will be seen how he encouraged—how even grateful he appeared to be, for anything he thought good or successful; and how patient and apologetic he was under circumstances where his good will and good nature were tried. It was so for a long period of years; he was the same from beginning to end; no caprice; steady, firm, *treu und fest*. Carlyle, in a single line, gave the truest estimate of him.

Another trait in him was his unflinching pleasure in commu-

nicating some little composition of which he was particularly pleased; or he would tell of some remarkable story that he had been sent, or would send one of his own which he fancied hugely. It was a source, too, of pleasant, welcome surprise to find how he retained in his memory, and would quote, various and sundry of your own humbler efforts—those that had passed into his own stock associations. These generally referred to some experience or humorous adventure, or it might be some account of a dog.

After two or three years of industrious practice in short stories and essays, I had fancied I could succeed in novel-writing with a first attempt, and timidly suggested that I might "try my hand" in his weekly journal. He at once agreed, and good-naturedly had about half a volume "set up," so as to give the production every chance in the reading. But the attempt was immature; its waxen wings melted, and he was obliged to decline. By and by I got a new pair, and, making a formal attempt in two volumes, was lucky enough to make a success.

The history of this little transaction will be found interesting, not, of course, from my own share, but as illustrating that charm of hearty good will which marked every act of his where his friends were concerned. Here also enters on the scene his faithful coadjutor and assistant, W. H. Wills; a sterling character, practical, business-like, and yet never letting his naturally friendly temper be overcome by the stern necessities of his office. He had a vast amount of business, as may be conceived; yet his letters, of which I have some hundreds before me now, were always playful, amusing, clever, and written in a flowing lengthy style—even to "crossing." His sagacity was heartily appreciated by his chief. He ever appeared a most favorable specimen of the successful literary man.

At the risk of becoming more personal, I may enter a little at length on the subject of what Lamb calls the "kindly en-

gendure " of this story—which, in truth, has some flavor of the romance of authorship. I had sent my successful two-volume venture to my friend :—

My Dear —, —Do not condemn me unheard (I know you are putting on the black cap). I have been silent, but only on paper ; for a fortnight after you last heard from me I was roaring with pain. The first use of my convalescence was to read your story—like a steam engine. My impression is that it is the best novel I have read for years ; why I think so I need not tell you. I posted off with it to Dickens, whose impression of it results in this : that we should like you to write a novel for *All the Year Round*. If you respond to that wish, it will afford me very great pleasure.

In that case, it would be necessary for you to begin at once ; for should you make a hit with your plot, we would require to publish the first installment in September next. The *modus operandi* I propose is this : let us have a rough sketch of your plot and characters ; Dickens would consider it, offer you suggestions for improvement if he saw fit, or condemn it, or accept it as you present it if he saw no ground for remark. In case of a negative, you would not mind, perhaps, trying another programme. I need not tell you how great an advantage it would be for you to work under so great a master of the art which your novel shows you to know the difficulties of ; and your artistic sympathies will, I know, prompt you to take full advantage of hints which he would give you not only in the construction and conduct of your story, but in details, as you proceed with it in weekly portions.

Experience has shown us that the pre-appearance of a novel in our pages, instead of occupying the field for after-publication in volumes, gives an enormous stimulus to the issue in complete form. We can, therefore, insure you for your work, if it will fill three volumes, five hundred pounds (£500), part of which we would pay for our use of your manuscript, and part the publisher of the volumes would pay ; but we would, in case of acceptance, guarantee you £500, whatever the republication may fetch.

Think this over, and when your thoughts are matured, let me have them in your next letter.

This was almost thrilling to read. Every word was as inspiring as the blast of a trumpet. It will be noted how pleased the writer is at the very communication of his intelligence. And then the "pécune"! Five hundred pounds! The dilligent magazine-writer might exclaim with one of Jerrold's characters, "Is there so much money in 'the world!'" It was really liberal and generous.

No time was lost in setting to work. I had soon blocked out a plan—what dramatists call a scenario—and had, about as soon, set to work, and written a good many chapters and sent them in.

It will now be characteristic to see what pains were taken—how heads were laid together to improve and make good—all under the master's directions and inspirations—who, as he

said often, always gave to the public his best labor and best work. This constancy always seemed to me wonderful. He never grew fagged or careless, or allowed his work to be distasteful to him. This is a most natural feeling, and comes with success; and there is a tendency to "scamp" work when the necessity for work is less. Mr. Thackeray confessed to this feeling—in the days when he became *recherche*—and found a sort of distaste to his work almost impossible to surmount.

The first questions started on this great business came from my old friend the sub-editor, the master's excellent auxiliary. It will be seen how stanch he was, and true to both interests—that of his journal and that of the writer:—

I am nearly as anxious as you are about your story. I may tell you that my judgment is in favor of it, so far as it has gone; but Dickens, while never wholly losing sight of the main end, object, and purpose of the story, often condemns one because its details are ill done. He takes such infinite pains with the smallest touches of his *own* word-pictures, that he gets impatient and disgusted with repetitions of bad writing and carelessness (often showing want of respect for, as well as ignorance of, the commonest principles of art). I, perhaps, sin too much on the other side. I say that the *general* public—whom we address in our large circulation—are rather insensible than otherwise to literary grace and correctness; that they are often intensely excited by incidents conveyed to their minds in the worst grammar.

Mind, I only make these remarks for your guidance. My advice to you is, write for all your proofs, go over them very carefully. Take out as many Carlyleisms as you can see (your writing abounds with them), make clear that which is here and there obscure without a reader's consideration and retracing of the text—a labor which novel-readers especially hate; in short, put as high a polish on your details as you can, and I may almost promise you success. Dickens is vagabondizing at present, and won't be back for ten days; get all ready by that time.

It is not impossible that we may have to call upon you suddenly to let us commence the story in a week or two; but it may be deferred for a year. At all events, I can promise you a decision on all points when C. D. shows up.

I find a fault in your other novel which is creeping into Miss —; a want of earnestness; a Thackerayish pretense of indifference, which you do not feel, to the stronger emotions and statements of your characters. If you excite the emotions of your readers, and convey the idea that *you* feel a lofty contempt for emotion in general, *they* feel sold, and will hate your want of taking them in.

I don't say a word in praise of your new venture, though I think a great deal. I want you and your writing to make a hit, not only with C. D. but with the public; and what I have said (which will make you detest me at least till after church-time on Sunday) *may* be a small contribution towards that object, which I do most earnestly desire. About Monday, when your heart is open to forgiveness of sins like mine (or before it proves less obdurate), let me hear from you.

One other thing. You see Sala's story lies chiefly in Paris. Could you not adopt my suggestion of giving your story its natural progression, and postponing chapter the

to its first natural place in the story? My conviction is that you would make an improvement thereby in all respects.

After many debates, it was determined to attempt the venture:—

Next let me convey to you the intelligence (wrote our chief), that I resolve to launch it, fully confiding in your conviction of the power of the story. On all business points Wills will communicate with you.

The only suggestion I have to make as to the MS. in hand and type is that——wants relief. It is a disagreeable character, as you mean it to be, and I should be afraid to do so much with him, if the case were mine, without taking the taste of him here and there out of the reader's mouth. It is remarkable that, if you do not administer a disagreeable character carefully, the public have a decided tendency to think that the *story* is disagreeable, and not merely the fictitious person.

What do you think of this title ——? It is a good one in itself, and would express the eldest sister's pursuit, and, glanced at now and then in the text, would hold the reader in suspense. Let me know your opinion as to the title. I need not assure you that the greatest care will be taken of you here, and that we shall make you as thoroughly well and widely known as we possibly can.

Now, this was all encouraging and cordial to a degree. Yet, I seem to see the editor here, more or less; and friendly and good-natured as these assurances were, in the case of an acquiescence, it will be seen what a difference there was in his tone as time went on, and he was good enough to have a "liking," as it is called, for the writer; even the slightly authoritative air that is here disappeared. I frankly confess that, having met innumerable men, and having had dealings with innumerable men, I never met one with an approach to his genuine, unaffected, unchanging kindness, or one that ever found so sunshiny a pleasure in doing one a kindness. I cannot call to mind that any request I ever made to him was ungranted, or left without an attempt to grant it.

The letter just quoted conveys a most precious lesson to the novel-writer—whose craft, indeed, requires many lessons. Having written nearly twenty novels myself, I may speak with a little experience, and frankly own that it was not till I had passed my dozenth that I began to learn some few principles of the art; having written, as so many do, "as the spirit moved," or by fancied inspiration.

The allusion to the "bold advertisement" was, indeed, handsomely carried out. Few would have such advantages

of publicity as one writing a novel for All the Year Round in those days. There was the prestige of association with the master, while the condition in which your work was brought before the public was truly effective.

All this happily settled, the affair was duly announced. No expense was spared. Vivid yellow posters, six or seven feet long, proclaimed the name of the new story in black brilliant characters on every blank wall and boarding in the kingdom; while smaller and more convenient sized proclamations, in quarto, as it were told this tale in more modest way. So that, if there was really any light at all, it was not under a bushel. I had a pride in, and fondness for, these testimonials, and have religiously preserved all that dealt with my own efforts; a kind of literature, as may be conceived, of a bulky sort, and filling great space as they accumulated. When debating effectual titles for these and other writings, I recall his taking me to his room without telling me what he had selected, and, by the way of test or surprise, exhibiting one of these gigantic proclamations stretched at full length across the floor of the room. "What do you think?" he would ask. "You must know," he would add, his eye beginning to twinkle with merriment, "that when Wills corrects the proofs of these things, he has to go on his knees, with a brush and pot of paint beside him!" The cost of this system of advertising was enormous in the year, but everything was done magnificently at "the office."

A little later I was informed that—

The next number we make up will contain the first part of your story. I like what you have done extremely. But I think the story flags at ———'s "chaff." There is too much of it. A few pregnant hits at ——— would do all you want better. Again the C ——— party requires, I think, the exciseman up to the quadrille, where the real business of the evening begins. You see, in publishing hebdomadally, any kind of alternation is very dangerous. One must hit, not only hard, but quick.

Please look well to the passage revealing the acceptance of F— V—, and overthrow of H—, in the bedroom, after the party. This is a strong situation, and, to my mind, is confusedly expressed—in fact, can only be vaguely guessed at by the reader.

More criticism! Everything goes on well so far; but I tell you what we all yearn for—some show of *tenderness* from somebody: the little glimpse of B ———, a number or two ago, with his little touch of humor-feeling, was refreshing in the highest

degree. The characters seem to be all playing at chess—uncommonly well, mind you—but they neither do nor say anything sympathetic.

As the story advanced the councils multiplied, as well as the suggestions and improvements. Experiments even were made in particular directions, and an episode was furnished "to see how it would look in print;" sheets being "set up" in this way regardless of cost, and dismissed as unsatisfactory. All this was laborious and troublesome, but, as was said, the experiment was worth making, and few sensible writers but would have welcomed the opportunity of learning their craft under such a teacher. It would be impossible to describe the fertility of his resources, the ingenuity exhibited, the pains and thought he gave to the matter. Under such auspices—and it was admitted that I was a willing pupil, with equal readiness to adopt and to carry out all that was suggested—the work benefited, it need hardly be said.

"Is it worth your while," wrote my sub-editor, "to be bothered with a second scrawl merely to let me say how admirable I think it. Tender, true, and too pathetic even for an old hack waiting for his dinner to read with dry eyes. My first mouthful would have choked me if I had not written this."

The end gained was satisfactory to all concerned. The work was successful, passed through several editions, and still sells. The copyright was disposed of for a sum nearly equal to what was allotted to me. Indeed, before it was concluded, the following pleasant communication, as full of sensible advice as it was agreeable, set me to work again. One curious evidence of its success was the fact that a firm of perfumers in Bond Street named a new perfume after the story, and this fragrance has much favor among the ladies, and is largely sold to this hour.

Io Pzan! I congratulate you on being at last able to flourish the word *Finis*. I have not yet read a line of your ending, and this omission will give you a better relish for what I am going to say: dictated solely by the "merits" already developed. Dickens's answer to the wish you express at the end of your letter was a glad and eager "Yes;" in which I heartily and cordially concurred, as you may guess. Let your next novel be for us. We shall want it in from twelve to eighteen months' time; and,

If I may venture some advice, let me urge upon you to employ at least a quarter of it in constructing the skeleton of it from the end of your story, or modifying any little detail in the beginning of it—if you would set yourself the task of at least seeing land before you plunge into your voyage, with no chance of veering, or “backing or filling,” or shortening sail.

I am sure you have a great chance before you, if you will only give your powers their full swing; especially if you will let us see a *little* of the good side of human nature.

Ever very faithfully yours,

W. H. W.

I have many proof-sheets by me, corrected by his own hand in the most painstaking and elaborate way. The way he used to scatter his bright touches over the whole, the sparkling word of his own that he would insert here and there, gave a surprising point and light. The finish, too, that he imparted was wonderful; and the “dashes,” stops, shiftings, omissions, were all valuable lessons for writers.

On another occasion, when he did not “see,” as he says, the point of another attempt—and, indeed, there was not much—he excuses himself in this fashion for not using it:—

Don't hate me more than you can help, when I say I have been reading in “Sixpenny Shakespeare,” and that I don't *see* it. I don't think this joke is worth the great ingenuity, and I don't think the public would take it. “Wits and Will-making” most excellent. I have placed it in two parts already. It is capital.

Once again, don't hate me more than you can help, and your petitioner will ever pray. (I don't know what petitioners pray for.)

Ever yours,

C. D.

So also, when an unhappy monkey, trained to ride in a circus, offered a tempting subject for a paper which I had sent to him, he answers in the same spirit:—

I am afraid the monkey is anticipated. It has been exceedingly well done by Buckland in “Land and Water,” and would be the day after the fair. I was going to place him to-day, but in the meantime caught sight of Buckland's paper, which has been extensively copied both in weekly and country journals.

Indeed, the pleasant ardor with which he followed the course of a story, anticipated its coming, debated its name, and helped its writer over various stiles, and even extricated him from bogs, was all in the same spirit. His aid as to the name and conduct of the story was, it may be conceived, invaluable. Many and earnest were the consultations upon this matter of naming. No one had a nicer ear as to what would “hit” or suit the taste of the town.

I am glad to hear that the story is so far advanced now that you think well of it, for I have no doubt that you are right. I don't like either of your names, for the reason that they don't seem to me solidly earnest enough for such a story. But give me a little time to think of another, and I flatter myself that I may suggest a good one.

And again—

I think the plan of the story very promising, and suggestive of a remarkably good, new, and strong interest. What do you think of the pursuing relative dying at last of *the same disorder as the Baronet's daughter*, and under such circumstances as to make out the case of the clergyman's daughter and clear up the story? As for example, *suppose her husband himself does almost the same thing in going for help when the man is dying*. I think I see a fine story here. As to the name. No, certainly not. "What could she do?" No, again. "What will he do with it?" "Can he forgive her?" "Put yourself in his place." Remember these titles.

And again—

"O where! O where! is the rest of Tom Butler?" A hasty word. July, 1863.
(without the article). I cannot possibly answer the question Mr. — does me the honor to propose, without knowing what length of story is meant.

I answer your letter to myself. It is perfectly understood between us that you write the long serial story next after —. That is a positive engagement. —When I told — to write to you respecting a shorter story meanwhile, I meant that to be quite apart from, and over and above, the aforesaid long one. May I look at the chapters you speak of on Decoration?

I am in a brilliant condition, —thank God. Rest, and a little care immediately, *unshook* the railway shaking.

I don't quite understand from your kind note (forwarded here this morning) whether — purposes to write these papers or whether he suggests them to you. In either case, I shall be delighted to have them. It is necessary that they should appear under separate headings, each with its own title, as we have already three running titles. Your story — is going on famously, and I think will make a hit. I had a letter from W—C— yesterday, much interested in perceiving your idea, and in following your working of it out. We purpose being in — on Thursday, and going on that afternoon. I hope we shall find you in readiness to go along with us.

1865.
Your hint that you are getting on with your story, and liked it, was more than golden intelligence to me in foreign parts. The intensity of the heat in Paris and in the Provinces was such that I found nothing else so refreshing in the course of my rambles.

Make yourself quite easy. There is not the slightest need to hurry, and you can take your own time. I have a story in two parts still to place in numbers not yet made up. Until Wednesday, and always.

So again—

It strikes me that a quaintly expressive title for such a book would be "The —." What do you think of it?

"The eminent literary personage," as he called him, had now other ambitions—trying his hand at a short dramatic piece. He took charge of it, and sent it to his friend Webster.

As it did not suit—others did, in due time—he good-naturedly broke the fall with the following :—

The play goes very glibly, and smoothly, but I make so bold as to say you can write a much better one. The most characteristic part in it is much too like Compton in "The Unequal Match." And the best scene in it, where he urges his wife to go away, is so excessively dangerous, that I think the chances would be very many to one against an audience's acceptance of it. Because, however drolly the situation is presented, the fact is not to be got over that the lady seriously supposes her husband to be in league with another man.

With some humiliation I must own to trying the tolerance of this most amiable of men with various failures and sad carelessness on many occasions. His printer would grumble at the perfunctory style in which the copy was presented, and even in print it was sometimes difficult to put matters in shape :—

My difficulty (he wrote) about your story has been a report from the printer that the copy of some part of another story had got mixed with it, and it was impossible to make sense. You were then just gone. I waited until you should have leisure—now that I hear from you, I tell you only I have waited—and ask : *Is* the story made straight, and *is* it at the printer's? Reply, reply, reply, as Bishop's duet says. Reply also to this. How long is it?

"Waited until you should have leisure!" There was almost unlimited indulgence in the matter of changing and revising printed pages, condemned at his author's suggestion—new bits introduced here and there. He had a pleasant joke in this trying behavior, and vowed that I had introduced a new term in the printing-house "chapel," a thing unknown for centuries in that most conservative of professions. These introduced columns and half-columns were denominated, to distinguish them from the regular narrative, as "Random." And a number being brought by the foreman one day, and asking what this was, he was told that "they were Mr. —'s *Randoms*." The delight he felt in this seemed to compensate for any annoyance. I see the exuberant twinkle in his bright eye, and his hearty relish. At last, however, his patience would give way :—

For my sake, if not for heaven's (he would write), do, I entreat you, look over your manuscript before sending it to the printer. And again, please keep on abrupt transitions into the present tense your critical eye. Tom Butler, in type, is just brought in. I will write to you of him to-morrow or Sunday.

How gentle was this!

Once, however, and only once, he delivered himself with a severity that I own was richly deserved. * Two novels were being actually written by "my facile pen" at the same moment, much as a bare-backed rider, or rider of barebacks, would ride the same number of horses round the circus. At the same time we were preparing for a long serial in his journal. "You make me very uneasy," he began, "on the subject of your new story here by undertaking such an impossible amount of fiction at one time. As far as I know the art we both pursue, it cannot be reasonably carried on in this way. I cannot forbear representing this to you, in the hope that it may induce you to take a little more into account the necessity of care in preparation, and some self-denial in the quantity done. I am quite sure I write as much in your interest as my own." How easily propitiated he was will be seen when, on a mere undertaking to be careful, he writes that—"Your explanation is (as it would be, *being yours*) manly and honest, and I am both satisfied and hopeful." Nay, some weeks later he recurred to the matter in this strain:—

I am very sorry I was not at home. It gives me the greatest pleasure to receive such good tidings of the new story, and I shall enter upon its perusal in proof with the brightest appreciation. Will you send as much of it as you can spare to the office.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

JUSTICE TO BEACONSFIELD.

It is not, perhaps, too early to bespeak a fair and right judgment for Benjamin Disraeli, nor too late to engage the public interest in the career and character of the remarkable man, who was laid at rest in Hughenden churchyard, barely two months ago. Nor is it too much to say that the fame of Lord Beaconsfield—the deserved fame, long withheld, at least in this country,—has rapidly grown since his death. Ameri-

cans, many of them, have only recently found out the estimation in which he was really held, by opponents as well as partisans, in his own country.

The writer of this article asked a member of the Gladstone ministry, last autumn, how Disraeli was really regarded in England? whether the cartoons of Punch, and the less good-natured diatribes of some Liberal journals, actually represented the feeling among the party opposed to him? Was it true that the Liberals looked upon Disraeli as a charlatan, a juggler, and a political Mephistopheles only? He promptly replied that that sort of talk about Disraeli had ceased in England twenty years ago; that he was universally conceded to be a great man; that, while the Liberals very earnestly dissented from his policy; no one questioned either his genius for leadership, his courage, his resources, or his sincerity.

There is ample testimony that this radical adversary of Disraeli only echoed the general Liberal sentiment as to the Tory chief. There is no firmer or more devoted Liberal leader in England than the Marquis of Hartington. He for some years was the actual chief of his party. He is a frank, sincere, high-bred statesman. In a speech delivered shortly after Disraeli's death, he thus spoke of him, in a Liberal assemblage:

"This I will say, that while many of us have felt constantly and almost continuously called upon to oppose the policy which he advocated, we have all admired the manner in which he led his great party to ultimate victory; that in him we had a fair and honorable opponent; and that when he was Prime Minister, he directed his policy for no mean, no petty, and no personal, or even party ends; and that the policy which he set before himself was the one which, in his judgment, was best calculated to promote the greatness, honor, and prosperity of England. I do not use this language now for the first time. As I said before, I have constantly and almost continuously had the misfortune to find myself in opposition to Lord Beaconsfield; but I have always acknowledged, ever

in the heat of party strife, the ability and the high character of the great statesman who has recently departed from us."

Language scarcely less appreciative was used in the House of Commons by Disraeli's life-long and often bitterly hostile rival, Mr. Gladstone, when it became his duty to move that a national monument should be erected to the memory of the renowned dead. Mr. Gladstone spoke in glowing terms of Disraeli's manly championship of his race, of his indomitable courage in party warfare, and his absolute freedom from political or personal rancor. He freely confessed his belief that Disraeli had never, in spite of their frequent and heated conflicts, harbored any feeling of personal animosity to himself. Indeed, it is quite well known in England that Disraeli's admiration for Gladstone's genius was ardent, and often and very warmly expressed. Gladstone's speech, on the occasion referred to, was so spontaneous and magnanimous, and, withal, just a tribute, that Sir Stafford Northcote, the Tory leader in the Commons, declared it to be a nobler monument to Disraeli's memory than any shaft of bronze or marble which the nation could erect.

Many American journals have taken a very superficial, and, therefore, a very ignorant and unjust view of Disraeli's career and character. They have apparently taken the color of their view of him from violent Liberal papers in England, or from the good-humored chaff of Punch. They have echoed the estimate which Englishmen were wont to make of Disraeli a quarter of a century ago, before he had proved, by many a splendid act of leadership and statesmanship, that he was something far more than a dexterous politician, or a flippant pretender to statesmanlike qualities. It seems to be full time that Disraeli's solid achievements as a public man, as well as his fine personal character and qualities, should be recognized and acknowledged. Americans, indeed, should be the first to admit his remarkable sense of foresight, and his ripe wisdom in political deduction. He was the only statesman of the first

rank in England—unless we put the Duke of Argyll and John Bright in that category—who, from first to last, not only predicted that the cause of the Union would triumph over rebellion, but expressed his sympathy with the North in that struggle. His influence was vigorously, and, to a large degree, effectively used to restrain not only his own party, but the British government, from undue and disastrous interference in behalf of the Confederacy. In this respect, his vision took a far broader and more prophetic reach than that of his rival, Gladstone, who, with a haste stimulated by his ardent good wishes for Southern triumph, declared that Jefferson Davis had made a nation.

It is futile, moreover, to deny that Benjamin Disraeli has left a very deep and enduring impress upon the legislation of England. It is not yet, perhaps, a ripe time for judging fully of the wisdom of all the features of the treaty of Berlin; but this may be said, that that treaty averted a general European war, deprived Russia of a large share of her victory over the Turk, and restored England to a position of high influence in the councils of the powers. Let it be added, that Gladstone and the Liberals denounced the treaty with all their resources of eloquent invective; that Sir William Vernon Harcourt declared that it would not endure forty days; that Gladstone made it one of the chief articles of the tremendous indictment which he fulminated against the Beaconsfield government in his campaign in Mid-Lothian; and yet that, no sooner had these gentlemen found themselves in office than they announced, that it would be the ambition of their foreign policy to fulfill this same obnoxious treaty of Berlin in every article, clause, and section.

Whatever dispute there may be as to the wisdom or folly of that brilliant international compact, there are two measures as to Disraeli's authorship and championship, of which there can scarcely be any question, and the beneficence and breadth of which few will be found who can deny. By

the Factory act, which was Disraeli's work, and which became a law chiefly through his courageous advocacy, the hours of the labor of women and children in the English factories were diminished, and the age at which children could be thus employed at all was advanced. It is safe to say that no recent English statute has been more effectual in the remedy of a great evil, or in the physical and moral improvement of the industrial classes, than this Factory act, of which Disraeli was the champion, and the philanthropic John Bright a bitter foe.

Of the present English electoral system, it may be asserted that Disraeli is the chief creator. Grey and Russell admitted a large body of the commercial and middle classes to the suffrage; and they swept away a few—and only a few—of the rotten boroughs. The reform of 1832 was, after all, a half-measure. But Disraeli, by the bold, the audacious reform of 1867, established the suffrage upon the broad basis of the household. He granted a vote to every Englishman who, living in a borough, occupied a house. It would be vain to search, throughout the record of Gladstone's legislative achievements, so broad, vast, courageous, complete and sweeping a reform as this. The Tory chief, with the task of leading the stubborn Tory party to this "leap in the dark," actually achieved what the most advanced Liberals shrank from proposing. He cut the Gordian knot of electoral agitation by one great, sudden, decisive blow. We will not only say that this legislative feat is not paralleled by any act of Gladstone's; but that English political history will be searched in vain for so heroic and brilliant and successful a single act of statesmanship.

The popular idea in this country, that Disraeli was cold, enigmatic, and mysterious, is abundantly disproved by the testimony of those who enjoyed his intimacy. His kindness of nature, indeed, might be inferred from many of his public acts. No man ever attached his friends to him.

stronger or more enduring bonds. His encouragement to young politicians has long been proverbial. He was never known to lose his temper in Parliament. His serene patience was inexhaustible. His moral character was always stainless. He was a conspicuously faithful, devoted and tender husband to a wife fourteen years older than himself. Although Jewishly fond of show, and somewhat of a dandy to the last, his life in his house was exceedingly plain and simple; and at the last, he gave a crowning evidence of his disdain of mere pomp, by ordaining that his funeral should be modest, and that his remains should repose, not in the monument-crowded Pantheon of Westminster, but by the side of his wife, in the obscurity of a Buckinghamshire village.

There were, indeed, very many lovable as well as admirable traits in this man, who rose so high from so low a starting-point. It is certain that those who followed him in politics were devoted to him heart and soul. He had no semblance of a rival in his own party ranks. All men felt that when he died, Toryism had lost its only pre-eminent and undisputed chief. He was one of those rare men of renown, of which Englishmen could spontaneously repeat the old saying, "We never shall see his like again." Another Benjamin Disraeli is impossible for a century.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

THE SWORD.

The march of democracy is not limited to mankind alone; the uprising of nouvelles couches is not confined to the peoples of the earth; the undermining of the upper classes is not restricted to humanity. The dismantling of aristocracies is no longer a merely mortal operation; it has sapped away the bases of other privileges than those of princes; it has exter-

minated other prerogatives than those of blood ; it has suppressed other rights than those of birth. The revolutionary spirit is swelling beyond politics and parliaments ; its action is stretching outside societies, and is reaching above nations ; it is pervading nature herself, and is even permeating matter. The subversiveness of our times extends to metals as well as to men ; under its dissolving action—alas that we should have to say it!—steel has ceased to be a gentleman.

Until this nineteenth century, steel had retained its exalted place. It had been assailed by gunpowder, and it had been debilitated by the gradual diminution of duels, but it had held its own ; its superb traditions had not yet faded ; the knightly sword was still its accepted expression, still its representative idea. It is true that steel—though used in Asia from all time—though seen, perhaps, in imperial Rome, and though introduced into Spain by the Arabs in the ninth century—had only been seriously known to Europeans since the first crusade ; it is true that the swords of Greece, of Spain, of Germany, of Gaul, contained no sign of it ; but for the last eight centuries the world had learned to associate the sword and steel together, and to instinctively regard them as implying the same conception. To-day, that stately unity has disappeared. The sword has been dethroned ; and steel, meanly forsaking its former self, repudiating its lineage, its alliances, and its traditions, has gone in for demagoguery. And we are the sad spectators of its fall.

What a superb career it has renounced ! It had shaped the world ; it had carved out history ; it had formed the nations ; it had fixed the limits of languages and the geography of character and thought ; it had vanquished the strong ; it had rebuked the proud ; it had succored the weak ; it had been the arbiter of honor, and the accomplisher of justice. The sword was, as the ancient chronicler said, "the oldest, the most universal, the most varied of arms ; the only one which has lived through time. All peoples knew it ; it was every-

where regarded as the support of courage, as the enemy of perfidy, as the mark of commandment, as the companion of authority—as the emblem of sovereignty, of power, of force, of conquest, of fidelity, and of punishment.” All this has steel abandoned—to become rails! Look at what it was, and at what it is. Its aspect was brilliant; its habits were punctilious; its manners were courtly; its connections were patriotic; its functions were solemn; its contact was ennobling; even its very vices were glittering, for most of them were simply the defects of its superb qualities. It is true that it was sometimes cruel, and that its processes of action were distinctly sanguinary; but those reproaches apply to all other weapons too. Throughout the ages it grandly held up its head, and haughtily bore its name. It lost no caste when it allied itself with lance and dagger, with battle-axe and helm, for they were of its natural kindred; and even when, in later times, it stooped to generate such lowly offspring as razors, lancets, knives, and needles, the world saw no real abasement in the act, for the chivalrous blade was still the image which represented steel to man. But now its whole character has changed; now, it has thrown aside its gallantry, its grace, its glory; now it has forsworn its pride for profit, its pomp for popularity. Steel is now bursting coarsely on the earth at the rate of thousands of tons a month. It is positively being made into steam-engines, and cannon, and ships, and all sorts of vulgar, heavy, uncomely, useful objects. Worse than all, it is becoming cheap! Steel cheap! The steel of old, the steel of legend and of story, the steel of the paladin and the chevalier, the steel of the noble and the brave, the steel of honor and of might, the steel that was above price, that knew not money and cared naught for profit—that steel is no more. It has been driven contemptuously out of sight by metallurgic persons called Bessemer, and Krupp, and Siemens, and these destructive creators have put into its place a nineteenth century substance, exactly fitted to a mercantile period, but possessing no tie with time or fame.

No more will steel append its personal signature, its glaringly recognizable autography, to the great events of history. The dagger that slew Cæsar, the glaive that Brennus hurled into the scale to weigh against the liberty of Rome, the axe that gashed off Mary Stuart's head, the knife that armed the hand of Charlotte Corday (of course they were not all steel, but they admirably represent the notion of it), are mere faded antiquities. Steel has other functions to discharge now; it has given up marking dates in the world's life, and has gone in for trade; it has ceased to be history, and has become actuality; it is in a state of new departure; it no longer incarnates a sentiment; it is nothing but a fact. It has turned its back on the blades of Damascus, on the armor of Milan, on the shields of Augsburg, on the rapiers of Ferrara, on the halberts of Flanders, on the poinards of Bilboa, and, at this very moment, is forsaking almost the last refuge which was left to it, and is deserting the marvelous sabers of Japan. In the place of its former glories it is taking up all sorts of low associations; it is being manufactured in big furnaces; it is being "cast," as if it were mere clownish pig-iron; it is being rolled, as if it were uncouth "bar"; it is condescending to be boiler-plates, and axle-trees, and driving-shafts, and girders. To this is steel reduced!

In what else has evolution worked a sadder change than this? Where else has relentless progress stamped out a nobler past? Of course the present development of steel is very serviceable, and very commercial, and very profitable; and it is, perhaps, our duty to be delighted at it. But views and opinions are, after all, like religious faiths, affairs of temperament rather than of reason. Just as some people regret post-chaises, and just as some others mourn over the divine right of kings, so it is comprehensible that a few of us may deplore the disappearance of swords, and the desecration of steel. The feeling may be absurd, and it is certainly purely sentimental, and altogether impractical and out of date.

in a conservative country like ours, there is some excuse for lamenting the disappearance of landmarks, and never was there a bigger or more universal sign-post than the sword, for it pointed the road to almost all the ends of life. Men were what their swords made them. To be "as brave as his sword" was the highest aim of a warrior's heart. And yet the sword has vanished so completely that we can scarcely suppose the world will ever see it at its true work again. A lingering survivor of the family is still to be detected in the French duelling tool; but, with the exception of that pallid, sickly inheritor of a fallen crown, all direct descendants of the once mighty race have died out. No one can seriously pretend that the soldier's saber of to-day is anything but a bastard of the kin; it is a vulgar article of commerce—like skewers or chisels, or nails, supplied by contract from Liege or St. Etienne, from Solingen or Birmingham. It has no place in the glorious lineage of fighting steel; it is a mere article of military accoutrement; amongst the tools of actual war, it stands a long way below knapsacks, a little above chin-straps, and about on a level with shovels; it has been cast out into the cold shade by breech-loaders and rifled barrels; it has scarcely any blood relationship with the real sword—with the sword which was the one essential weapon of every man who fought. That trusty friend is gone forever—an awkward instrument of inferior iron, which, like Charles the Second's promises, "no man relies on," has assumed its place. Never again will poets sing of puissant falchions, or of adamantine blades. The Balmung of Siegfried, the Escalibur of Arthur, the prodigious Mistelstein which expunged two thousand four hundred men, the Joyeuse of Charlemagne, the Flamberge of Renaud, the Altecler of Oliver, the Quersteinbeis of Hakon which chopped in two a millstone, the Tisona and the Colada of the Cid,—all these, and all their like, have faded like "dreams that tempt no more." Even Durandal, the epic brandal of Roland, the wondrous brand that cleft the cliff

at Roncesvaux, and left its yawning mark upon the Pyrenean crest, has flickered into night, and is bewailed by none. A rusty rough-edged bar, purporting to represent it, is shown to curious travelers in the armory at Madrid; and an equally voracious rival is exhibited in the church of Rocamadour, in the department of the Lot; but the true Durandal is, of course, as the legends tell us, still lying in the waters into which the dying hero flung it, as the last blast of the Olifant expired on his lips, in the vain effort to call back Charlemagne to the field; it is still, undoubtedly, at the bottom of the enchanted poisoned stream "which passed by there." And there, we may presume, it will remain, unless somebody finds it. No more will champions hew a foe in half at one wild sweep, as Godfrey and Conrad did to several Paynim in the Holy Land. No more will shields be split from top to bottom, as Renaud treated the buckler of the wicked infidel Sacripant. All that sort of behavior is no longer in our ways; we do not work so laboriously in conflicts now; battles have become lazy, in company with most other acts of modern life. Like stone cannon-balls, the rack, the toga, and cups of hemlock, hard hitting has passed out of our wants.

The ferocity of sharp strokes, the immensity of savage smiting, which constituted, for thousands of years, the essential characteristics of the sword, form, however, but a poor part of its vast story. There came into it, with time, new lineaments, fairer and nobler than these. By small degrees, as centuries passed on, the sword began to mount, its uses rose, its functions soared. It never ceased to be a slaughterer, for killing is the essence of its being; but it grew to be a creator as well as a destroyer; men made of it their great ennobler. Its touch upon the shoulder conferred the knighthood which soldiers longed to win; and reverence for it waxed so deep that its simple presence on the hip was taken to be sufficient evidence that its wearer was, to some extent at least, a gentleman. It came to be regarded as the one accepted emblem of

manly pride, as the outer symbol of all that men prized most—their courage, their liberty, and their honor. The practice of disarming captives had naturally engendered the idea that to give up a sword was an act implying defeat, bondage, and disgrace; and by a not incomprehensible extension of opinion, its possession was counted as indicating the exact contrary of all this, as constituting evidence that its wearer was undegraded and free, as supplying an unquestioned certificate of his liberty. It was the visible badge of birth, of bravery, of freedom. No other material object ever attained such a place in the eyes of men; the sword stood absolutely alone in its honor-bestowing efficacy. The crown, the scepter, and the robe of ermine were for the elect alone—even the spur was only for a narrow class; but the sword was for large numbers at once, and it made no distinctions between its holders,—it treated them all alike, and rendered precisely the same service to each of them. This enormous power was, however, of slow growth. This highest of the attributes of the sword, this noblest of its privileges, was, after all, almost modern; the earth got on without it for long ages. The Greeks and Romans (who only handled swords in war, and discarded them in peace time) knew naught about it; they contemptuously scoffed, indeed, at the barbarians, their neighbors, for carrying weapons when they did not want them, and saw therein conclusive evidence of their savageness. It was not until a state of life was reached in which almost every man bore arms as a distinction, until the sword became a daily and cherished companion, that its value as a mark of personal position stood out complete. But when it did, at last, attain the faculty of bestowing repute on all who touched it, it added a new and special glory to its previous splendors. Its legendary, historical, and political aspects, which were all stately enough already, became supplemented by another and a still higher phase.

And so the sword went forward, noble and ennobling, until

another totally new life began for it with the sixteenth century. Until that period it continued to be the vehicle of honor and of blows; cleaving, slashing, mangling, and making gentlemen, were its perpetual occupations; and very grand they were—so grand, indeed, that they would have sufficed for any other lesser ambition. But the sword was not content; it wanted more. Before it died it seized a new and still more wonderful position. There came a day when it assumed another function, acquired another potentiality, and claimed another place. Radiant as had been the sparkling brilliancies which light up its regal history, a still brighter effulgence suddenly illuminated it about the time of Ferdinand and Isabella. That glorious epoch, so full of dates and memories, was the starting-point of further splendors which the sword, with all its accumulated majesty, had not yet known. In Spain, four hundred years ago, it was converted from a weapon of pure attack into a mixed arm of offense and defense combined. In contradiction to all its previous usages and aspects—which had been exclusively aggressive—it burst forth with a new complexion, and became a protector as well as an assailant. It remained the sword, but it replaced the shield; it lost no atom of its ancient powers, but it added to them new ones, which, so far, no one had suspected it of possessing. It unexpectedly duplicated its operations; it went on being itself, but it simultaneously became its contrary. Never did the nature of things protest more strangely against its own essence. The destroyer set itself to save, the slayer to rescue. The sword had always possessed the cut and thrust; it obtained the guard and parry. Fencing was invented!

Fencing could have had no possible existence while bucklers were alive. It was, equally, an impracticability while armor was employed. But, when the ægis and the coat of mail had disappeared together—when the road was opened, without barriers, to each man's skin—when the ponderous glaives that hewed heavily through casque and cuirass had

lost the reason of their being,—then the long thin coultile of the Germans—a prodding utensil, originally devised to find out holes in breastplates—was seized by the lithe ready hand of Spain, and swordsmanship was. In the first shape of the new invention the memory of the shield was too vivacious to be effaced; the rolled-up cloak upon the left arm supplemented the action of the blade, and comforted the combatant by the notion that he was behind a fortification. But this subterfuge died out, and the true fence of open onset and unaided ward appeared upon the earth, alone. The soldiers of Charles the Fifth carried the new science into Italy, where it was taken up with wild enthusiasm, and where it found its ablest professors. Profoundly Spanish in its origin and language, fencing became Italian in its teaching. “The great Tappa of Milan,” as Brantome calls him, was its first famous expositor; and the first scientific treatise on it, the well-known “Arte degli armi,” was published by Marozzo at Venice in 1536. The craft of swordsmanship dashed into life, instantly great, suddenly magnificent—it stood abruptly before the world, as real an art as cookery or hairdressing. And then began the superbest moments of the course of the sword. Its noble day had fully come. The earth went mad about fence—as mad, almost, as if it had been a tulip, a furbelow, or a wig. And then it turned French (as many other fashions have done, before and since). When Louis Treize was king—when the Mousquetaires fought hourly duels in the *Pre aux Clercs*—when Athos and D’Artagnan (who happened on that occasion to be on opposite sides without knowing it) recognized each other in an accidental set-to on a pitch-dark night, by the manner of their swording,—then, most undeniably, France had grown to be the mistress of this new cunning, and thenceforth her thirty-two-inch blade became the adopted combat-weapon of all gentlemen.

The sword at that moment reached its highest. The handling of it was a process by itself; nothing like it had been

known before ; it was of its own day and of no other. Of course, the method of employing swords had always varied with their shape and size ; of course, the long swinging of the two-handed claymore was distinct from the short chopping of the Greeks ; of course, the fantastic flourishing of the scimitar was other than the straight stabbing of the dagger ; but the rapid lunging of the rapier, and the complicated double action of the sword and poniard, were absolutely new shapes of procedure, involving, for the first time, theories, principles and rules. Thereon steel rose to its pinnacle ; it reached its triumph ; it attained its consummation. Its fall has been all the more immense. Its ruin has been more especially complete by reason of the very greatness of its fortune.

The vastness of its adversity would alone suffice to prevent our forgetting the sword ; but we have additional motives of memory, for its suppression has brought about a severance of a very particular kind between the present and the past, and has produced a gap that nothing can fill up. Other ancient engines have disappeared, and none but archæologists have sought for their traces ; other venerable usages have melted away, and the world has gone on as if they had never existed ; other antique fashions have died out, and no one has wept over them ;—but the sword has left a staring vacancy behind it ; its place remains untenanted ; its functions are discharged by no successor. Its overthrow has entailed such vast and varied consequences, that it may really be counted, without exaggeration, amongst the events which have palpably affected and directed the destinies of humanity. Its effects have been felt in every land and every home ; for the disappearance of the sword has radically transformed the character of war, and has largely modified the character of men. The sword was not a mere momentary weapon, like a catapult or a crossbow ; it was not a passing custom, like breaking on the wheel or keeping a jester ; it was not an accidental style, like wearing masks or building pyramids. It was an essence, a

fact, a part of existence, a world's need; it outlived nations and centuries; in endured when all else changed around it. And yet it was not always the same thing—it varied largely with time and place; it made itself everything to everybody.

The discarding of this universal, indispensable, and perpetual weapon has brought about a transformation of two distinct kinds in the features of European war. Its material result has been the almost total abolition of hand-to-hand hitting; its moral outgrowth has been to change the nature of the courage which is required in soldiers, and to give a new form to the manifestations of that courage. With the exception of such cavalry charges and of such infantry rushes as result in a *mélee* (and they are growing rare in the actions of to-day), there is an end in Europe of close quarters, and of the savage tussles which formerly made up almost the whole of a battle. Instead of delivering his stroke with his own arm, and within the reach of his arm, the soldier now transmits his blow through the barrel of his gun, to a distance of a mile or two; instead of demolishing a personal antagonist, whose eyes are glittering at him two feet off, he knocks over an indifferent stranger out of sight. Strength, activity, and hard hitting are replaced by skill in shooting straight and in keeping under cover. Shelter-trenches have replaced single combat. Smart fighting consists now in slaughtering people you cannot see, and to whom you are yourself invisible: you lie down in a hole and aim at a puff of smoke somewhere in front, and try to detect the consequences through a field-glass. Whirling a two-handed claymore was less scientific than this, but it was decidedly more immediate and more personal. And furthermore, it was infinitely more murderous, which was a merit, inasmuch as the object of war is to slay. When armies got face to face, and man to man, they hammered at each other until scarcely anybody was left; as is distinctly proved by the tremendous proportions of killed and wounded reported from the combats of the middle ages.

At Poitiers, for instance, Charles Martel is said to have slain 375,000 Saracens. The suppression of swords has certainly rendered warfare a good deal less destructive than it was; and it has also considerably affected the nature of wounds; but it is by no means sure that the world has really derived any advantage from that. It is possible, indeed, that we should gain immensely in the long-run by augmenting the abominations of war instead of diminishing them; by rendering them so insupportably hideous, that nobody would consent to face them. If it were made a certainty, beforehand, that every fight would end, necessarily on both sides, with the massacre of every man engaged, fights would probably become more rare. Instead of that we are going directly the other way, and are introducing a sort of affected gentleness into war; we are pretending to make it a matter of cleverness instead of murder, by which we are incontestably corrupting its real nature and distorting its true position in sociology. War means butchery, and nothing else; and the more butchery there is, the more does war present itself in its own character, and the less disguise and sham is there about it. The sword was straight-forward and ingenuous; every blow was meant to hack flesh somewhere; it was all in earnest; it was all savage, brutal, and monstrous; it was all blood, and mutilation, and horror; it meant all it did, and had no shame about it. But the theories and the processes of to-day are of another sort; they have none of the simplicity and none of the frank honesty of the sword. Strategy (which means stratagem) has assumed the place of strength and struggling. The object of a campaign is to take the other people prisoners rather than to kill them. Little linesmen, who weigh nine stone, are fancied to be more fit for soldiering than brawny giants are, because they have less weight to carry on a march, and can be more easily hidden away in a furrow or behind a bush. Physical power is no longer indispensable, for there are scarcely any occasions in which it can be used.

But these transformations in the nature of war, great though they be, are even less striking than the immense changes which have come about in the composition and the demonstration of modern military courage. We all well know what bravery used to be. In the days of steel the soldier very soon got up to his enemy, and went at him in person. The employment of distant arms, whether they were slings, or javelins, or arrows, did not keep armies long apart; they got together and battered each other. The sort of valor required for such fighting as that was of a very elementary and common sort; no training, no obedience, no discipline, no example, were required to lead a man to combat when he was in personal danger, when his life depended on his own stoutness, and when he would be killed at once if he did not use his weapon to protect himself. And furthermore, he had the stimulus of physical exertion, of active effort and strife, of passion and conflict. His blood was up, and all his senses were concentrated on attack. He had no time to be afraid, and his entire case, corporeal and mental, was opposed to running away. In such a condition ferocity came of itself; it was an unavoidable, self-born result of the situation; all the aids to it were collected round the fighting man; all its sources were present in him, hard at work; he combated in battle as naturally as he would eat at table. There was no high courage in his doings, as we understand courage now.

The pluck that we ask from our soldiers to-day is of a very different sort. It is indeed so infinitely other and so infinitely higher that it is scarcely possible to make a serious comparison between the old and the new shapes of valiance. The invention of long-range fighting has brought into the world a type of fortitude which has been hitherto totally unknown (excepting in occasional isolated cases), which is just as much a product of our century as railways or electric telegraphs, and which is as distinguishable from the animal courage required for sword-work as is prophecy from fortune-telling.

Instead of dashing at the enemy in fierce excitement, instead of the hot emotion of savage struggle, instead of furious muscular exasperation, instead of the intensest development of the combative faculties, our soldiers have now to exhibit their intrepidity by remaining placid, motionless, undisturbed, amidst a hail of death and wounds. They have to stay quiet under distant fire, to let themselves be knocked to pieces, without the chance or even the possibility of doing anything whatever to defend themselves in an eager, efficient, satisfying form; the one solution open to them is to treat the other people in the same fashion, and to pelt impersonal missiles at them from afar. Not a man on either side has the pleasure of identifying the particular opponent who slaughters him. There is scarcely any of that individuality of carnage which is so contenting in hand-to-hand fight. And worse than all, there is none of the output of effort, of the bitter strain which necessarily accompanies the exhibition of brute hardihood. The bravery of to-day is a nervous contemplative process; there is no action, no movement, no tug about it. It principally consists in waiting obediently until you are hit by a chance shot. Troops do not like it. They are always wanting to get out of it, to rush ahead, to strike, to do something violent and comforting on their own behalf. They feel that it is absolutely unnatural to stand still to be killed, that it is totally anomalous to rest unaggressive under a tempest of ambient peril, that it is contrary to all the tendencies of humanity to make no vigorous attempt to ward off destruction; and yet that is precisely what they have learned to do. They may use shelter if they can find it (it is no longer cowardly to hide), but they may not use action. In one of Raffet's caricatures, a regiment is halted in the middle of a river, with the water up to the men's necks: the colonel says to them, "My children, I forbid you to smoke, but I permit you to sit down;" and that is very much the situation in which European soldiers are placed in battle now; it is permitted to be killed, but it is forbidden to fight. In

Asia, it is true, there is still a chance of getting to close quarters and of using the right arm, as a good many of our people who have been in Afghanistan can testify. But in modern fighting on the Continent the rule is that the foe is so far off that no hitting can reach him. The consequence is, that our new shape of courage is based on the suppression of direct effort; it has become a passive process, in which we endure instead of acting. The old sword-daring was impetuous, emotional, and intuitive; the new gun-courage is deliberate, logical, and subjective; the one was material and substantial, the other is abstract and theoretical. They are as different from each other as credulity and faith, as astrology and astronomy, as dreams and thought.

Now, how has this strange transformation come about? Where lies its root? Can it really be that it is solely because soldiers go to battle now with guns instead of swords, that this prodigious change in the character of bravery has grown up? Or is there another cause for it besides that one? The answers to these questions are not difficult to find. The influence of sword or gun is, certainly, at the bottom of them, but another and a greater action overlies it. The use of the sword was essentially personal; while the use of the gun is, as essentially, impersonal. The sword was the expression of the individual man who fought with it; the gun is a machine. Each sword had its own special manner of operating, its own particular method, according to the hand which held it; while each gun is but one in a total. The sword could not be wielded without liberty; the gun cannot be worked without system. The one means independence, the other means discipline; and there—in that last word—is found the true secret of modern courage. The swordsman was himself alone, therefore his qualities were positive; the shooter is a unit in a regiment, therefore his qualities must be negative. We see proof enough of that at every match. The men who win prizes are precisely those who are animated by the least emo-

tion, who have reduced themselves the most completely to a condition of impassibility. The difference between the swordsman and the rifleman is as great as between the Japanese workman, who never reproduces the same pattern twice, but throws a fresh invention of his own into every object he fashions, and the Birmingham artisan, who goes on mechanically making the one same identical spoon or tray throughout his life. And yet, though the independence of the sword is, manifestly, a more intellectual condition than the discipline of the gun, it is discipline, not independence, which has generated the loftiest type of courage that the world has seen. It is discipline alone which has popularized coolness, by enabling entire armies to acquire and practice it. Single examples of it have existed since history began; but it is in our day that, for the first time, hundreds of thousands of men exhibited stoicism together. There lies the reply to our questions. The actual shape of military courage is the fruit of a particular training, which has suppressed the importance of the parts by transferring it to the whole. That training was unattainable while the sword forced fighters to be individual. It has only become achievable since the gun has obliged soldiers to be collective. Here, at last, is a point on which the sword has to confess itself beaten.

But if it has to admit its inferiority as regards the quality of the courage which it provoked, it rushes to the front again directly we try to measure the influence it exercised on character. The gun has done nothing, absolutely nothing, to develop either qualities or defects in man. The peculiar new shape of bravery which has accompanied its adoption in war, is due, after all, to no merit in the gun itself; it is simply an additional example, evolved by circumstances, of that progressive substitution of the idea of duty for the idea of honor, which constitutes so vivid and so absolute a distinction between the motives and the objects of the past and of the present. The gun has in no way aided us to form our tem-

peraments, our dispositions, our desires, or our capacities; its action on us, as a molder of our natures, has been null. But the sword, on the contrary, has been one of the most powerful of the factors which have contributed to shape the tenor of men, both in body and in mind. The work it did is self-evident: it stares us in the face. Its operation was so direct, so immediate, so personal—it went so straight to its end—there was such a total absence of hesitation or of complexity about it—that it would indeed have been astonishing if it had produced a less vast result. Of course the manner and the quantity of its action have varied largely with time and place; but that action was, in general terms, constant, until a century ago. Everywhere and always the usage of the sword has told, for evil and for good, upon a large proportion of mankind. Physically, its work was excellent, it stimulated activity, strength, rapidity of movement, dexterity and certainty of hand and foot. Morally, its doings were opposite and conflicting. In one direction it engendered self-reliance, the habit of resource, the consciousness of responsibility; a keen sentiment of dignity, of loyalty and of honor; the desire to protect the suffering and the weak; and a curious, fantastic, very noble generosity, proper to itself alone, which stands before us in history under the misty name of “the spirit of chivalry”;—but in its other bearings, it bred irritability, bullying, provocation, violence, the vain glory of force. In all these resultances, however, composite and even contradictory as they were between themselves, the sword invariably maintained, unchanged and unchangeable, the great striking characteristic of its form of proceeding—it was uniformly and persistently personal. It acted on each man separately; it guided one to the right, another to the left. Never did it proceed by groups; the absolute individuality of its teaching was the most remarkable of the many features it presented. It was a private tutor, not a schoolmaster.

Well, this energetic educator has been suppressed. Its

peculiar lessons have ceased to act upon us ; the influence it exerted has vanished ; it no longer prompts us to good, or pushes to evil. We have become free to act as we like, without any of the guidance which, during centuries, the sword imposed on Europeans. Have we lost, or have we gained, by the cessation of that guidance ? The majority of us would probably declare that we have largely gained : that the sword was a blusterer, a bully, and a tyrant ; that an incubus has been lifted off our backs ; that we have escaped from a domination and a cruelty ; and that we are well rid of the intimidation of steel. But a minority would perhaps proclaim that the sword performed a moral function, and exercised a social action ; that it was not a mere swaggerer, a mere despot, or a mere killer ; that it did service upon earth by forcing men to respect each other ; that it kept up the sentiment of mutual responsibility as no other external agent has ever sustained it. Some of us might indeed go further still, and assert that, since the downfall of the sword, the notion and the practice of deference of manners between man and man have palpably diminished ; that the conception of honor has grown distinctly feebler ; that an undeniable development of the meaner instincts has supervened ; and that, if hectoring and violence have decreased on the one hand, punctiliousness, courtesy, dignity, and fair name, have still more ebbed away on the other. And all this may be said without the slightest desire to defend duelling. It is the abstract idea of the sword, not the practical misuse of it, which lies at the bottom of such thoughts as these. The sword, with all its faults, was a gallant gentleman ; and there is neither folly nor exaggeration in maintaining that, when a just balance-sheet is struck, the world comes out a loser, not a winner, by its discomfiture.

All this, however, is only the moral and sentimental aspect of the subject. It has a material side as well, which, though it is far less interesting, would form an even bigger part of it if it were set forth in its full proportions. Its dimensions are

indeed enormous. Never has any manufactured product exhibited more elastically than the sword the faculty of adapting itself to circumstances; even clothes have scarcely been more multiform, even houses have hardly been more sundry. The sword has been made of many sorts of matters and metals: of stone, of wood, of bone, of copper, of brass, of bronze, of iron. It has assumed deviating shapes and profuse sizes; it has been short and long, heavy and light, straight and curved, wide and narrow, pointed, round, or square, tapering or expanding; sharp on either side, or on both, or on neither. There have been, in each European language, at least thirty different names of breeds of swords,—from the horseman's huge espadon of six feet long, to the garter stylet of six inches. The catalogues of armories, and the special books on weapons, contain so many details, so many descriptions, and so many distinctions of types and sects and characters, that no enthusiast can pretend to know them all. Specimens have come to us from all the hiding-places and all the countries, from tombs and caves and river-beds and ruins, from under ground and under marsh and under water, from Mexico and Persia, from Scandinavia and Japan, from ancient Dacia and Peru, from Africa and China, from Rome, Assyria, and Ireland, from Switzerland and Denmark, from Germany and Sicily, from everywhere and anywhere, and other places. The earth, the lake, and the stream have disgorged their swallowed specimens; the sepulcher and the temple have given back their offerings; the buried city has unclutched its relics; the battle field has rendered up its vestiges. And from all these subterranean pillagings the museums have grown full. There is the Greek sword, so curt that it was little more than a large knife, pre-eminently fit for scrambling, hacking, strenuous stabbing at unflinchingly close quarters. There is the Roman sword, of differing lengths, almost as various, indeed, as the countries it conquered. There is the Gallic sword, of such soft pliant metal that its users had to stop in fight, after each hard blow,

in order to straighten it under their feet, thereby enabling the enemy to knock them over uncontestedly. There are the hooked scimitars of the Turks, with an inside edge, and the curved Arab yataghans, with the edge outside. There is the cross-handled sword of the Crusader, with which he prayed and slew alternately. There is the weapon whose pommel served for a seal, like that of Charlemagne, who said, when he used it to put his stamp on treaties, "I sign them with this end, and with the other I will take care that they are kept." There are Dutch, Russian, Portuguese, and Moorish swords, each one of them with a type or detail proper to itself. There are the glaives of red-clothed headsmen of the middle ages; there are Malay krisses, and the notched blades of Zanzibar, and old sabers (the parents of our contemporaneous tribe) from India, Armenia, and Khorasan. There is the espada of the Spanish matador, the schiavona of Venice, the Albanian cutlass, the Kabyle flissa, the Turkish kandjar, the court sword of a century ago, the claymore of Scotland. There are all the incalculable assortments of German, Spanish, and Italian swords. All these, and a thousand others, are to be found in the collections, with their capricious varyings of blade and handle, of pommel, spindle, and hilt, of inlaying and engraving, of complicated basket-guards, of every sort of ornament and complement and supplement that can be added to an implement. Damaskeening, particularly (which is the incrusting of gold and silver into iron and steel, and which, though said by Heroditus to have been invented by Glaucus of Chio, and though cultivated by the Romans, was not seriously practiced in modern Europe till the fifteenth century), gives a remarkable beauty and artistic value to many swords; it is, perhaps, indeed the most distinctive and the most graceful of all the adornments which have been lavished upon them. And the scabbards! Why, they form a special race; if they were not, by the essence and condition of their being, a mere adjunct to something else, they would occupy a

place of their own in the world. Their sorts and shapes are so many that they are beyond arithmetic. Then there are inscriptions on the blades. They almost constitute a literature, in poetry and in prose. For the most part they are brag and bluster; but here and there some few of them are pious, wise, or silly. The mighty glaive of Conrad Schenk of Winterstetten (4 feet 8 inches long, and 4 inches wide), which is in the Dresden Museum, bears, in antiquated German, the tenderly swaggering advice—"Conrad, dear Schenk, remember me. Do not let Winterstetten the Brave leave one helm uncleft." The sword of Hugues de Chateaubriand flashed in the sunlight the noble motto won by his ancestor in the fight at Bouvines, "*Mon sang teint les bannières de France.*" In the Erbach Collection is an old Ferrara blade, with the sage device, "My value varies with the hand that holds me." A sword in the Paris Cabinet de Médailles, is reverently inscribed, "There is no conqueror but God." The rapiers of Toledo were engraved in hundreds with the wise counsel, "Do not draw me without reason, do not sheathe me without honor," The invocation of saints are very frequent; and so are prayers, like, "Do not abandon me, O faithful God," which is on a German sword in the Az Collection at Linz; and ejaculations, like the Arabic, "With the help of Allah I hope to kill my enemy." There are vaunting mottos, like the Spanish, "When this viper stings, there is no cure in any doctor's shop;" and pompous announcements, like Sicilian, "I come;" and critical observations, like the Hungarian, "He that thinks not as I do thinks falsely;" and matter-of-fact declarations, like, "When I go up you go down" (only that is on an axe). This "cutler poetry," as Shakespeare called it, presents itself all over Europe, in all languages, mixed up with the maker's address or the owner's arms. And so, if you go to Toledo now and buy a dozen blades for presentation to your friends at home, you have their names engraved upon the steel, with some sonorous Castilian phrase of friendship and gift-offering.

As for manufacturing details, properly so called, they are (with one exception) too technical to be talked of here; they interest nobody but blacksmiths. All that need be said about them is that the secret of a modern sword lies exclusively in the tempering, and that almost each maker has his own fashions and his own tricks. To make steel sharp, it must be hard; to make it elastic, it must be tough. Cast-steel gives hardness, shear-steel gives toughness, but in no ordinary process can the two qualities be united. So, excepting at Toledo and one or two other places, all actual makers have abandoned the attempt to produce elastic blades, and have gone in for edge alone. There is, however (or, more exactly, there was), a treatment which really does unite the two contrary capacities in the same blade. The curious product called damask-steel possesses them both, and all the great Eastern swords owe to it their celebrity. It is true that the art of damasking (which is a very different matter from the damaskeening alluded to just now) has lost its use since swords have ceased their service; but still it looms out with such distinctness in the mechanical part of the history of swords, it occupies so large a place in its atmosphere, that it is impossible to pass it over in silence. It constitutes the exception which has just been mentioned.

All steel which exhibits a surface figured with lines is called damask, but the true oriental product of that name united extraordinary interior qualities to this generic exterior aspect. It combined two distinct classes of merit. First, as regards its inner nature, it was so ductile and so malleable that it could be hammered cold; yet it became "as hard as tyranny" when tempered, and took an edge as sharp as the north wind; and, with all this, was as supple as whalebone, so that no accident could break it. Secondly, as regards its external appearance, it was covered with meandering lines like water-marks; its hue was gray, brown, or black, and presented, over all, a varying sheen, blue, red, or golden. The quality rose with the

size, the shape, and the clearness of the lines. In very high-class specimens they were an eighth of an inch thick; when they were only as wide ordinary writing they were not regarded as really good; and if they were scarcely visible they were altogether contemptible. Pattern was as important as size; straight parallel ribs constituted the lowest type; as the lines curved the merit rose; it went on increasing with the multiplicity of twist; it became admirable when ruptures of the marks appeared, with dots between them; it was distinctly noble when the lines were so contorted and so broken that they formed a network of little threads, twisted in different directions; and it attained its highest possible perfection when those threads assumed the shape of chevrons or of bunches of little grapes, spread equally all over the blade. If, to these particularities of pattern, a deep, dark ground with a true golden gloss was superadded, then the work was a masterpiece, and was worthy to have been made at Damascus.

These definitions were laid down some thirty years ago by a man who followed out the art of damasking to its inmost mysteries—who made himself its apostle, and preached its creed. This enthusiast—Colonel Anosoff, manager of the imperial factory of Zlatoust in the Urals—succeeded in reproducing the true oriental damask—at last he obtained steel of such striking character, and of such beauty and merit, that it was not possible to detect any difference between it and the most finished old Syrian performances. The lines which his work showed were in the metal itself, and could not be ground out of it; his color and prismatic luster were altogether perfect; and he frequently (not always) united extreme hardness and extreme elasticity in the same specimen. He made some swords which would bend till the point touched the hilt, and which would also cut through an iron bar. More than this, no blade can do, or ever has done; and the same two faculties have never been conjoined in any other steel

than damask. There are swords now made in Europe which will sweep a gauze in two in the air; and at Toledo, every day, blades may be seen packed in coils like watch-springs. But no metal can be persuaded to do both unless it be damasked, and not always even then.

To attain these results, Colonel Anosoff tried several processes of manufacture, and reached fair results with most of them; but his best work was effected by mixing pure native graphite with the highest quality of iron, using dolomite as a flux. A good many minerals are known to possess the property of damasking steel, but none of them to the same extent as graphite—so far, that is, as European experience extends. It is, however, almost certain that the great Asiatic steels were obtained by some unknown process of mere tempering, without any special mixtures; unless, indeed Nature did the adulteration herself; which is possible, for Faraday thought he saw in many Eastern specimens faint traces of something more than pure iron, carbon, and azote, which is the composition of chemically unsophisticated steel. In the Indian "wootz" steel, for instance, which possesses remarkable toughness and sharpness, he fancied he found aluminium. But no analysis of oriental swords has revealed any really perceptible difference of ingredients between them and ordinary modern products. The water used for cooling may, not impossibly, have had a share in the work; for it is well known that its particular character exercises a clearly recognizable influence on the metal chilled in it. When the Toledo factory was removed to Seville, to keep it out of the hands of the French during the Peninsular war, the quality of the steel fell instantly, and rose again on the return to Toledo—showing, according to all the judges, that the Guadalquiver did its business less well than the Tagus. In the same way the dyes for the Gobelin tapestries are said to owe their infinite delicacy of hue to the effect of the Bievre—a little stream which is employed in their preparation; and the beer of Allsopp or

Bass to be what it is because it is made of the water of the Trent. Anyhow, whatever may have been its fashioning the Asiatic damask-steel was far away the best material for swords that the world has ever seen—for it would cut through most obstacles, and could be fractured by none.

Even the amazing sabers of Japan, despite their bewildering sharpness, cannot compete with damasked blades, because they have no elasticity. They are as hard as diamond; they take and keep an edge so ideally acute that they will go through a pillow or a poker as if they were air. If you hold them vertically in a river the leaves that float down with the current will, unknowingly, cut themselves in two against them; they flick off a man's head with a twist of the wrist; you can shave with them;—at least all this is said of them, and very possibly it is true. But, stupendously as they cut, they can do nothing else; and they are heavy and double-handled, and awkward to use by foreigners. In their own country, however, they have been so cherished and so prized that some of them have been deified, and have had temples built to them. It is true that this happened a long time ago, when the sword, the mirror, and the ball were still revered as the three treasures sent from heaven with the first ruler of the country in 700 B. C. But though the saber soon ceased to enjoy the advantage of becoming a god itself, it continued always to be regarded as a worthy offering to other gods, which explains why so many of the finest specimens have been preserved in the temples. Yet, with all this adoration of them, the manufacture of swords developed slowly in Japan. Until the end of the fifth century Chinese and Korean blades were considered to be better than the local products; and it was only on the creation of the ministry of war in A. D. 645 (has any other land a war office twelve centuries old?) that a Government arms factory was established, and a stimulus given to the trade. From that date it grew rapidly. The famous Yastsuma invented new processes of treating

steel; and in the eleventh century the Japanese swords exported to China aroused such admiration that a notable wise man of the period composed a poem, which is still popular, to celebrate their merits. About the year 1400, the illustrious maker, Yoshimitsu, and his followers, carried the manufacture to the highest perfection it ever attained. From that date it progressed no further, but it remained active and prosperous, because, as every gentleman wore two swords, the demand was large and constant. The destruction of the feudal system by the revolution of 1868 has suppressed swords in Japan, as they had already been uprooted in Europe; henceforth those wonderful razors will only be found in museums, side by side with mummies and stuffed birds.

And when, from the cold stand-point of those museums, with all enthusiasm chilled out of us by catalogues and glass cases and rust, we look back at the career of swords in their totality—when we consider them as things of the past with which we have no longer any concern, excepting as curiosities—we see even more plainly than before the main outlines of their record, and the salient features of their work. The stages of their history stand forth distinctly; the periods are as clearly marked as the rows of seats in an amphitheater. First comes the pure carnage epoch, elementary and ruthless. Then follows the legendary era of impossible feats of arms, stupendous and puerile. Next arrives the feudal time, devout and murderous, with its curious mixed processes of religion and butchery, and the simultaneous sentimental elevation of the sword to the sovereign place of fountain of honor. After it springs up the noble seasons of fence, gymnastic and superb. And, finally, there is the downfall, sad, ah sad! Through these five ostensibly registered terms the sword traveled unceasingly onwards and upwards, till it had completed its allotted evolution and reached the plenitude of its development. It followed out its varying destiny to the end, attaining, before it fell, a glory of fulfillment which no one,

certainly, foresaw in the days of its uncouth youth, when naked savages splintered each other with flint choppers.

But the radiant completion of its imperial course presented certain local disparities; it was not equally magnificent all over Europe. It attained its fullest perfection only in the countries where chivalry was established, and even in them there were visible differences from land to land. The ideal conception was not the same everywhere; the psychological sentiment shifted; the creed fluctuated; and, above all, the external expression veered about. So widely, indeed, did all this vary, that, strange to tell, in the North the sword was either male, as in Britain, or neuter, as in Germany (where, indeed, girls are neuter too); while in the South it was uniformly female! What a discord of appreciation is revealed by this single fact! And what consequences resulted from it! The elegance, the poetry, the graceful dignity of the sword were incontestably most ripened on the sunny soils of France, Italy, and Spain, where it was feminine; while its force, its overwhelmingness, and its harshness, found a more congenial place in the colder regions, where it was masculine or neuter. Of course, in all this, national temperaments made themselves felt. Latitude and climate and genders were not alone at work; local character, local usages, and local necessities assisted to bring about local deviations: and, between them, they made up a very perceptible collection of variations. And yet all these external influences, numerous and contradictory as they were, never got beyond mere details; they were purely superficial in their action; not one of them ever told upon the real intrinsic fortune of the sword. Surrounding circumstances never exercised a substantial effect upon that fortune. They altered shapes, or names, or sizes, and they changed views, impressions, and fancies; but they went no further. Even natural laws, universal and irresistible as is their domination, were powerless to affect the fate of steel; they had to make an exception in the case. The sword per-

sisted in being as independent of their sovereign puissance as of mere local conditions of life : it scoffed at predestination and order, and proclaimed free-will and liberty. Headlong, impetuous, and dazzling, it furnished a wonderful example of Pelagianism and Molinism in their application to matter ; and there were no St. Augustin and no Jansenists to preach against it. Unlike the motion of light, the growth of potatoes, the orbits of planets, and everything in general, the reckless blade alone has always been unregulated by principles. The eternal edicts which steer all other substances whatever, which govern comets and earthquakes, the sun and electricity and sound, apple-trees, diamonds, and rain, and ordinary things of that sort—which make them do what they do in the way they do it, simply because they cannot help themselves—have had no grasp whatever upon swords. Politics, and headache, and appetite, and all other human weaknesses whatever, have to be submissively obedient to the great central guiding forces ; but the sword has acknowledged no higher volition than its own. It stands alone as the successful defier of Nature and her laws. It has always been itself,—unchained, enfranchised and heroic, the archetype of arrogant audacity, of fantastic spontaneity, of resplendent freedom.

And really it did not make a bad use of the wild liberty it arrogated to itself. It went fairly straight along its vagabonding road, and did not yield too contemptibly to the seductions and temptations which surrounded its steps. It was neither too haughty nor too capricious—neither too cruel nor too childish. It is true that Clotaire II. did slay all the Saxons who were taller than his sword (which makes us hope they were a small race) ; but Proustes went through the same curtailing proceeding with his bed ; and we might as well accuse beds in the one case as swords in the other. No, decidedly ; the sword used its vast power well. Its memory is not that of a tyrant ; it scarcely ever lost the consciousness of its high estate, of its duties and responsibilities ; it

felt that noblesse oblige, and behaved accordingly. With what can we seriously reproach it? What has it done that was particularly disgraceful? Or, more exactly, what has it done that was more disgraceful than what everything else around it was doing every day? More people have died of the sea than of the sword, and with quite as much unpleasantness of treatment; but nobody has ever presumed to blame the waves for that; they have simply carried on their legitimate business, which is drowning. And the sword has similarly followed its own calling, and has made holes in people to let out their lives, that is all. In every other of its acts it has been so high and admirable that mankind instinctively adopted it as the natural and essential symbol of lofty thoughts. The list of the attributes which have been conferred upon it includes nearly all the generous aspirations of which the heart is susceptible; and it must be remembered that it possessed them not merely in its representative capacity as an emblem, but to a great extent also in its effective being as an achiever. The proverbs of all nations (which are the truest measurers of popular conviction) speak of it with reverence and trust: it was everywhere regarded as an all-sufficient type and token of the higher sentiments and higher tendencies of men. It was only by exception that it became sometimes associated with low longings or with vulgar thirsts. In inspired poets, bards, and troubadors; it was the theme of glorious song, the burden of true tale, the subject of strange romance. The blood which dripped from it did not defile it; it remained almost unceasingly and almost universally, the "good sword;" its fair fame never faded, excepting for short rare moments. How, otherwise, could it have held, for thousands of years, so supreme a place, as the model, the sign, and the expression all that men most hallowed? How else could it have reached and kept so marvelous a position of ideal nobility, so splendid a height of illustrious personification? It represented almost all the ambitions, the exaltation

and the prides of men. Fame, courage, and glory; rank, dignity, and renown; greatness, victory, and truth; majesty and honor,—have all been incarnated in the blade of steel, have all been expressed by its pregnant name, have all been contained in the suggestive ideas which it conveyed. What other word in language has had such meanings? What other image has betokened such import? What other sign has pointed to such associations?

With such a prodigious function as this, the sword seemed destined to immortality, for it was difficult to conceive that men would be able to do without an assistant whose uses and whose senses were so all-applicable. And yet the immensity of its position did not save the sword. All this magnitude of meaning, all this significance of symbol, all this accumulation of elevated thoughts, served for nothing when the day of ruin came. They cannot be forgotten, but they go back further from us each day. The poetic aspects of the sword have already become legendary: no one selects it as a figure now; it is a sword, in our time, and nothing else. Steel is no more to us than lead or putty; it is, like them, a substance used in manufacture, and the generation of to-day would no more think of assigning virtues to it than of conceiving that putty can make love, or lead teach swimming. The change which has fallen on the sword is not a mere cessation of business—it is a stoppage of life. The sword is no longer either a weapon or an idea; we no longer think with it, we no longer respect it.

It had remained from the beginning until yesterday; and then it became mortal and died. It is gone: and when we stand in armories and gaze at the relics which testify what it once was, we say, with a sigh, in spite of common sense and commerce, "A great soul has passed out from amongst us."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE EARLY LIFE OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

The river Annan, rising above Moffat in Hartfell, in the Deil's Beef Tub, descends from the mountains through a valley gradually widening and spreading out, as the fells are left behind, into the rich and well-cultivated district known as Annandale. Picturesque and broken in the upper part of its course, the stream when it reaches the level country, steals slowly among meadows and undulating wooded hills, till at the end of fifty miles it falls into the Solway at Annan town. Annandale, famous always for its pasturage, suffered especially before the union of the kingdoms from border forays, the effects of which were long to be traced in a certain wildness of disposition in the inhabitants. Dumfriesshire, to which it belongs, was sternly Cameronian. Stories of the persecutions survived in the farmhouses as their most treasured historical traditions. Cameronian congregations lingered till the beginning of the present century, when they merged in other bodies of seceders from the established religion. In its hard fight for spiritual freedom Scotch Protestantism lost respect for kings and nobles, and looked to Christ rather than to earthly rulers. Before the Reformation all Scotland was clannish or feudal; and the Dumfriesshire yeomanry, like the rest, were organized under great noble families, whose pennon they followed, whose name they bore, and the remotest kindred with which, even to a tenth generation, they were proud to claim. Among the families of the western border the Carlyles were not the least distinguished. They were originally English, and were called probably after Carlisle town. They came to Annandale with the Bruces in the time of David the Second. A Sir John Carlyle was created Lord Carlyle of Torthorwald in reward for a beating which he had given the English at Annan. Michael, the fourth lord, signed the Association Bond among the Protestant lords when Queen

Mary was sent to Lochleven, the only one among them, it was observed, who could not write his name. Their work was rough. They were rough men themselves, and with the change of times their importance declined. The title lapsed, the estates were dissipated in lawsuits, and by the middle of the last century nothing remained of the Carlyles but one or two households in the neighborhood of Burnswark who had inherited the name either through the adoption by their forefathers of the name of their leader, or by some descent of blood which had trickled down through younger sons.*

In one of these families, in a house which his father, who was a mason, had built with his own hands, Thomas Carlyle was born on the 4th of December, 1795. Ecclefechan, where his father lived, is a small market town on the east side of Annandale, six miles inland from the Solway, and about sixteen on the Great North Road from Carlisle.† It consists of a single street, down one side of which, at that time, ran an open brook. The aspect, like that of most Scotch towns, is cold, but clean and orderly, with an air of thrifty comfort. The houses are plain, that in which the Carlyles lived alone having pretensions to originality. In appearance one, it is really double, a central arch dividing it. James Carlyle, Thomas Carlyle's father, occupied one part. His brother, who was his partner in his trade, lived in the other.

In 1791, having then a house of his own, James Carlyle married a distant cousin of the same name, Janet Carlyle. They had one son, John, and then she died of fever. Her long fair hair, which had been cut off in her illness, remained as a memorial of her in a drawer, into which the children afterwards looked with wondering awe. Two years after the

* When Carlyle became famous, a Dumfries antiquary traced his ancestry with apparent success through ten generations to the first Lord Torthorwald. There was much laughter about it in the house in Cheyne Row, but Carlyle was inclined to think on the whole that the descent was real.

† Ecclefechan—Kirkfechan, church of St. Fechan, an Irish saint supposed to have come to Annandale in the seventh century.

husband married again Margaret Aitken, "a woman," says Carlyle, "of to me the fairest descent, that of the pious, the just, and the wise." Her character will unfold itself as the story goes on. Thomas Carlyle was her first child; she lived to see him at the height of his fame, known and honored wherever the English language was spoken. To her care "for body and soul" he never ceased to say that "he owed endless gratitude." After Thomas came eight others, three sons and five daughters, one of whom, Janet, so called after the first wife, died when she was a few months old.

The family was prosperous, as Ecclefechan working men understood prosperity. In one year, his best, James Carlyle made in his business as much as £100. At worst he earned an artisan's substantial wages, and was thrifty and prudent. The children, as they passed out of infancy, ran about barefoot, but otherwise cleanly clothed, and fed on oatmeal, milk, and potatoes. Our Carlyle learned to read from his mother too early for distinct remembrance; when he was five his father taught him arithmetic, and sent him with the other village boys to school. Like the Carlyles generally he had a violent temper. John, the son of the first marriage, lived generally with his grandfather, but came occasionally to visit his parents. Carlyle's earliest recollection is of throwing his little brown stool at his brother in a mad passion of rage, when he was scarcely more than two years old, breaking a leg of it, and "feeling for the first time the united pangs of loss and remorse." The next impression which most affected him was the small round heap under the sheet upon a bed where his little sister lay dead. Death, too, he made acquaintance with in another memorable form. His father's eldest brother John died. "The day before his funeral, an ill-behaving servant wench lifted the coverlid off his pale, ghastly, befilleted head to show it to some crony of hers, unheeding of the child who was alone with them, and to whom the sight gave a new pang of horror." The grandfather followed next, closing

finally his Anson and his Arabian Nights. He had a brother whose adventures had been remarkable. Francis Carlyle, so he was called, had been apprenticed to a shoemaker. He, too, when his time was out, had gone to England, to Bristol among other places, where he fell into drink and gambling. He lost all his money; one morning after an orgie he flung himself desperately out of bed and broke his leg. When he recovered he enlisted in a brig of war, distinguished himself by special gallantry in supporting his captain in a mutiny, and was rewarded with the command of a Solway revenue cutter. After many years of rough creditable service he retired on half-pay to his native village of Middlebie. There had been some family quarrel, and the brothers, though living close to one another, had held no intercourse. They were both of them above eighty years of age. The old Thomas being on his death-bed, the sea captain's heart relented. He was a grim, broad, fierce-looking man; "prototype of Smollet's Trunnion." Being too unwieldy to walk, he was brought into Ecclefechan in a cart, and carried in a chair up the steep stairs to his dying brother's room. There he remained some twenty minutes, and came down again with a face which printed itself in the little Carlyle's memory. They saw him no more, and after a brief interval the old generation had disappeared.

Amidst such scenes our Carlyle struggled through his early boyhood.

It was not a joyful life (he says); what life is? yet a safe and quiet one, above most others, or any other I have witnessed, a wholesome one. We were taciturn rather than talkative, but if little was said that little had generally a meaning.

More remarkable man than my father I have never met in my journey through life; sterling sincerity in thought, word, and deed, mostly quiet, but capable of blazing into whirlwinds when needful, and such a flash of just insight and brief natural eloquence and emphasis, true to every feature of it as I have never known in any other. Humor of a most grim Scandinavian type he occasionally had; wit rarely or never—too serious for wit—my excellent mother with perhaps the deeper piety in most better had also the most sport. No man of my day, or hardly any man, can have had better parents.

Education is a passion in Scotland. It is the pride of every honorable peasant, if he has a son of any promise, to give him

a chance of rising as a scholar. As a child Carlyle could not have failed to show that there was something unusual in him. The schoolmaster in Ecclefechan gave a good account of his progress in "figures." The minister reported favorably of his Latin. "I do not grudge thee thy schooling," Tom, his father said to him one day, "now that thy uncle Frank owns thee a better arithmetician than himself." It was decided that he should go to Annan Grammar School, and thence, if he prospered, to the University, with final outlook to the ministry.

He was a shy, thoughtful boy, shrinking generally from rough companions, but with a hot and even violent temper. His mother, naturally anxious for him, and fearing perhaps the family tendency, extracted a promise before parting with him that he would never return a blow, and, as might be expected, his first experiences of school were extremely miserable. Boys of genius are never well received by the common flock, and escape persecution only when they are able to defend themselves.

"Startor Resartus" is generally mythic, but parts are historical, and among them the account of the first launch of Teufelsdröckh into the Hinterschlag Gymnasium. Hinterschlag (smack behind) is Annan. Thither, leaving home and his mother's side, Carlyle was taken by his father, being then in his tenth year, and "fluttering with boundless hopes," at Whitsuntide, 1805, to the school which was to be his first step into a higher life.

Well do I remember (says Teufelsdröckh) the red sunny Whitsuntide morning when, trotting full of hope by the side of Father Andreas, I entered the main street of the place and saw its steeple clock (then striking eight) and Schuldthurm (jail) and the aproned or disaproned burghers moving in to breakfast; a little dog, in mad terror, was rushing past, for some human imps had tied a tin kettle to its tail, fit emblem of much that awaited myself in that mischievous den. Alas! the kind beech rows of Entepfuhl (Ecclefechan) were hidden in the distance. I was among strangers harshly, at best indifferently, disposed to me; the young heart felt for the first time quite orphaned and alone. . . . My schoolfellows were boys, mostly rude boys, and obeyed the impulse of rude nature which bids the deer-herd fall upon any stricken hart, the duck-flock put to death any broken-winged brother or sister, and on all hands the strong tyrannize over the weak.

Carlyle retained to the end of his days a painful and indeed

resentful recollection of these school experiences of his. "This," he said of the passage just quoted from Sartor, "is true, and not half the truth. Unspeakable is the damage and defilement I received from those coarse, misguided, tyrannous cubs. One way and another, I had never been so wretched as here, and the first two years of my time I still count among the miserable of my life."

He had obeyed his mother's injunctions. He had courage in plenty to resent ill usage, but his promise was sacred. He was passionate; but fight he would not, and every one who knows English and Scotch life will understand what his fate must have been. One consequence was a near escape from drowning. The boys had all gone to bathe; the lonely child had strayed apart from the rest, where he could escape from being tormented. He found himself in a deep pool which had been dug out for a dock and had been filled with the tide. The mere accident of some one passing at the time saved him. At length he could bear his condition no longer; he turned on the biggest bully in the school and furiously kicked him; a battle followed in which he was beaten; but he left marks of his fists upon his adversary, which were not forgotten. He taught his companions to fear him, if only like Brasidas's mouse. He was persecuted no longer, but he carried away bitter and resentful recollections of what he had borne, which were never entirely obliterated.

The teaching which Carlyle received at Annan, he says, "was limited, and of its kind only moderately good. Latin and French I did get to read with fluency. Latin quantity was left a frightful chaos, and I had to learn it afterwards; some geometry; algebra, arithmetic tolerably well. Vague outlines of geography I learned; all the books I could get were also devoured. Greek consisted of the alphabet merely." Of holidays we hear nothing, though holidays there must have been at Christmas and Midsummer; little also of school friendships or amusements. In the last, in

such shape as could have been found in boys of his class in Annan, Carlyle could have had little interest. He spoke warmly of his mathematical teacher, a certain Mr. Morley from Cumberland, "whom he loved much, and who taught him well." He had formed a comradeship with one or two boys of his own age, who were not entirely uncongenial to him: but only one incident is preserved which was of real moment. In his third year Carlyle first consciously saw Edward Irving. Irving's family lived in Annan. He had himself been at the school, and had gone thence to the University of Edinburgh. He had distinguished himself there, gained prizes, and was otherwise honorably spoken of. Annan, both town and school, was proud of the brilliant lad that they had produced; and Irving one day looked in upon the school, the masters out of compliment attending him. "He was scrupulously dressed, black coat, tight pantaloons, in the fashion of the day, and looked very neat, self-possessed, and amiable; a flourishing slip of a youth with coal-black hair, swarthy, clear complexion, very straight on his feet, and, except for the glaring squint, decidedly handsome." The boys listened eagerly as he talked in a free airy way about Edinburgh and its professors. A University man who has made a name for himself is infinitely admirable to younger ones; he is not too far above them to be comprehensible; they know what he has done, and they hope distantly that they too one day may do the like. Of course Irving did not distinguish Carlyle. He walked through the rooms and disappeared.

The Hinterschlag Gymnasium was over soon after, and Carlyle's future career was now to be decided on. The Ecclefechan family life did not look with favor on displays of precocious genius. Vanity was the last quality that such a man as James Carlyle would encourage, and there was a severity in his manner which effectively repressed a disposition to it.

We had all to complain (Carlyle says) that we dared not freely love our father.

His heart seemed as if walled in. My mother has owned to me that she could never understand him, and that her affection and admiration of him were obstructed. It seemed as if an atmosphere of fear repelled us from him, me especially. My heart and tongue played freely with my mother. He had an air of deepest gravity and even sternness. He had the most entire and open contempt for idle tattle—what he called clatter. Any talk that had meaning in it he could listen to; what had no meaning in it, above all what seemed false, he absolutely could not and would not hear, but abruptly turned from it. Long may we remember his "I don't believe thee"; his tongue-paralyzing cold indifferent "Hah."

Besides fear, Carlyle, as he grew older, began to experience a certain awe of his father as of a person of altogether superior qualities.

None of us (he writes) will ever forget that bold glowing style of his, flowing free from the untutored soul, full of metaphor, though he knew not what metaphor was, with all manner of potent words which he appropriated and applied with surprising accuracy—brief, energetic, conveying the most perfect picture, definite, clear, not in ambitious colors, but in full white sunlight. Emphatic I have heard him beyond all men. In anger he had no need of oaths; his words were like sharp arrows that smote into the very heart.

Such a father may easily have been alarming and slow to gain his children's confidence. He had silently observed his little Tom, however. The reports from the Annan masters were all favorable, and when the question rose what was to be done with him, inclined to venture the University. The wise men of Ecclefechan shook their heads. "Educate a boy," said one of them, "and he grows up to despise his ignorant parents." Others said it was a risk, it was waste of money, there was a large family to be provided for, too much must not be spent upon one, etc. James Carlyle had seen something in his boy's character which showed him that the risk, if risk there was, must be ventured; and to Edinburgh it was decided that Tom should go and be made a scholar of.

To English ears university life suggests splendid buildings, luxurious rooms, rich endowments as the reward of successful industry; the students as young men between nineteen and twenty-three with handsome allowances, spending each of them on an average double the largest income which James Carlyle had earned in any year of his life. Universities north of the Tweed had in those days no money prizes to offer, no fellowships and scholarships, nothing at all but an education

and a discipline in poverty and self-denial. The lads who went to them were the children, for the most part, of parents as poor as Carlyle's father. They knew at what a cost the expense of sending them to college, relatively small as it was, could be afforded; and they went with the fixed purpose of making the very utmost of their time. Five months only of each year could they remain in their classes; for the rest of it they taught pupils themselves or worked on the farm at home to pay for their own learning.

Each student, as a rule, was the most promising member of the family to which he belonged, and extraordinary confidence was placed in them. They were sent to Edinburgh, Glasgow, or wherever it might be, when they were mere boys of fourteen. They had no one to look after them either on their journey or when they came to the end. They walked from their homes, being unable to pay for coach-hire. They entered their own names at the college. They found their own humble lodgings, and were left entirely to their own capacity for self-conduct. The carriers brought them oatmeal, potatoes, and salt butter from the home farm, with a few eggs occasionally as a luxury. With their thrifty habits they required no other food. In the return cart their linen went back to their mothers to be washed and mended. Poverty protected them from temptations to vicious amusements. They formed their economical friendships; they shared their breakfasts and their thoughts, and had their clubs for conversation or discussion. When term was over they walked home in parties, each district having its little knot belonging to it; and, known along the roads as University scholars, they were assured of entertainment on the way.

As a training in self-dependence no better education could have been found in these islands. If the teaching had been as good as the discipline of character, the Scotch universities might have competed with the world. The teaching was the weak part. There were no funds, either in the colleges or

with the students, to provide personal instruction as at Oxford and Cambridge. The professors were individually excellent, but they had to teach large classes, and had no leisure to attend particularly to this or that promising pupil. The universities were opportunities to boys who were able to take advantage of them, and that was all.

Such was the life on which Carlyle was now to enter, and such were the circumstances of it. It was the November term, 1809. He was to be fourteen on the fourth of the approaching December. Edinburgh is nearly one hundred miles from Ecclefechan. He was to go on foot, like the rest, under the guardianship of a boy named "Tom Smail," two or three years his senior, who had already been at college, and was held, therefore, to be a sufficient protector.

How strangely vivid (he says in 1866), how remote and wonderful, tinged with the hues of far-off love and sadness, is that journey to me now after fifty-seven years of time! My mother and father walking with me in the dark frosty November morning through the village to set us on our way; my dear and loving mother, her tremulous affection, my, etc.

Of the University he says that he learned little there. In the Latin class he was under Professor Christieson, who "never noticed him nor could distinguish him from another Mr. Irving Carlyle, an older, bigger boy, with red hair, wild buck teeth, and scorched complexion, and the worst Latinist of his acquaintance."

In the classical field (he writes elsewhere) I am truly as nothing. Homer I learned to read in the original with difficulty, after Wolf's broad flash of light thrown into it; Æschylus and Sophocles mainly in translations. Tacitus and Virgil became really interesting to me; Homer and Æschylus above all; Horace egoistical, leichtfertig, in sad fact I never cared for; Cicero, after long and various trials, always proved a windy person and a weariness to me, extinguished altogether by Middleton's excellent though misjudging life of him.

It was not much better with philosophy. Dugald Stewart had gone away two years before Carlyle entered. Brown was the new professor, "an eloquent, acute little gentleman, full of enthusiasm about simple and relative suggestions," to Carlyle unprofitable utterly, and bewildering and dispiriting, as the autumn winds among withered leaves.

In mathematics only he made real progress. His temperament was impatient of uncertainties. He threw himself with delight into a form of knowledge in which the conclusions were indisputable, where at each step he could plant his foot with confidence. Professor Leslie (Sir John Leslie afterwards) discovered his talent, and exerted himself to help him with a zeal of which Carlyle never afterwards ceased to speak with gratitude. Yet even here, on ground with which he was familiar, his shy nature was unfitted for display. He carried off no prizes. He tried only once, and though he was notoriously superior to his competitors, the crowd and noise of the class-room prevented him from even attempting to distinguish himself. I have heard him say late in life that his thoughts never came to him in proper form except when he was alone.

The teaching at a university is but half what is learned there; the other half, and the most important, is what young men learn from one another. Carlyle's friends at Edinburgh, the eleven out of the eleven hundred, were of his own rank of life, sons of peasants who had their own way to make in life. From their letters, many of which have been preserved, it is clear that they were clever good lads, distinctly superior to ordinary boys of their age, Carlyle himself holding the first place in their narrow circle. Their lives were pure and simple. Nowhere in these letters is there any jesting with vice, or light allusions to it. The boys wrote to one another on the last novel of Scott or poem of Byron, on the Edinburgh Review, on the war, on the fall of Napoleon, occasionally on geometrical problems, sermons, college exercises, and divinity lectures, and again on innocent trifles, with sketches, now and then humorous and bright, of Annandale life as it was seventy years ago. They looked to Carlyle to direct their judgment and advise them in difficulties. He was the prudent one of the party, able, if money matters went wrong, to help them out of his humble savings. He was

already noted, too, for power of effective speech—"far too sarcastic for so young a man" was what elder people said of him. One of his correspondents addressed him always as "Jonathan," or "Dean," or "Doctor," as if he was to be a-second Swift. Others called him Parson, perhaps from his intended profession. All foretold future greatness to him of one kind or another. They recognized that he was not like other men, that he was superior to other men, in character as well as intellect. "Knowing how you abhor all affectation" is an expression used to him when he was still a mere boy.

His destination was, "the ministry," and for this, knowing how much his father and mother wished it, he tried to prepare himself. He was already conscious, however, "that he had not the least enthusiasm for that business, that even grave prohibitory doubts were gradually rising ahead." It has been supposed that he disliked the formalism of the Scotch church; but formalism, he says, was not the pinching point, had there been the preliminary of belief forthcoming. "No church or speaking entity whatever can do without formulas, but it must *believe* them first if it would be honest."

Two letters to Carlyle from one of these early friends may be given here as specimens of the rest. They bring back the Annandale of 1814, and show a faint kind of image of Carlyle himself reflected on the writer's mind. His name was Hill. He was about Carlyle's age, and subscribes himself Peter Pindar.

To T. Carlyle.

CASTLEBANK, Jan. 1, 1814.

Wind S. W. Weather hazy.

What is the life of man? Is it not to shift from trouble to trouble and from side to side? to button up one cause of vexation and unbutton another? So wrote the celebrated Sterne, so quoted the no less celebrated Jonathan, and so may the poor devil Pindar apply it to himself. You mention some two or three disappointments you have met with lately. For shame, sir, to be so peevish and splenetic! Your disappointments are "trifles light as air" when compared with the vexations and disappointments I have experienced. I was vexed and grieved to the very soul and beyond the soul, to go to Galloway and be deprived of the pleasure of—something you know nothing about. I was disappointed on my return at finding *her* in a devil of a bad shy humor. I was—but why do I talk to *you* about such things? There are joys and sorrows, pleasures and pains, with which a Stoic Platonic humdrum bookworm sort of fellow like you, sir, intermeddleth not, and consequently can have no idea of. I was disap-

pointed in Bonaparte's escaping to Paris when he ought to have been taken prisoner by the allies at Leipsic. I was disappointed at your not mentioning anything about our old acquaintances at Edinburgh. Last night there was a flag on the mail, and to-night when I expected a Gazette announcing some great victory, the taking of Bayonne or the marching of Wellington to Berdeaux, I was disappointed that the cause of all the rejoicing was an engagement with the French under the walls of Bayonne, in which we lost upwards of 500 men killed and 3,000 wounded, and drew off the remainder of our army safe from the destroying weapons of the enemy. I was disappointed last Sunday, after I had got my stockings on, to find that there was a hole in the heel of one of them. I read a great many books at Kirkton, and was disappointed at finding faults in almost every one of them. I will be disappointed; but what signifies going on at this rate? Unmixed happiness is not the lot of man—

Of chance and change, oh! let not man complain,
Else never, never, will he cease to wail.

The weather is dull; I am melancholy. Good night.

P. S.—My dearest Dean,—The weather is quite altered. The wind has veered about to the north. I am in good spirits, am happy

From the same.

CASTLEBANK, May 9, 1814.

Dear Doctor,—I received yours last night, and a scurrilous, blackguarding, flattering, vexing, pernicked, humorous, witty, daft letter it is. Shall I answer it piecemeal, as a certain Honorable House does a speech from its sovereign, by echoing back each syllable? No. This won't do. Oh! how I envy you, Dean, that you can run on in such an offhand way, ever varying the scene with wit and mirth, while honest Peter must hold on in one numbskull track to all eternity pursuing the even tenor of his way, so that one of Peter's letters is as good as a thousand.

You seem to take friendly concern in my affaires de cœur. By the by, now, Jonathan, without telling you any particulars of my situation in these matters, which is scarcely known to myself, can't I advise *you* to fall in love? Granting as I do that it is attended with sorrows, still, Doctor, these are amply compensated by the tendency that this tender passion has to ameliorate the heart, "provided always, and be it further enacted," that, chaste as Don Quixote or Don Quixote's horse, your heart never breathes a wish that angels may not register. Only have care of this, Dean, and fall in love as soon as you can—you will be the better for it.

Pages follow of excellent criticism from Peter on Leyden's poems, on the Duke of Wellington, Miss Porter, etc. Carlyle has told him that he was looking for a subject for an epic poem. Peter gives him a tragi-comic description of a wedding at Middlebie, with the return home in a tempest, which he thinks will answer; and concludes:—

Your reflections on the fall of Napoleon bring to my mind an observation of a friend of mine the other day. I was repeating these lines in Shakespeare and applying them to Bouy—

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

"Aye, very true," quoth he; "the fallow could na be content wi' maist all Europe, and now he's glad o' Eiba room."

Now, Doctor, let me repeat my instructions to you in a few words. Write immedi-

ately a very long letter; write an epic poem as soon as may be. Send me some more "remarks." Tell me how you are, how you are spending your time in Edinburgh. Fall in love as soon as you can meet with a proper object. Ever be a friend to Pindar, and thou shalt always find one in the heart-subdued, not subduing

PETER.

In default of writings of his own, none of which survive out of this early period, such lineaments of Carlyle as appear through these letters are not without instructiveness.

Having finished his college course, Carlyle looked out for pupils to maintain himself. The ministry was still his formal destination, but several years had still to elapse before a final resolution would be necessary—four years if he remained in Edinburgh attending lectures in the Divinity Hall; six if he preferred to be a rural Divinity student, presenting himself once in every twelve months at the University and reading a discourse. He did not wish to hasten matters, and, the pupil business being precarious, and the mathematical tutorship at Annan falling vacant, Carlyle offered for it and was elected by competition in 1814. He never liked teaching. The recommendation of the place was the sixty or seventy pounds a year of salary, which relieved his father of further expense upon him, and enabled him to put by a little money every year, to be of use in future either to himself or his family. In other respects the life at Annan was only disagreeable to him. His tutor's work he did scrupulously well, but the society of a country town had no interest for him. He would not visit. He lived alone, shutting himself up with his books, disliked the business more and more, and came finally to hate it. Annan had indeed but one recommendation—that he was within reach of his family, especially of his mother, to whom he was attached with a real passion.

His father had by this time given up business at Ecclefechan, and had taken a farm in the neighborhood. The Great North Road which runs through the village rises gradually into an upland treeless grass country. About two miles distant on the left-hand side as you go towards Lockerby,

there stands about three hundred yards in from the road, a solitary low white-washed house, with a few poor outbuildings attached to it. This is Mainhill, which was now for many years to be Carlyle's *home*, where he first learned German, studied Faust in a dry ditch, and completed his translation of Wilhelm Meister. The house itself is, or was when the Carlyles occupied it, of one story, and consisted of three rooms, a kitchen, a small bed-room, and a large one connected by a passage. The door opens into a square farmyard, on one side of which are stables, on the side opposite the door the cow byres, on the third a washhouse and dairy. The situation is high, utterly bleak and swept by all the winds. Not a tree shelters the house; the fences are low, the wind permitting nothing to grow but stunted thorn. The view alone redeems the dreariness of the situation. On the left is the great hill of Burnswark. Annandale stretches in front down to the Solway, which shines like a long silver riband; on the right is Hoddam Hill with the Tower of Repentance on its crest, and the wooded slopes which mark the line of the river. Beyond Hoddam towers up Criffel, and in the far distance Skiddaw, and Saddleback, and Helvellyn, and the high Cumberland ridges on the track of the Roman wall. Here lived Carlyle's father and mother with their eight children, Carlyle himself spending his holidays with them; the old man and his younger sons cultivating the sour soil and winning a hard-earned living out of it, the mother and daughters doing the household work and minding cows and poultry, and taking their turn in the field with the rest in harvest time.

So two years passed away. Of Carlyle's own writing during this period there is still nothing preserved; but his correspondence continued, and from these letters glimpses can be gathered of his temper and occupations. He was mainly busy with mathematics, but he was reading incessantly, Hume's Essays among other books. He was looking out into the world, meditating on the fall of Napoleon, on the French,

Revolution, and thinking much of the suffering in Scotland which followed the close of the war. There were sarcastic sketches, too, of the families with which he was thrown in Annan and the neighborhood. Robert Mitchell (an Edinburgh student, who had become master of a school at Ruthwell) rallies him on "having reduced the fair and fat academicians into scorched, singed, and shriveled hags"; and hinting a warning "against the temper with respect to this world which we are sometimes apt to entertain," he suggests that young men like him and his correspondent "ought to think how many are worse off than they," "should be thankful for what they had, and should not allow imagination to create unreal distresses."

To another friend, Thomas Murray, author afterwards of a history of Galloway, Carlyle had complained of his fate in a light and less bitter spirit. To an epistle written in this tone Murray replied with a description of Carlyle's style, which deserves a place, if but for the fulfillment of the prophecy which it contains:—

5 CARNEGIE STREET, July 27, 1816?

I have had the pleasure of receiving, my dear Carlyle, your very humorous and friendly letter, a letter remarkable for vivacity, a Shandean turn of expression, and an affectionate pathos which indicate a peculiar turn of mind, make sincerity doubly striking and wit doubly poignant. You flatter me with saying my letter was good; but allow me to observe that among all my elegant and respectable correspondents there is none whose manner of letter-writing I so much envy as yours. A happy flow of language either for pathos, description or humor, and an easy, graceful current of ideas appropriate to every subject, characterize your style. This is not adulation; I speak what I think. Your letters will always be a feast to me, a varied and exquisite repast; and the time, I hope, will come, but I trust is far distant, when these our juvenile epistles will be read and probably applauded by a generation unborn, and that the name of Carlyle, at least, will be inseparably connected with the literary history of the nineteenth century. Generous ambition and perseverance will overcome every difficulty, and our great Johnson says, "Where much is attempted something is performed." You will, perhaps, recollect that when I conveyed you out of town in April, 1814, we were very sentimental: we said that few knew us, and still fewer took an interest in us, and that we would slip through the world inglorious and unknown. But the prospect is altered. We are probably as well known, and have made as great a figure, as any of the same standing at college, and we do not know, but will hope, what twenty years may bring forth.

A letter from you every fortnight shall be answered faithfully, and will be highly delightful; and if we live to be seniors, the letters of the companions of our youth will call to mind our college scenes, endeared to us by many tender associations, and

will make us forget that we are poor and old. . . . That you may be always successful and enjoy every happiness that this evanescent world can afford, and that we may meet soon, is, my dear Carlyle, the sincere wish of

Yours most faithfully,

THOMAS MURRAY.

These college companions were worthy and innocent young men; none of them, however, came to much, and Carlyle's career was now about to intersect with a life of a far more famous contemporary who flamed up a few years later into meridian splendor and then disappeared in delirium. Edward Irving was the son of a well-to-do burgess of Annan, by profession a tanner. Irving was five years older than Carlyle; he had preceded him at Annan school. He had gone then to Edinburgh University, where he had specially distinguished himself, and had been selected afterwards to manage a school at Haddington, where his success as a teacher had been again conspicuous. Among his pupils at Haddington there was one gifted little girl who will be hereafter much heard of in these pages, Jane Baillie Welsh, daughter of a Dr. Welsh, whose surgical fame was then great in that part of Scotland, a remarkable man who liked Irving and trusted his only child in his hands. The Haddington adventure had answered so well that Irving, after a year or two, was removed to a larger school at Kirkcaldy, where, though no fault was found with his teaching, he gave less complete satisfaction. A party among his patrons there thought him too severe with the boys, thought him proud, thought him this or that which they did not like. The dissentients resolved at last to have a second school of their own to be managed in a different fashion, and they applied to the classical and mathematical professors at Edinburgh to recommend them a master. Professor Christieson and Professor Leslie, who had noticed Carlyle more than he was aware of, had decided that he was the fittest person that they knew of; and in the summer of 1816 notice of the offered preferment was sent down to him at Annan.

He had seen Irving's face occasionally in Ecclefechan

church, and once afterwards, when Irving, fresh from his college distinctions, had looked in upon Annan school; but they had no personal acquaintance, nor did Carlyle, while he was a master there, ever visit the Irving family. Of course, however, he was no stranger to the reputation of their brilliant son, with whose fame all Annandale was ringing, and with whom kind friends had compared him to his own disadvantage.

I (he says) had heard much of Irving all along, how distinguished in studies, how splendidly successful as a teacher, how two professors had sent him out to Haddington, and how his new academy and new methods were illuminating and astonishing everything there. I don't remember any malicious envy toward this great Irving of the distance for his greatness in study and learning. I certainly might have had a tendency hadn't I struggled against it, and tried to make it emulation. "Do the like, do the like under difficulties."

In the winter of 1815 Carlyle for the first time personally met Irving, and the beginning of the acquaintance was not promising. He was still pursuing his Divinity course. Candidates who could not attend the regular lectures at the University came up once a year and delivered an address of some kind in the Divinity Hall. One already he had given in the first year of his Annan mastership—an English sermon on the text "Before I was afflicted I went astray," etc. He calls it "a weak, flowery, sentimental piece," for which, however, he had been complimented "by comrades and professors." His next was a discourse in Latin on the question whether there was or was not such a thing as "Natural Religion." This, too, he says, was "weak enough." It is lost, and nothing is left to show the view which he took about the matter. But here also he gave satisfaction, and was innocently pleased with himself. It was on this occasion that he fell in accidentally with Irving at a friend's rooms in Edinburgh, and there was a trifling skirmish of tongue between them, where Irving found the laugh turned against him.

A few months after came Carlyle's appointment to Kirkcaldy as Irving's quasi rival, and perhaps he felt a little uneasy as to the terms on which they might stand towards each other.

His alarms, however, were pleasantly dispelled. He was to go to Kirkcaldy in the summer holidays of 1816 to see the people there and be seen by them before coming to a final arrangement. Adam Hope, one of the masters in Annan school, to whom Carlyle was much attached, and whose portrait he has painted, had just lost his wife. Carlyle had gone to sit with the old man in his sorrows, and unexpectedly fell in with Irving there, who had come on the same errand.

If (he says) I had been in doubts about his reception of me, he quickly and forever ended them by a friendliness which on wider scenes might have been called chivalrous. At first sight he heartily shook my hand, welcomed me as if I had been a valued old acquaintance, almost a brother, and before my leaving came up to me again and with the frankest tone said, "You are coming to Kirkcaldy to look about you in a month or two. You know I am there; my house and all that I can do for you is yours; two Annandale people must not be strangers in Fife." The doubting Thomas durst not quite believe all this, so chivalrous was it, but felt pleased and relieved by the fine and sincere tone of it, and thought to himself, "Well, it would be pretty."

To Kirkcaldy, then, Carlyle went with hopes so far improved. How Irving kept his word; how warmly he received him; how he opened his house, his library, his heart to him; how they walked and talked together on Kirkcaldy sands on the summer nights, and toured together in holiday time through the Highlands; how Carlyle found in him a most precious and affectionate companion at the most critical period of his life—all this Carlyle has himself described. The reader will find it for himself in the reminiscences of Edward Irving.

Irving (he says) was four years my senior, the facile princeps for success and reputation among the Edinburgh students, famed mathematician, famed teacher, first at Haddington, then here a flourishing man whom cross fortune was beginning to nibble at. He received me with open arms, and was a brother to me and a friend there and elsewhere afterwards—such friend as I never had again or before in this world, at heart constant till he died.

I am tempted to fill many pages with extracted pictures of the Kirkcaldy life as Carlyle has drawn them. But they can be read in their place, and there is much else to tell; my business is to supply what is left untold, rather than give again what has been told already.

Correspondence with his family had commenced and was

regularly continued from the day when Carlyle went first to college. The letters, however, which are preserved begin with his settlement at Kirkcaldy. From this time they are constant, regular, and, from the care with which they have been kept on both sides, are to be numbered in thousands. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, all wrote in their various styles, and all received answers. They were "a clannish folk" holding tight together, and Carlyle was looked up to as the flower of the whole flock. Of these letters I can give but a few here and there, but they will bring before the eyes the Mainhill farm, and all that was going on there in a sturdy, pious, and honorable Annandale peasant's household. Carlyle had spent his Christmas holidays, 1816-17 at home as usual, and had returned to work.

James Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle..

MAINHILL, Feb. 12, 1817.

Dear Son,—I embrace this opportunity of writing you a few lines with the carrier, as I had nothing to say that was worth postage, having written to you largely the last time. But only I have reason to be thankful that I can still tell you that we are all in good health, blessed be God for all his mercies towards us. Your mother has got your stockings ready now, and I think there are a few pairs of very good ones. Times is very bad here for laborers—work is no brisker and living is high. There have been meetings held by the Lairds and farmers to assist them in getting meal. They propose to take all the meal that can be sold in the parish to Ecclefechan, for which they shall have full price, and there they sign another paper telling how much money they will give to reduce the price. The charge is given to James Bell, Mr. Miller, and William Graham to sell it.

Mr. Lawson, our priest, is doing very well, and has given us no more paraphrases; but seems to please every person that hears him, and indeed he is well attended every day. The sacrament is to be the first Sabbath of March, and he is visiting his people, but has not reached Mainhill. Your mother was very anxious to have the house done before he came, or else she said she would run over the hill and hide herself. Sandy (Alexander Carlyle, the second son) and I got to work soon after you went away, built partitions, and ceiled—a good floor laid—and indeed it is very dry and comfortable at this time, and we are very snug and have no want of the necessaries of life. Our crop is as good as I expected, and our sheep and all our cattle living and doing very well. Your mother thought to have written to you; but the carrier stopped only two days at home, and she being a very slow writer could not get it done, but she will write next opportunity. I add no more but your mother's compliments, and she sends you half the cheese that she was telling you about. Say in your next how your brother is coming on, and tell us when it is done and we will send you more. Write soon after you receive this, and tell us all your news and how you are coming on. I say no more, but remain, dear son, your loving father,

JAMES CARLYLE.

Thomas Carlyle to Mrs. Carlyle (Mainhill).

KIRKCALDY, March 17, 1817.

My dear Mother,—I have been long intending to write you a line or two in order to let you know my state and condition, but having nothing worth writing to communicate I have put it off from time to time. There was little enjoyment for any person at Mainhill when I was there last, but I look forward to the ensuing autumn, when I hope to have the happiness of discussing matters with you as we were wont to do of old. It gives me pleasure to hear that the bairns are at school. There are few things in this world more valuable than knowledge, and youth is the period for acquiring it. With the exception of the religious and moral instruction which I had the happiness of receiving from my parents, and which I humbly trust will not be entirely lost upon me, there is nothing for which I feel more grateful than for the education which they have bestowed upon me. Sandy was getting fond of reading when he went away. I hope he and Aitken* will continue their operations now that he is at home. There cannot be imagined a more honest way of employing spare hours.

My way of life in this place is much the same as formerly. The school is doing pretty well, and my health through the winter has been uniformly good. I have little intercourse with the natives here; yet there is no dryness between us. We are always happy to meet and happy to part; but their society is not very valuable to me, and my books are friends that never fail me. Sometimes I see the minister and some others of them, with whom I am very well satisfied, and Irving and I are very friendly; so I am never wearied or at a loss to pass the time.

I had designed this night to write to Aitken about his books and studies, but I will scarcely have time to say anything. There is a book for him in the box, and I would have sent him the geometry, but it was not to be had in the town. I have sent you a scarf as near the kind as Aitken's very scanty description would allow me to come. I hope it will please you. It is as good as any that the merchant had. A shawl of the same materials would have been warmer, but I had no authority to get it. Perhaps you would like to have a shawl also. If you will tell me what color you prefer, I will send it you with all the pleasure in the world. I expect to hear from you as soon as you can find leisure. You must be very minute in your account of your domestic affairs. My father once spoke of a threshing machine. If twenty pounds or so will help him, they are quite ready at his service.

I remain, dear mother, your affectionate son,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Mrs. Carlyle could barely write at this time. She taught herself later in life for the pleasure of communicating with her son, between whom and herself there existed a special and passionate attachment of a quite peculiar kind. She was a severe Calvinist, and watched with the most affectionate anxiety over her children's spiritual welfare, her eldest boy's above all. The hope of her life was to see him a minister—a "priest" she would have called it—and she was already alarmed to know that he had no inclination that way.

* John Aitken Carlyle, the third son, afterwards known as John.

Mrs. Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle.

MAINHILL, June 10, 1817.

Dear Son,—I take this opportunity of writing you a few lines, as you will get it free. I long to have a craik,* and look forward to August, trusting to see thee once more, but in hope the meantime. Oh, Tom, mind the golden season of youth, and remember your Creator in the days of your youth. Seek God while He may be found. Call upon Him while He is near. We hear that the world by wisdom knew not God. Pray for His presence with you, and His counsel to guide you. Have you got through the Bible yet? If you have, read it again. I hope you will not weary, and may the Lord open your understanding.

I have no news to tell you, but thank God we are all in an ordinary way. I hope you are well. I thought you would have written before now. I received your present and was very proud of it. I called it "my son's venison." Do write as soon as this comes to hand and tell us all your news. I am glad you are so contented in your place. We ought all be thankful for our places in these distressing times, for I dare say they are felt keenly. We send you a small piece of ham and a minding of butter, as I am sure yours is done before now. Tell us about it in your next, and if anything is wanting.

Good night, Tom, for it is a very stormy night, and I must away to the byre to milk.

Now, Tom, be sure to tell me about your chapters. No more from

Your old

MINNIE.

The letters from the other members of the family were sent equally regularly whenever there was an opportunity, and give between them a perfect picture of healthy rustic life at the Mainhill farm—the brothers and sisters down to the lowest all hard at work, the little ones at school, the elders plowing, reaping, tending cattle, or minding the dairy, and in the intervals reading history, reading Scott's novels, or even trying at geometry, which was then Carlyle's own favorite study. In the summer of 1817 the mother had a severe illness, by which her mind was affected. It was necessary to place her for a few weeks under restraint away from home—a step no doubt just and necessary, but which she never wholly forgave, but resented in her own humorous way to the end of her life. The disorder passed off, however, and never returned.

Meanwhile Carlyle was less completely contented with his position at Kirkcaldy than he had let his mother suppose. For one thing he hated schoolmastering; he would, or

* Familiar talk.

thought he would, have preferred to work with his hands, and except Irving he had scarcely a friend in the place for whom he cared. His occupation shut him out from the best kind of society, which there, as elsewhere, had its exclusive rules. He was received, for Irving's sake, in the family of Mr. Martin, the minister, and was in some degree of intimacy there, liking Martin himself, and to some extent, but not much, his wife and daughters, to one of whom Irving had perhaps too precipitately become engaged. There were others also—Mr. Swan, a Kirkcaldy merchant, particularly—for whom he had a grateful remembrance; but it is clear, both from Irving's letters to him and from his own confession, that he was not popular either there or anywhere. Shy and reserved at one moment, at another sarcastically self-asserting, with forces working in him which he did not himself understand, and which still less could be understood by others, he could neither properly accommodate himself to the tone of Scotch provincial drawing-rooms, nor even to the business which he had specially to do. A man of genius can do the lowest work as well as the highest; but genius in the process of developing, combined with an irritable nervous system and a fiercely impatient temperament, was not happily occupied in teaching stupid lads the elements of Latin and arithmetic. Nor were matters mended when the Town Corporation, who were his masters, took upon them, as sometimes happened, to instruct or rebuke him.

Life, however, even under these hard circumstances, was not without its romance. I borrow a passage from the "Reminiscences":—

The Kirkcaldy people were a pleasant, solid, honest kind of fellow mortals, something of quietly fruitful, of good old Scotch in their works and ways, more vernacular, peaceably fixed and almost genial in their mode of life, than I had been used to in the border home land. Fife generally we liked. Those ancient little burghs and sea villages, with their poor little havens, salt-pans and weather-beaten bits of Cyclopean breakwaters, and rude innocent machineries, are still kindly to me to think of. Kirkcaldy itself had many looms, had Baltic trade, whale fishery, etc., and was a solidly diligent and yet by no means a panting, puffing, or in any way gambling "Lang Town." Its flax-mill machinery, I remember, was turned mainly by wind; and curi-

ous blue-painted wheels with oblique vans rose from many roofs for that end. We all, I in particular, always rather liked the people, though from the distance chiefly, chagrined and discouraged by the sad trade one had. Some hospitable human friends I found, and these were at intervals a fine little element; but in general we were but onlookers, the one real society our books and our few selves. Not even with the bright young ladies (which was a sad feature) were we generally on speaking terms. By far the brightest and cleverest, however, an ex-pupil of Irving's, and genealogically and otherwise, being poorish and well-bred, rather an alien in Kirkcaldy, I did at last make some acquaintance with—at Irving's first, I think, though she rarely came thither—and it might easily have been more, had she and her aunt and our economics and other circumstances liked. She was of the fair-complexioned, softly elegant, softly grave, witty and comely type, and had a good deal of gracefulness, intelligence, and other talent. Irving, too, it was sometimes thought, found her very interesting, could the Miss Martin bonds have allowed, which they never would. To me, who had only known her for a few months, and who within a twelve or fifteen months saw the last of her, she continued, for perhaps three years, a figure hanging more or less in my fancy, on the usual romantic, or latterly quite elegiac and silent terms, and to this day there is in me a good will to her, a candid and gentle pity, if needed at all. She was of the Aberdeenshire Gordons. Margaret Gordon, born I think in New Brunswick, where her father, probably in some official post, had died young and poor; but her accent was prettily English, and her voice very fine.

An aunt (widow in Fife, childless with limited resources, but of frugal, cultivated turn; a lean, proud, elderly dame, once a Miss Gordon herself; sang Scotch songs beautifully, and talked shrewd Aberdeenish in accent and otherwise) had adopted her and brought her hither over seas; and here, as Irving's ex-pupil, she now, cheery though with dim outlooks, was. Irving saw her again in Glasgow one summer's touring, etc.; he himself accompanying joyfully—not joining, so I understood, in the retinue of suitors or potential suitors; rather perhaps indicating gently "No, I must not." A year or so after we heard the fair Margaret had married some rich insignificant Mr. Something, who afterwards got into Parliament, thence out to "Nova Scotia" (or so, as governor, and I heard of her no more, except that lately she was still living childless as the "dowager lady," her Mr. Something having got knighted before dying. Poor Margaret! I saw her recognizable to me here in her London time, 1840 or so) twice; once with her maid in Piccadilly promenading—little altered; a second time that same year, or next, on horseback both of us, and meeting in the gate of Hyde Park, when her eyes (but that was all) said to me almost touchingly, yes, yes, that is you.

Margaret Gordon was the original, so far as there was an original, of Blumine in Sartor Resartus. Two letters from her remain among Carlyle's papers, which showed that on both sides their regard for each other had found expression. Circumstances, however, and the unpromising appearance of Carlyle's situation and prospects, forbade an engagement between them, and acquit the aunt of needless harshness in peremptorily putting an end to their acquaintance. Miss Gordon took leave of him as a "sister" in language of affectionate advice. A single passage may be quoted to show how the young unknown Kirkcaldy schoolmaster appeared in the

eyes of the high-born lady who had thus for a moment crossed his path.

And now, my dear friend, a long, long adieu ; one advice, and, as a parting one consider, value it. Cultivate the milder dispositions of your heart. Subdue the more extravagant visions of the brain. In time your abilities must be known. Among your acquaintance they are already beheld with wonder and delight. By those whose opinion will be valuable, they hereafter will be appreciated. Genius will render you great. May virtue render you beloved ! Remove the awful distance between you and ordinary men by kind and gentle manner. Deal gently with their inferiority, and be convinced they will respect you as much and like you more. Why conceal the real goodness that flows in your heart ? I have ventured this counsel from an anxiety for your future welfare, and I would enforce it with all the earnestness of the most sincere friendship. Let your light shine before men, and think them not unworthy the trouble. This exercise will prove its own reward. It must be a pleasing thing to live in the affections of others. Again adieu. Pardon the freedom I have used, and when you think of me be it as of a kind sister, to whom your happiness will always yield delight, and your griefs sorrow.

Yours, with esteem and regard,

M.

I give you not my address because I dare not promise to see you.

Carlyle had by this time abandoned the "ministry" as his possible future profession—not without a struggle, for both his father's and his mother's hearts had been set upon it; but the "grave prohibitive doubts" which had risen in him of their own accord had been strengthened by Gibbon, whom he had found in Irving's library, and had eagerly devoured. Never at any time had he "the least inclination" for such an office, and his father, though deeply disappointed, was too wise a man to remonstrate.* The "schoolmastering" too, after two years' experience of it, became intolerable. His disposition, at once shy and defiantly proud, had perplexed and displeased the Kirkcaldy burghers. Both he and Irving

* "With me," he says in a private note, "it was never much in favor, though my parents silently much wished it, as I knew well. Finding I had objections, my father, with a magnanimity which I admired and admire, left me frankly to my own guidance in that matter, as did my mother, perhaps still more lovingly, though not so silently ; and the theological course which could be prosecuted or kept open by appearing annually, putting down your name, but with some trifling fee, in the register, and then going your way, was, after perhaps two years of this languid form, allowed to close itself for good. I remember yet being on the street in Argyll Square, Edinburgh, probably in 1817, and come over from Kirkcaldy with some intent, the languidest possible, still to put down my name and fee. The official person, when I rung, was not at home, and my instant feeling was, 'Very good, then, very good ; let this be *Finis* in the matter,' and it really was.—T. C."

fell into unpleasant collisions with their employers, and neither of them was sufficiently docile to submit to reproof. An opposition school had been set up which drew off the pupils, and finally they both concluded that they had had enough of it—"better die than be a schoolmaster for one's living"—and would seek some other means of supporting themselves. Carlyle had passed his summer holidays as usual at Mainhill (1818), where he had perhaps talked over his prospects with his family. On his return to Kirkcaldy in September he wrote to his father explaining his situation. He had saved about £90, on which, with his thrifty habits, he said that he could support himself in Edinburgh till he could "fall into some other way of doing." He could perhaps get a few mathematical pupils, and meantime could study for the bar. He waited only for his father's approval to send in his resignation. The letter was accompanied by one of his constant presents to his mother, who was again at home, though not yet fully recovered.

John Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle.

MAINHILL, September 16, 1818.

Dear Brother,—We received yours, and it told us of your safe arrival at Kirkcaldy. Our mother has grown better every day since you left us. She is as steady as ever she was, has been upon haystacks three or four times, and has been at church every Sabbath since she came home, behaving always very decently. Also, she has given over talking and singing, and spends some of her time consulting Ralph Erskine. She sleeps every night, and hinders no person to sleep, but can do with less than the generality of people. In fact we may conclude that she is as wise as could be expected. She has none of the hypocritical mask with which some people clothe their sentiments. One day, having met Agg Byers, she says: "Weel, Agg, lass, I've never spoken t'ye sin ye stole our coals. I'll gi' ye an advice: never steal nae more."

Alexander Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle.

September 18, 1818.

My dear Brother,—We were glad to hear of your having arrived in safety, though your prospects were not brilliant. My father is at Ecclefechan to-day at a market, but before he went he told me to mention that with regard to his advising you, he was unable to give you any advice. He thought it might be necessary to consult Leslie before you gave up, but you might do what seemed to you good. Had my advice any weight, I would advise you to try the law. You may think you have not money enough to try that, but with what assistance we could make, and your own industry, I think there would be no fear but you would succeed. The box which contained my mother's bonnet came a day or two ago. She is very well pleased with it, though my father thought it too gaudy; but she purposes writing to you herself.

The end was, that, when December came, Carlyle and Irving "kicked the schoolmaster functions over," removed to Edinburgh, and were adrift on the world. Irving had little to fear: he had money, friends, reputation; he had a profession, and was waiting only for "a call" to enter on his full privileges. Carlyle was far more unfavorably situated. He was poor, unpopular, comparatively unknown, or, if known, known only to be feared and even shunned. In Edinburgh "from my fellow creatures," he says, "little or nothing but vinegar was my reception when we happened to meet or pass near each other—my own blame mainly, so proud, shy, poor, at once so insignificant-looking, and so grim and sorrowful. That in Sartor of the worm trodden on and proving a torpedò is not wholly a fable, but did actually befall once or twice, as I still with a kind of small, not ungenial, malice can remember." He had, however, as was said, nearly a hundred pounds, which he had saved out of his earnings; he had a consciousness of integrity worth more than gold to him. He had thrifty, self-denying habits which made him content with the barest necessities, and he resolutely faced his position. His family, though silently disapproving the step which he had taken, and necessarily anxious about him, rendered what help they could. Once more the Ecclefechan carrier brought up the weekly or monthly supplies of oatmeal, cakes, butter, and, when needed, under-garments, returning with the dirty linen for the mother to wash and mend, and occasional presents which were never forgotten; while Carlyle, after a thought of civil engineering, for which his mathematical training gave him a passing inclination, sate down seriously, if not very assiduously, to study law. Letters to and from Ecclefechan were constant, the carrier acting as postman. Selections from them bring the scene and characters before the reader's eyes.

Sister Mary, then twelve years old, writes:—

I take the opportunity of sending you this scrawl. I got the hat you sent with Sandy (brother Alexander), and it fits very well. It was far too good; a worse would have done very well. Boys and I are employed this winter in waiting on the cattle,

and are going on very well at present. I generally write a copy every night, and read a little in the "Cottagers of Glenburnie," or some such like; and it shall be my earnest desire never to imitate the abominable slutteries of Mrs. Maclarly. The remarks of the author, Mrs. Hamilton, often bring your neat ways in my mind, and I hope to be benefited by them. In the meantime, I shall endeavor to be a good girl, to be kind and obedient to my parents, and obliging to my brothers' and sisters. You will write me a long letter when the carrier comes back.

The mother was unwearied in her affectionate solicitude—solicitude for the eternal as well as temporal interests of her darling child.

Mrs. Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle.

MAINHILL, January 3, 1819.

Dear Son,—I received yours in due time, and was glad to hear you were well. I hope you will be healthier, moving about in the city, than in your former way. Health is a valuable privilege; try to improve it, then. The time is short. Another year has commenced. Time is on the wing, and flies swiftly. Seek God with all your heart, and oh, my dear son, cease not to pray for His counsel in all your ways. Fear not the world; you will be provided for as He sees meet for you.

As a sincere friend, whom you are always dear to, I beg you do not neglect reading a part of your Bible daily, and may the Lord open your eyes to see wondrous things out of His law! But it is now two o'clock in the morning, and a bad pen, bad ink, and I as bad at writing. I will drop it, and add no more, but remain

Your loving mother,

PEGGIE CARLYLE.

Carlyle had written a sermon on the salutary effects of "affliction," as his first exercise in the Divinity School. He was beginning now, in addition to the problem of living which he had to solve, to learn what affliction meant. He was attacked with dyspepsia, which never wholly left him, and in these early years soon assumed its most torturing form like "a rat gnawing at the pit of his stomach"; his natural irritability found escape in expressions which showed that he was already attaining a mastery of language. The noises of Edinburgh drove him wild and opened the sluices of his denunciatory eloquence.

I find living here very high (he wrote soon after he was settled in his lodgings). An hour ago I paid my week's bill, which, though 15s. 2d., was the smallest of the three I have yet discharged. This is an unreasonable sum, when I consider the slender accommodation and the paltry, ill-cooked morsel which is my daily pittance. There is also a schoolmaster right overhead, whose noisy brats give me at times no small annoyance. On a given night of the week he also assembles a select number of vocal performers, whose music, as they charitably name it, is now and then so clamorous that I almost wished the throats of these sweet singers full of molten lead, or any other substance that would stop their braying.

But he was not losing heart, and he liked, so far as had seen into it, his new profession :—

The law (he told his mother) is that I sometimes think I was intended for naturally. I am afraid it takes several hundreds to become an advocate. But for this I should commence the study of it with great hopes of success. We shall see whether it is possible. One of the first advocates of the day raised himself from being a disconsolate preacher to his present eminence. Therefore I entreat you not to be uneasy about me. I see none of my fellows with whom I am very anxious to change places. Tell the boys not to let their hearts be troubled for me. I am a stubborn dog, and evil fortune shall not break my heart or bend it either, as I hope. I know not how to speak about the washing which you offer so kindly. Surely you thought, five years ago, that this troublesome washing and baking was all over; and now to recommence! I can scarcely think of troubling you; yet the clothes are ill-washed here; and if the box be going and coming any way, perhaps you can manage it."

While law lectures were being attended, the problem was how to live. Pupils were a poor resource, and of his adventures in this department Carlyle gave ridiculous accounts. In February, 1819, he wrote to his brother John :—

About a week ago I briefly dismissed an hour of private teaching. A man in the New Town applied to one Nichol, public teacher of mathematics here, for a person to give instruction in arithmetic, or something of that sort. Nichol spoke of me, and I was in consequence directed to call on the man next morning. I went at the appointed hour, and after waiting for a few minutes was met by a stout, impudent-looking man with red whiskers, having much the air of an attorney, or some such creature of that sort. As our conversation may give you some insight into these matters, I report the substance of it. "I am here," I said, after making a slight bow, which was just perceptibly returned, "by the request of Mr. Nichol, to speak with you, sir, about a mathematical teacher whom he tells me you want." "Aye. What are your terms?" "Two guineas a month for each hour." "Two guineas a month! that is perfectly extravagant." "I believe it to be the rate at which every teacher of respectability in Edinburgh officiates, and I *know* it to be the rate below which I never officiate." "That will not do for my friend." "I am sorry that nothing else will do for me;" and I retired with considerable deliberation.

Other attempts were not so unsuccessful; one, sometimes two, pupils were found willing to pay at the rate required. Dr. Brewster, afterwards Sir David, discovered Carlyle and gave him employment on his *Encyclopædia*. He was thus able to earn, as long as the session lasted, about two pounds a week, and on this he contrived to live without trenching on his capital. His chief pleasure was his correspondence with his mother, which never slackened. She had written to tell him of the death of her sister Mary. He replies :—

EDINBURGH, Monday, March 29, 1819.

My dear Mother,—I am so much obliged to you for the affectionate concern which

you express for me in that long letter—that I cannot delay to send you a few brief words by way of reply. I was affected by the short notice you give me of Aunt Mary's death, and the short reflections with which you close it. It is true, my dear mother, "that we must all soon follow her," such is the unalterable and not unpleasant doom of men. Then it is well for those who, at that awful moment which is before every one, shall be able to look back with calmness and forward with hope. But I need not dwell upon this solemn subject. It is familiar to the thoughts of every one who has any thought.

I am rather afraid I have not been quite regular in reading that best of books which you recommended to me. However, last night I was reading upon my favorite Job, and I hope to do better in time to come. I entreat you to believe that I am sincerely desirous of being a good man; and though we may differ in some few unimportant particulars, yet I firmly trust that the same power which created us with imperfect faculties will pardon the errors of every one (and none are without them) who seeks truth and righteousness with a simple heart.

You need not fear my studying too much. In fact, my prospects are so unsettled that I do not often sit down to books with all the zeal I am capable of. You are not to think I am fretful. I have long accustomed my mind to look upon the future with a sedate aspect, and at any rate my hopes have never yet failed me. A French author, D'Alembert (one of the few persons who deserve the honorable epithet of honest man), whom I was lately reading, remarks that one who devoted his life to learning ought to carry for his motto, "Liberty, Truth, Poverty," for he that fears the latter can never have the former. This should not prevent one from using every honest effort to attain a comfortable situation in life; it says only that the best is dearly bought by base conduct, and the worst is not worth mourning over. We shall speak of all these matters more fully in summer, for I am meditating just now to come down to stay a while with you, accompanied with a cargo of books, Italian, German, and others. You will give me yonder little room, and you will waken me every morning about five or six o'clock. Then *such* study. I shall delve in the garden too, and, in a word, become not only the wisest but the strongest man in those regions. This is all *clavier*, but it pleases one.

My dear mother, yours most affectionately,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

D'Alembert's name had probably never reached Annandale, and Mrs. Carlyle could not gather from it into what perilous regions her son was traveling—but her quick ear caught something in the tone which frightened her.

Oh, my dear, dear son (she answered at once and eagerly), I would pray for a blessing on your learning. I beg you with all the feeling of an affectionate mother that you would study the Word of God, which he has graciously put in our hands, that it may powerfully reach our hearts, that we may discern it in its true light. God made man after His own image, therefore he behoved to be without any imperfect faculties. Beware, my dear son, of such thoughts; let them not dwell on your mind. God forbid! But I dare say you will not care to read this scrawl. Do make religion your great study, Tom; if you repent it, I will bear the blame for ever.

Carlyle was thinking as much as his mother of religion, but the form in which his thoughts were running was not hers. He was painfully seeing that all things were not wholly as she

had been taught to think of them; the doubts which had stopped his divinity career were blackening into thunderclouds; and all his reflections were colored by dyspepsia. "I was entirely unknown in Edinburgh circles," he says, "solitary, eating my own heart, fast losing my health too, a prey to nameless struggles and miseries, which have yet a kind of horror in them to my thoughts, three weeks without any kind of sleep from impossibility to be free of noise." In fact he was entering on what he called "the three most miserable years of my life." He would have been saved from much could he have resolutely thrown himself into his intended profession; but he hated it, as just then, perhaps, he would have hated anything.

I had thought (he writes in a note somewhere) of attempting to become an advocate. It seemed glorious to me for its independency, and I did read some law books, attend Hume's lectures on Scotch law, and converse with and question various dull people of the practical sort. But it and they and the admired lecturing Hume himself appeared to me mere denizens of the kingdom of dullness, pointing towards nothing but money as wages for all that bogpool of disgust. Hume's lectures once done with, I flung the thing away for ever.

Men who are out of humor with themselves see their condition reflected in the world outside them, and everything seems amiss because it is not well with themselves. But the state of Scotland and England also was fitted to feed his discontent. The great war had been followed by a collapse. Wages were low, food at famine prices. Tens of thousands of artisans were out of work, their families were starving, and they themselves were growing mutinous. Even at home from his own sternly patient father who never meddled with politics, he heard things not calculated to reconcile him to existing arrangements.

I have heard my father say (he mentions), with an impressiveness which all his perceptions carried with them, that the lot of a poor man was growing worse, that the world would not, and could not, last as it was, but mighty changes, of which none saw the end, were on the way. In the dear years when the oatmeal was as high as ten shillings a stone, he had noticed the laborers, I have heard him tell, retire each separately to a brook and there drink instead of dining, anxious only to hide it.

These early impressions can be traced through the whole of Carlyle's writings, the conviction being forced upon him

that there was something vicious to the bottom in English and Scotch society, and that revolution in some form or other lay visibly ahead. So long as Irving remained in Edinburgh "the condition of the people" question was the constant subject of talk between him and Carlyle. They were both of them ardent, radical, indignant at the injustice which they witnessed, and as yet unconscious of the difficulty of mending it. Irving, however, Carlyle had seen little of since they had moved to Edinburgh, and he was left, for the most part, alone with his own thoughts. There had come upon him the trial, which in these days awaits every man of high intellectual gifts and noble nature on his first actual acquaintance with human things—the question, far deeper than any mere political one, What is this world then, what is this human life, over which a just God is said to preside, but of whose presence or whose providence so few signs are visible? In happier ages religion silences skepticism if it cannot reply to its difficulties, and postpones the solution of the mystery to another stage of existence. Brought up in a pious family, where religion was not talked about or emotionalized, but was accepted as the rule of thought and conduct, himself too instinctively upright, pure of heart, and reverent, Carlyle, like his parents, had accepted the Bible as a direct communication from Heaven. It made known the will of God, and the relations in which man stood to his Maker, as a present fact, the truth of it, like the truth of gravitation, which man must act upon or immediately suffer the consequences. But religion, as revealed in the Bible, passes beyond present conduct, penetrates all forms of thought, and takes possession wherever it goes. It claims to control the intellect, to explain the past and foretell the future. It has entered into poetry and art, and has been the interpreter of history. And thus there had grown round it a body of opinion on all varieties of subjects assumed to be authoritative; dogmas which science was contradicting; a history of events which it called infallible, yet

which the canons of evidence, by which other histories are tried and tested successfully, declared not to be infallible at all. In the Mainhill household the Westminster Confession was a full and complete account of the position of mankind and of the Being to whom they owed their existence. For Carlyle's father and mother this Old and New Testament not only contained all spiritual truth necessary for guidance in word and deed, but every fact related in them was literally true. To doubt was not to mistake, but was to commit a sin of the deepest dye, and was a sure sign of a corrupted heart. His own wide study of modern literature had shown him that much of this had appeared to many of the strongest minds in Europe to be doubtful or even plainly incredible. Young men of genius are the first to feel the growing influences of their time, and on Carlyle they fell in their most painful form. With his pride, he was most modest and self-distrustful. He had been taught that want of faith was sin, yet, like a true Scot, he knew that he would peril his soul if he pretended to believe what his intellect told him was false. If any part of what was called Revelation was mistaken, how could he be assured of the rest? How could he tell that the moral part of it, to which the phenomena which he saw round him were in plain contradiction, was more than a "devout imagination"? Thus in the midst of his poverty and dyspepsia there had come upon him the struggle which is always hardest in the noblest minds, which Job had known, and David, and Solomon, and Æschylus, and Shakespeare, and Goethe. Where are the tokens of His presence? where are the signs of His coming? Is there, in this universe of things, any moral Providence at all? or is it the product of some force of the nature of which we can know nothing, save only that "one event comes alike to all, to the good and to the evil, and that there is no difference"?

Commonplace persons, if assailed by such misgivings, thrust them aside, throw themselves into outward work, and

leave doubt to settle itself. Carlyle could not. The importunity of the overwhelming problem forbade him to settle himself either to law or any other business till he had wrestled down the misgivings which had grappled with him. The greatest of us have our weaknesses, and the Margaret Gordon business perhaps intertwined itself with the spiritual torment. The result of it was that Carlyle was extremely miserable, "tortured," as he says, "by the freaks of an imagination of extraordinary and wild activity."

He went home, as he had proposed, after the session, but Mainhill was never a less happy place of retreat to him than it proved this summer. He could not conceal, perhaps he did not try to conceal, the condition of his mind; and to his family, to whom the truth of their creed was no more a matter of doubt than the presence of the sun in the sky, he must have seemed as if "possessed." He could not read; he wandered about the moors like a restless spirit. His mother was in agony about him. He was her darling, her pride, the apple of her eye, and she could not restrain her lamentations and remonstrances. His father, with supreme good judgment, left him to himself.

His tolerance for me, his trust in me (Carlyle says), was great. When I declined going forward into the Church, though his heart was set upon it, he respected my scruples, and patiently let me have my way. When I had peremptorily ceased from being a schoolmaster, though he inwardly disapproved of the step as imprudent and saw me in successive summers lingering beside him in sickliness of body and mind, without outlook towards any good, he had the forbearance to say at worst nothing, never once to whisper discontent with me.

In November he was back at Edinburgh again, with his pupils and his new lectures, which he had not yet deserted, and still persuaded himself that he would persevere with. He did not find his friend. Irving had gone to Glasgow to be assistant to Dr. Chalmers.

The law lectures went on, and Carlyle wrote to his mother about his progress with them. "The law," he said, "I find to be a most complicated subject, yet I like it pretty well, and feel that I shall like it better as I proceed. Its great charm

in my eyes is that no mean compliances are requisite for prospering in it." To Irving he had written a fuller, not yet completely full, account of himself, complaining perhaps of his obstructions and difficulties. Irving's advice is not what would have been given by a cautious attorney. He admired his friend, and only wished his great capabilities to be known as soon as possible.

Edward Irving to Thomas Carlyle.

34 KENT STREET, GLASGOW, December 28, 1819.

Dear Carlyle,—I pray that you may prosper in your legal studies, provided only you will give your mind to take in all the elements which enter into the question of the obstacles. But remember, it is not want of knowledge alone that impedes, but want of instruments for making that knowledge available. This you know better than I. Now my view of the matter is that your knowledge, likely very soon to surpass in extent and accuracy that of most of your compeers, is to be made saleable, not by the usual way of adding friend to friend, which neither you nor I are enough patient of, but by a way of your own. Known you must be before you can be employed. Known you will not be for a winning, attaching, accommodating man, but for an original, commanding, and rather self-willed man. Now establish this last character, and you take a far higher grade than any other. How are you to establish it? Just by bringing yourself before the public as you are. First find vent for your notions. Get them tongue; upon every subject get them tongue, not upon law alone. You cannot at present get them either utterance or audience by ordinary converse. Your utterance is not the most favorable. It convinces, but does not persuade; and it is only a very few (I can claim place for myself) that it fascinates. Your audience is worse. They are generally (I exclude myself) unphilosophical, unthinking drivellers who lie in wait to catch you in your words, and who give you little justice in the recital, because you give their vanity or self-esteem little justice, or even mercy, in the encounter. Therefore, my dear friend, some other way is to be sought for. Now pause, if you be not convinced of this conclusion. If you be, we shall proceed. If you be not, read again, and you will see it just, and as such admit it. Now what way is to be sought for? I know no other than the press. You have not the pulpit as I have, and there perhaps I have the advantage. You have not good and influential society. I know nothing but the press for your purpose. None are so good as these two, the *Edinburgh Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine*. Do not start away and say, The one I am not fit for, the other I am not willing for. Both pleas I refuse. The *Edinburgh Review* you are perfectly fit for; not yet upon law, but upon any work of mathematics, physics, general literature, history, and politics, you are as ripe as the average of their writers. *Blackwood's Magazine* presents bad company, I confess; but it also furnishes a good field for fugitive writing, and good introductions to society on one side of the question. This last advice, I confess, is against my conscience, and I am inclined to blot it out; for did I not rest satisfied that you were to use your pen for conscience I would never ask you to use it for your living. Writers in the encyclopædias, except of leading articles, do not get out from the crowd; but writers in the *Review* come out at once, and obtain the very opinion you want; opinion among the intelligent and active men in every rank, not among the sluggish savants alone.

It is easy for me to advise what many perhaps are as ready to advise. But I know I have influence, and I am willing to use it. Therefore, again let me entreat you to begin a new year by an effort continuous, not for getting knowledge, but for communi-

cating it, that you may gain favor, and money, and opinion. Do not disembark all your capital of thought, and time, and exertion into this concern, but disembark a portion equal to its urgency, and make the experiment upon a proper scale. If it succeed, the spirit of adventure will follow, and you will be ready to embark more ; if it fail, no great venture was made ; no great venture is lost ; the time is not yet come. But you will have got a more precise view by the failure, if the obstacles to be surmounted, and time and energy will give you what you lacked. Therefore I advise you as a very sincere friend that forthwith you choose a topic, not that you are best informed on, but that you are most likely to find admittance for, and set apart some portion of each day or week to this object and this alone, leaving the rest free for objects professional and pleasant. This is nothing more than what I urged at our last meeting but I have nothing to write I deem so important. Therefore do take it to thought. Depend upon it, you will be delivered by such present adventure from those harpies of your peace you are too much tormented with. You will get a class with whom society will be as pleasant as we have found it together, and you will open up ultimate prospects which I trust no man shall be able to close.

I think our town is safe for every leal-hearted man to his Maker and to his fellow-men to traverse without fear of scath. Such traversing is the wine and milk of my present existence. I do not warrant against a Radical rising, though I think it vastly improbable. But continue these lines a year or two, and unless you unmake our present generation and unman them of human feeling and of Scottish intelligence, you will have commotion. It is impossible for them to die of starvation, and they are making no provision to have them relieved. And what on earth is for them? God and my Saviour enable me to lift their hearts above a world that has deserted them, though they live in its plenty and labor in its toiling service, and fix them upon a world which, my dear Carlyle, I wish you and I had the inheritance in ; which we may have if we will. But I am not going to preach, else I would plunge into another subject which I rate above all subjects. Yet this should not be excluded from our communion either.

I am getting on quietly enough, and, if I be defended from the errors of my heart, may do pretty well. The Doctor (Chalmers) is full of acknowledgments, and I ought to be full—to a higher source.

Yours affectionately,

EDWARD IRVING.

Carlyle was less eager to give his thoughts "tongue" than Irving supposed. He had not yet, as he expressed it, "taken the devil by the horns." He did not mean to trouble the world with his doubts, and as yet he had not much else to trouble it with. But he was more and more restless. Reti-cence about his personal sufferings was at no time one of his virtues. Dyspepsia had him by the throat. Even the minor ailments to which our flesh is heir, and which most of us bear in silence, the eloquence of his imagination flung into forms like the temptations of a saint. His mother had early described him as "gay ill to live wi'," and while in great things he was the most considerate and generous of men, in trifles he was intolerably irritable. Dyspepsia accounts for most of

it. He did not know what was the matter with him, and when the fit was severe he drew pictures of his condition which frightened every one belonging to him. He had sent his family in the middle of the winter a report of himself which made them think that he was seriously ill. His brother John, who had now succeeded him as a teacher in Annan school, was sent for in haste to Mainhill to a consultation, and the result was a letter which shows the touching affection with which the Carlyles clung to one another.

J. A. Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle.

MAINHILL, February, 1820.

I have just arrived from Annan, and we are all so uneasy on your account that at the request of my father in particular, and of all the rest, I am determined to write to call on you for a speedy answer. Your father and mother, and all of us, are extremely anxious that you should come home directly if possible, if you think you can come without danger. And we trust that, notwithstanding the bitterness of last summer, you will still find it emphatically a home. My mother bids me call upon you to do so by every tie of affection, and by all that is sacred. She esteems seeing you again and administering comfort to you as her highest felicity. Your father, also, is extremely anxious to see you again at home. The room is much more comfortable than it was last season. The roads are repaired, and all things more convenient; and we all trust that you will yet recover, after you shall have inhaled your native breezes and escaped once more from the unwholesome city of Edinburgh, and its selfish and unfeeling inhabitants. In the name of all, then, I call upon you not to neglect or refuse our earnest wishes; to come home and experience the comforts of parental and brotherly affection, which, though rude and without polish, is yet sincere and honest.

The father adds a postscript:—

My dear Tom,—I have been very uneasy about you ever since we received your moving letter, and I thought to have written to you myself this day and told you all my thoughts about your health, which is the foundation and keystone of all our earthly comfort. But, being particularly engaged this day, I caused John to write. Come home as soon as possible, and for ever oblige,

Dear sir, your loving father,
JAMES CARLYLE.

The fright had been unnecessary. Dyspepsia, while it tortures body and mind, does little serious injury. The attack had passed off. A letter from Carlyle was already on the way, in which the illness was scarcely noticed; it contained little but directions for his brother's studies, and an offer of ten pounds out of his scantily filled purse to assist "Sandy" on the farm. With his family it was impossible for him to talk freely, and through his gloomy time he had but one friend

though he was of priceless value. To Irving he had written out his discontent. He was now disgusted with law, and meant to abandon it. Irving, pressed as he was with work, could always afford Carlyle the best of his time and judgment.

Edward Irving to Thomas Carlyle.

GLASGOW, March 14, 1820.

Since I received your last epistle, which reminded me of some of those gloomy scenes of nature I have often had the greatest pleasure in contemplating, I have been wrought almost to death, having had three sermons to write, and one of them a charity sermon; but I shall make many sacrifices before I shall resign the entertainment and benefit I derive from our correspondence.

Your mind is of too penetrating a cast to rest satisfied with the frail disguise which the happiness of ordinary life has thrown on to hide its nakedness, and I do never augur that your nature is to be satisfied with its sympathies. Indeed, I am convinced that were you translated into the most elegant and informed circle of this city, you would find it please only by its novelty, and perhaps refresh by its variety; but you would be constrained to seek the solid employment and the lasting gratification of your mind elsewhere. The truth is, life is a thing formed for the average of men, and it is only in those parts of our nature which are of average possession that it can gratify. The higher parts of our nature find their entertainment in sympathizing with the highest efforts of our species, which are, and will continue, confined to the closet of the sage, and can never find their station in the drawing-room of the talking world. Indeed, I will go higher and say that the highest parts of our nature can never have their proper food till they turn to contemplate the excellencies of our Creator, and not only to contemplate but to imitate them. Therefore it is, my dear Carlyle, that I exhort you to call in the finer parts of your mind, and to try to present the society about you with those more ordinary displays which they can enjoy. The indifference with which they receive them,* and the ignorance with which they treat them, operate on the mind like gall and wormwood. I would entreat you to be comforted in the possession of your treasures, and to study more the times and persons to which you bring them forth. When I say your treasures, I mean not your information so much, which they will bear the display of for the reward and value of it, but of your feelings and affections, which, being of finer tone than theirs, and consequently seeking a keener expression, they are apt to mistake for a rebuke of their own tameness, or for intolerance of ordinary things, and too many of them, I fear, for asperity of mind.

There is just another panacea for your griefs (which are not imaginary, but for which I see a real ground in the too penetrating and, at times perhaps, too severe turn of your mind); but though I judge it better and more worthy than reserve, it is perhaps more difficult of practice. I mean the habit of using our superiority for the information and improvement of others. This I reckon both the most dignified and the most kindly course that one can take, founded upon the great principles of human improvement, and founded upon what I am wont, or at least would wish, to make my pattern, the example of the Saviour of men, who endured, in His errand of salvation, the contradiction of men. But I confess, on the other hand, one meets with so few that are apt disciples, or willing to allow superiority, that will be constantly fighting with you upon the threshold, that it is very heartless, and forces one to reserve. And besides, one is so apt to fancy a superiority where there is none, that it is likely to produce overmuch self-complacency. But I see I am beginning to prose, and there-

* *I. e.* the talks to which you usually treat your friends.

fore shall change the subject—with only one remark, that your tone of mind reminds me more than anything of my own when under the sense of great religious imperfection, and anxiously pursuing after higher Christian attainments. . . .

I have read your letter again, and, at the risk of further prosing, I shall have another hit at its contents. You talk of renouncing the law, and you speak mysteriously of hope springing up from another quarter. I pray that it may soon be turned into enjoyment. But I would not have you renounce the law unless you coolly think that this new view contains those fields of happiness, from the want of which the prospect of law has become so dreary. Law has within it scope ample enough for any mind. The reformation which it needs, and which with so much humor and feeling you describe,* is the very evidence of what I say. Did Adam Smith find the commercial system less encumbered? (I know he did not find it more) and see what order the mind of one man has made there. Such a reformation must be wrought in law, and the spirit of the age is manifestly bending that way. I know none who, from his capacity of remembering and digesting facts, and of arranging them into general results, is so well fitted as yourself.

With regard to my own affairs, I am becoming too much of a man of business, and too little a man of contemplation. I meet with few minds to excite me, many to drain me off, and, by the habit of discharging and receiving nothing in return, I am run off to the very lees, as you may easily discern. I have a German master and a class in college. I have seen neither for a week, such is the state of my engagements—engagements with I know not what; with preaching in St. John's once a week, and employing the rest of the week in visiting objects in which I can learn nothing, unless I am collecting for a new series of Tales of my Landlord, which should range among Radicals and smugglers.

Dr. Chalmers, though a most entire original by himself, is surrounded with a very prosaical sort of persons, who please me something by their zeal to carry into effect his philosophical schemes, and vex me much by their idolatry of him. My comforts are in hearing the distresses of the people, and doing my mite to alleviate them. They are not in the higher walks (I mean as to wealth) in which I am permitted to move, nor yet in the greater publicity and notoriety I enjoy. Every minister in Glasgow is an oracle to a certain class of devotees. I would not give one day in solitude or in meditation with a friend as I have enjoyed it often along the sands of Kirkcaldy for ages in this way. . . .

Yours, most truly,
EDWARD IRVING.

It does not appear what the "other quarter" may have been on which the prospect was brightening. Carlyle was not more explicit to his mother, to whom he wrote at this time a letter unusually gentle and melancholy.

Thomas Carlyle to Mrs. Carlyle.

EDINBURGH, March 29, 1820.

To you, my dear mother, I can never be sufficiently grateful, not only for the common kindness of a mother, but for the unceasing watchfulness with which you strove to instil virtuous principles into my young mind; and though we are separated at present, and may be still more widely separated, I hope the lessons which you taught will never be effaced from my memory. I cannot say how I have fallen into this train of thought, but the days of childhood arise with so many pleasing recollections, and

* Carlyle's letters to Irving are all unfortunately lost.

shine so brightly across the tempests and inquietudes of succeeding times, that I felt unable to resist the impulse.

You already know that I am pretty well as to health, and also that I design to visit you again before many months have elapsed. I cannot say that my prospects have got much brighter since I left you: the aspect of the future is still as unsettled as ever it was; but some degree of patience is behind, and hope, the charmer, that "springs eternal in the human breast," is yet here likewise. I am not of a humor to care very much for good or evil fortune, so far as concerns himself. The thought that my somewhat uncertain condition gives you uneasiness chiefly grieves me. Yet I would not have you despair of your *ribe* of a boy. He *will* do something yet. He is a shy, stingy soul, and very likely has a higher notion of his parts than others have. But, on the other hand, he is not incapable of diligence. He is harmless, and possesses the virtue of his country—thrift; so that, after all, things will yet be right in the end. My love to all the little ones.

Your affectionate son,
T. CARLYLE.

The University term ends early in Scotland. The expenses of the six months which the students spend at college are paid for in many instances by the bodily labors of the other six. The end of April sees them all dispersed, the class-room closed, the pupils no longer obtainable; and the law studies being finally abandoned, Carlyle had nothing more to do at Edinburgh, and migrated with the rest. He was going home; he offered himself for a visit to Irving at Glasgow on the way, and the proposal was warmly accepted. The Irving correspondence was not long continued; and I make the most of the letters of so remarkable man which were written while he was still himself, before his intellect was clouded.

Edward Irving to T. Carlyle.

34 KENT STREET, GLASGOW, April 15, 1820.

My Dear Carlyle,—Right happy shall I be to have your company and conversation for ever so short a time, and the longer the better; and if you could contrive to make your visit so that the beginning of the week should be the time of your departure, I could bear you company on your road a day's journey. I have just finished my sermon—Saturday at six o'clock—at which I have been sitting without interruption since ten; but I resolved that you should have my letter to-morrow, that nothing might prevent your promised visit, to which I hold you now altogether bound.

It is very dangerous to speak one's mind here about the state of the country. I reckon, however, the Radicals have in a manner expatriated themselves from the political co-operation of the better classes; and, at the same time, I believe there was sympathy enough in the middle and well-informed people to have caused amelioration of our political evils, had they taken time and legal measures. I am very sorry for the poor; they are losing their religion, their domestic comfort, their pride of independence, their everything; if timeous remedies come not soon, they will sink, I fear, in the degradation of the Irish peasantry; and if that class goes down, then along

with it sinks the morality of every other class. We are at a complete stand here; a sort of military glow has taken all ranks. They can see the houses of the poor ransacked for arms without uttering an interjection of grief on the fallen greatness of those who brought in our Reformation and our civil liberty, and they will hardly suffer a sympathizing word from any one. Dr. Chalmers takes a safe course in all these difficulties. The truth is, he does not side with any party. He has a few political nostrums so peculiar that they serve to detach his ideal mind both from Whigs and Tories and Radicals—that Britain would have been as flourishing and full of capital though there had been round the island a brazen wall a thousand cubits high; that the national debt does us neither good nor ill, amounting to nothing more or less than a mortgage upon property, etc. The Whigs dare not speak. The philanthropists are so much taken up, each with his own locality, as to take little charge of the general concern; and so the Tories have room to rage and talk big about armaments and pikes and battles. They had London well fortified yesterday by the Radicals, and so forth.

Now it will be like the unimprisoning of a bird to come and let me have free talk. Not that I have anything to say in favor of Radicalism, for it is the very destitution of philosophy and religion and political economy; but that we may lose ourselves so delightfully in reveries upon the emendation of the State, to which, in fact, you and I can bring as little help as we could have done against the late inundation of the Vallois.

I like the tone of your last letter: for, remember, I read your very tones and gestures, at this distance of place, through your letter, though it be not the most diaphanous of bodies. I have no more fear of your final success than Noah had of the Deluge ceasing; and though the first dove returned, as you say you are to return to your father's shelter, without even a leaf, yet the next time, believe me, you shall return with a leaf; and yet another time, and you shall take a flight who knows where?—But of this and other things I delay further parley.

Yours affectionately,

EDWARD IRVING.

Carlyle went to Glasgow, spent several days there, noting, according to his habit, the outward signs of men and things. He saw the Glasgow merchants in the Tontine, he observed them, fine, clean, opulent, with their shining bald crowns and serene white heads, sauntering about or reading their newspapers. He criticised the dresses of the young ladies, for whom he had always an eye, remarking that with all their charms they had less taste in their adornments than were to be seen in Edinburgh drawing-rooms. He saw Chalmers, too, and heard him preach. "Never preacher went so into one's heart." Some private talk, too, there was with Chalmers, "the doctor" explaining to him "a new scheme for proving the truth of Christianity," "all written in us already *in a sympathetic ink*; Bible awakens it, and you can read."

But the chief interest in the Glasgow visit lies less in itself than in what followed it—a conversation between two young,

then unknown, men, walking alone together over a Scotch moor, the most trifling of actual incidents, a mere feather floating before the wind, yet, like the feather, marking the direction of the invisible tendency of human thought. Carlyle was to walk home to Ecclefechan. Irving had agreed to accompany him fifteen miles of his road, and then leave him and return. They started early, and breakfasted on the way at the manse of a Mr. French. Carlyle himself tells the rest.

Drumclog Moss is the next object that survives, and Irving and I sitting by ourselves under the silent bright skies among the "peat hags" of Drumclog with a world all silent round us. These peat hags are still pictured in me; brown bog all pitted and broken with heathy remnants and bare abrupt wide holes, four or five feet deep, mostly dry at present; a flat wilderness of broken bog, of quagmire not to be trusted (probably wetter in old days, and wet still in rainy seasons). Clearly a good place for Cameronian preaching, and dangerously difficult for Claverse and horse soldiery if the suffering remnant had a few old muskets among them! Scott's novels had given the Cleavers skirmish here, which all Scotland knew of already, a double interest in those days. I know not that we talked much of this; but we did of many things, perhaps more confidentially than ever before; a colloquy the sum of which is still mournfully beautiful to me though the details are gone. I remember us sitting on the brow of a peat hag, the sun shining, our own voices the one sound. Far, far away to the westward over our brown horizon, towered up, white and visible at the many miles of distance, a high irregular pyramid. "Ailsa Craig" we at once guessed, and thought of the seas and oceans over yonder. But we did not long dwell on that—we seem to have seen no human creature, after French, to have had no bother and no need of human assistance or society, not even of reflection, French's breakfast perfectly sufficing us. The talk had grown even friendlier, more interesting. At length the declining sun said plainly, you must part. We sauntered slowly into the Glasgow Muirkirk highway. Masons were building a wayside cottage near by, or were packing up on ceasing for the day. We lent our backs to a dry stone fence, and looking into the western radiance continued in talk yet awhile, loth both of us to go. It was just here as the sun was sinking, Irving actually drew from me, by degrees, in the softest manner, the confession that I did not think as he of the Christian religion, and that it was vain for me to expect I ever could or should. This, if this was so, he had pre-engaged to take well from me like an elder brother, if I would be frank with him, and right loyally he did so, and to the end of his life we needed no concealments on that head, which was really a step gained.

The sun was about setting when we turned away, each on his own path. Irving would have had a good space further to go than I, perhaps fifteen or seventeen miles, and would not be in Kent Street till towards midnight. But he feared no amount of walking, enjoyed it rather, as did I in those young years. I felt sad, but affectionate and good in my clean, utterly quiet little inn at Muirkirk, which and my feelings in it I still well remember. An innocent little Glasgow youth (young bagman on his first journey, I supposed) had talked awhile with me in the otherwise solitary little sitting room. At parting he shook hands, and with something of sorrow in his tone said, "Good night. I shall not see you again." I was off next morning at four o'clock.

'Nothing further has to be recorded of Carlyle's history for some months. He remained quietly through the spring and summer at Mainhill, occupied chiefly in reading. He was be-

ginning his acquaintance with German literature, his friend Mr. Swan, of Kirkcaldy, who had correspondents at Hamburg, providing him with books. He was still writing small articles, too, for Brewster's *Encyclopædia*, unsatisfactory work, though better than none.

I was timorously aiming towards literature (he says—perhaps in consequence of Irving's urgency). I thought in audacious moments I might perhaps earn some wages that way by honest labor, somehow to help my finances; but in that too I was painfully skeptical (talent and opportunity alike doubtful, alike incredible to me, poor downtrodden soul), and in fact there came little enough of produce and finance to me from that source, and for the first years absolutely none, in spite of my diligent and desperate efforts, which are sad to me to think of even now. *Acti labores*. Yes, but of such a futile, dismal, lonely, dim, and chaotic kind, in a scene all ghastly chaos to me. Sad, dim, and ugly as the shores of Styx and Phlegethon, as a nightmare dream became real. No more of that; it did not conquer me, or quite kill me, thank God.

August brought Irving to Annan for his summer holidays, which opened possibilities of renewed companionship. Mainhill was but seven miles off, and the friends met and wandered together in the Mount Annan woods, Irving steadily cheering Carlyle with confident promises of ultimate success. In September came an offer of a tutorship in a "statesman's" * family, which Irving urged him to accept.

You live too much in an ideal world (Irving said), and you are likely to be punished for it by an unfitness for practical life. It is not your fault but the misfortune of your circumstances, as it has been in a less degree of my own. This situation will be more a remedy for that than if you were to go back to Edinburgh. Try your hand with the respectable illiterate men of middle life, as I am doing at present, and perhaps in their honesty and hearty kindness you may be taught to forget, and perhaps to undervalue the splendors, and envies, and competitions of men of literature. I think you have within you the ability to rear the pillars of your own immortality, and, what is more, of your own happiness, from the basis of any level in life, and I would always have any man destined to influence the interests of men, to have read these interests as they are disclosed in the mass of men, and not in the few who are lifted upon the eminence of life, and when there too often forget the man to ape the ruler or the monarch. All that is valuable of the literary caste you have in their writings. Their conversations, I am told, are full of jealousy and reserve, or perhaps, to cover that reserve, of trifling.

Irving's judgment was perhaps at fault in his advice. Carlyle, proud, irritable, and impatient as he was, could not have remained a week in such a household. His ambition (downtrodden as he might call himself) was greater than he knew.

* "Statesman," or small freeholder farming his own land, common still in Cumberland, then spread over the northern counties.

He may have felt like Halbert Glendinning when the hope was held out to him of becoming the Abbot's head keeper—"a body servant, and to a lazy priest!" At any rate the proposal came to nothing, and with the winter he was back once more at his lodgings in Edinburgh, determined to fight his way somehow, though in what direction he could not yet decide or see.

T. Carlyle to Alexander Carlyle.

EDINBURGH, December 5, 1820.

I sit down with the greatest pleasure to answer your most acceptable letter. The warm affection, the generous sympathy displayed in it go near the heart, and shed over me a meek and kindly dew of brotherly love more refreshing than any but a wandering forlorn mortal can well imagine. Some of your expressions affect me almost to weakness, I might say with pain, if I did not hope the course of events will change our feelings from anxiety to congratulation, from soothing adversity to adorning prosperity. I marked your disconsolate look. It has often since been painted in the mind's eye. But believe me, my boy, these days will pass over. We shall all get to rights in good time, and long after, cheer many a winter evening by recalling such pensive but yet amiable and manly thoughts to our minds. And in the meanwhile let me utterly sweep away the vain fear of our forgetting one another. There is less danger of this than of anything. We Carlyles are a clannish people because we have all something original in our formation, and find therefore less than common sympathy with others; so that we are constrained, as it were, to draw to one another, and to seek that friendship in our own blood which we do not find so readily elsewhere. Jack and I and you will respect one another to the end of our lives, because I predict that our conduct will be worthy of respect, and we will love one another because the feelings of our young days—feelings impressed most deeply on the young heart—are all intertwined and united by the tenderest yet strongest ties of our nature. But independently of this your fear is vain. Continue to cultivate your abilities, and to behave steadily and quietly as you have done, and neither of the two literati* are likely to find many persons more qualified to appreciate their feelings than the farmer, their brother. Greek words and Latin are fine things, but they cannot hide the emptiness and lowness of many who employ them.

Brewster has printed my article. He is a pushing man and speaks encouragingly to me. Tait, the bookseller, is loud in his kind anticipations of the grand things that are in store for me. But in fact I do not lend much ear to those gentlemen. I feel quite sick of this drivelling state of painful idleness. I am going to be patient no longer, but quitting study or leaving it in a secondary place I feel *determined*, as it were, to find something stationary, some local habitation and some name for myself, ere it be long. I shall turn and try all things, be diligent, be assiduous in season and out of season to effect this prudent purpose; and if health stay with me I still trust I shall succeed. At worst it is but narrowing my views to suit my means. I shall enter the writing life, the mercantile, the lecturing, any life in short but that of country schoolmaster, and even that sad refuge from the storms of fate, rather than stand here in frigid impotence, the powers of my mind all festering and corroding each other in the miserable strife of inward will against outward necessity.

I lay out my heart before you, my boy, because it is solacing for me to do so; but I would not have you think me depressed. Bad health does indeed depress and under-

* His brother John and himself.

mine one more than all other calamities put together, but with care, which I have the best of all reasons for taking, I know this will in time get out of danger. Steady then, steady! as the drill-sergeants say. Let us be steady unto the end. In due time we shall reap if we faint not. Long may you continue to cherish the manly feelings which you express in conclusion. They lead to respectability at least from the world, and, what is far better, to sunshine within which nothing can destroy or eclipse.

In the same packet Carlyle inclosed a letter to his mother.

I know well and feel deeply that you entertain the most solicitous anxiety about my temporal, and still more about my eternal welfare; as to the former of which I have still hopes that all your tenderness will yet be repaid; and as to the latter, though it becomes not the human worm to boast, I would fain persuade you not to entertain so many doubts. Your character and mine are far more similar than you imagine; and our opinions too, though clothed in different garbs, are, I well know, still analogous at bottom. I respect your religious sentiments and honor you for feeling them more than if you were the highest woman in the world without them. Be easy, I entreat you, on my account; the world will use me better than before; and if it should not, let us hope to meet in that upper country, when the vain fever of life is gone by, in the country where all darkness shall be light, and where the exercise of our affections will not be thwarted by the infirmities of human nature any more. Brewster will give me articles enough. Meanwhile my living here is not to cost me anything, at least for a season more or less. I have two hours of teaching, which both gives me a call to walk and brings in four guineas a month.

Again a few weeks later:—

T. Carlyle to Mrs. Carlyle.

Jan. 30, 1821.

My employment, you are aware, is still very fluctuating, but this I trust will improve. I am advancing, I think, though leisurely, and at last I feel no insuperable doubts of getting honest bread, which is all I want. For as to fame and all that, I see it already to be nothing better than a meteor, a will-o'-the-wisp, which leads one on through quagmires and pitfalls to catch an object which, when we have caught it, turns out to be nothing. I am happy to think in the meantime that you do not feel uneasy about my future destiny. Providence, as you observe, will order it better or worse, and with His award, so nothing mean or wicked lie before me, I shall study to rest satisfied.

It is a striking thing, and an alarming, to those who are at ease in the world, to think how many living beings that had breath and hope within them when I left Ecclefechan are now numbered with the clods of the valley! Surely there is something obstinately stupid in the heart of man, or the flight of threescore years, and the poor joys or poorer cares of this our pilgrimage would never move us as they do. Why do we fret and murmur, and toil, and consume ourselves for objects so transient and frail? Is it that the soul living here as in her prison-house strives after something boundless like herself, and finding it nowhere still renews the search? Surely we are fearfully and wonderfully made. But I must not pursue these speculations, though they force themselves upon us sometimes even without our asking.

To his family Carlyle made the best of his situation; and, indeed, so far as outward circumstances were concerned, there was no special cause for anxiety. His farmhouse training had made him indifferent to luxuries, and he was earning a

much money as he required. It was not there that he pinch lay; it was in the still uncompleted "temptations in the wilderness," in the mental uncertainties which gave him neither peace nor respite. He had no friend in Edinburgh with whom he could exchange thoughts, and no society to amuse or distract him. And those who knew his condition best, the faithful Irving especially, became seriously alarmed for him. So keenly Irving felt the danger that in December he even invited Carlyle to abandon Edinburgh altogether and be his own guest for an indefinite time at Glasgow.

You make me too proud of myself (he wrote) when you connect me so much with your happiness. Would that I could contribute to it as I most fondly wish, and one of the richest and most powerful minds I know should not now be struggling with obscurity and a thousand obstacles. And yet, if I had the power, I do not see by what means I should cause it to be known; your mind, unfortunately for its present peace, has taken in so wide a range of study as to be almost incapable of professional trammels; and it has nourished so uncommon and so unyielding a character, as first unfits you for, and then disgusts you with, any accommodations which would procure favor and patronage. The race which you have run these last years pains me even to think upon it, and if it should be continued a little longer, I pray God to give you strength to endure it. We calculate upon seeing you at Christmas, and till then you can think of what I now propose—that instead of wearying yourself with endless vexations which are more than you can bear, you will consent to spend not a few weeks, but a few months, here under my roof, where enjoying at least wholesome conversation and the sight of real friends, you may undertake some literary employment which may present you in a fairer aspect to the public than any you have hitherto taken before them. Now I know it is quite Scottish for you to refuse this upon the score of troubling me: but trouble to me it is none; and if it were a thousand times more, would I not esteem it well bestowed upon you and most highly rewarded by your company and conversation? I should esteem it an honor that your first sally in arms went forth from my habitation.

Well might Carlyle cherish Irving's memory. Never had he or any man a truer-hearted, more generous friend. The offer could not be accepted. Carlyle was determined before all things to earn his own bread, and he would not abandon his pupil work. Christmas he did spend at Glasgow, but he was soon back again. He was corresponding now with London booksellers, offering a complete translation of Schiller for one thing, to which the answer had been an abrupt No. Captain Basil Hall, on the other hand, having heard of Carlyle, tried to attach him to himself, a sort of scientific companion on easy terms—Carlyle to do observations which

Captain Hall was to send to the Admiralty as his own, and to have in return the advantage of philosophical society, etc., to which his answer had in like manner been negative. His letters show him still suffering from mental fever, though with glimpses of purer light.

Thomas Carlyle to John Carlyle.

EDINBURGH, March 9, 1821.

It is a shame and misery to me at this age to be gliding about in strenuous idleness, with no hand in the game of life where I have yet so much to win, no outlet for the restless faculties which are up in mutiny and slaying one another for lack of fair enemies. I must do or die then, as the song goes. Edinburgh, with all its drawbacks, is the only scene for me. In the country I am like an alien, a stranger and pilgrim, from a far-distant land. I must endeavor most sternly, for this state of things cannot last, and if health do but revisit me, as I know she will, it shall ere long give place to a better. If I grow seriously ill, indeed, it will be different, but when once the weather is settled and dry, exercise and care will restore me completely. I am considerably clearer than I was, and I should have been still more so had not this afternoon been wet, and so prevented me from breathing the air of Arthur's Seat, a mountain close beside us, where the atmosphere is pure as a diamond, and the prospect grander than any you ever saw. The blue majestic everlasting ocean, with the Fife hills swelling gradually into the Grampians behind; rough crags and rude precipices at our feet (where not a hillock rears its head unsung), with Edinburgh at their base clustering proudly over her rugged foundations, and covering with a vapory mantle the jagged black venerable masses of stonework that stretch far and wide and show like a city of Fairyland. . . . I saw it all last evening when the sun was going down, and the moon's fine crescent, like a pretty silver creature as it is, was riding quietly above me. Such a sight does one good. But I am leading you astray after my fantasies when I should be inditing plain prose.

The gloomy period of Carlyle's life—a period on which he said that he ever looked back with a kind of horror—was drawing to its close, this letter, among other symptoms, showing that the natural strength of his intellect was asserting itself. Better prospects were opening; more regular literary employment; an offer, if he chose to accept it, from his friend Mr. Swan, of a tutorship at least more satisfactory than the Yorkshire one. His mother's affection was more precious to him, however simply expressed, than any other form of earthly consolation.

Mrs. Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle.

MAINHILL, March 27, 1821.

Son Tom,—I received your kind and pleasant letter. Nothing is more satisfying to me than to hear of your welfare. Keep up your heart, my brave boy. You ask kindly after my health. I complain as little as possible. When the day is cheerier, it has

great effect on me. But upon the whole I am as well as I can expect, thank God. I have sent a little butter and a few cakes with a box to bring home your clothes. Send them all home that I may wash and sort them once more. Oh, man, could I but write I'll tell ye a' when we meet, but I must in the meantime content myself. Do send me a long letter; it revives me greatly: and tell me honestly if you read your chapter e'en and morn, lad. You mind I hodie if not your hand, I hodie your foot of it. Tell me if there is anything you want in particular. I must run to pack the box, so I am

Your affectionate mother,

MARGARET CARLYLE.

Irving was still anxious. To him Carlyle laid himself bare in all his shifting moods, now complaining, now railing at himself for want of manliness. Irving soothed him as he could, always avoiding preachment.

I see (he wrote*) you have much to bear, and perhaps it may be a time before you clear yourself of that sickness of the heart which afflicts you; but strongly I feel assured it will not master you; that you will rise strongly above it and reach the place your genius destines you to. Most falsely do you judge yourself when you seek such degrading similitudes to represent what you call your "whining." And I pray you may not again talk of your distresses in so desperate, and to me disagreeable, manner. My dear sir, is it to be doubted that you are suffering grievously the want of spiritual communion, the bread and water of the soul? And why, then, do you, as it were, mock at your calamity or treat it jestingly? I declare this is a sore offense. You altogether mistake at least my feeling if you think I have anything but the kindest sympathy in your case, in which sympathy I am sure there is nothing degrading, either to you or to me. Else were I degraded every time I visit a sick bed in endeavoring to draw forth the case of a sufferer from his own lips that I may, if possible, administer some spiritual consolation. But oh! I would be angry, or rather I should have a shudder of unnatural feeling, if the sick man were to make a mockery to me of his case or to deride himself for making it known to any physician of body or mind. Excuse my freedom, Carlyle. I do this in justification of my own state of mind towards your distress. I feel for your condition as a brother would feel, and to see you silent about it were the greatest access of painful emotion which you could cause me. I hope soon to look back with you over this scene of trials as the soldier does over a hard campaign, or the restored captives do over their days of imprisonment.

Again, on the receipt of some better account of his friend's condition, Irving wrote on the 26th of April:—

I am beginning to see the dawn of the day when you shall be plucked by the literary world from my solitary, and therefore more clear, admiration; and when from almost a monopoly I shall have nothing but a mere shred of your praise. They will unearth you, and for your sake I will rejoice, though for my own, I may regret. But I shall always have the pleasant superiority that I was your friend and admirer, through good and through bad report, to continue, so I hope, until the end. Yet our honest Demosthenes, or shall I call him Chrysostom (Boanerges would fit him better),† seems to have caught some glimpse of your inner man, though he had few opportunities; for he never ceases to be inquiring after you. You will soon shift your quarters, though for the present I think your motto should be, "Better a wee bush than na bield." If you are going to revert to teaching again, which I heartily deprecate, I

* March 15, 1821.

† Dr. Chalmers.

know nothing better than Swan's conception, although success in it depends mainly upon offset and address, and the studying of humors, which, though it be a good enough way of its kind, is not the way to which I think you should yet condescend.

Friends and family might console and advise, but Carlyle himself could alone conquer the spiritual maladies which were the real cause of his distraction. In June of this year, 1821, was transacted what in Sartor Resartus he describes as his "conversion," or "new birth," when he "authentically took the devil by the nose," when he achieved finally the convictions, positive and negative, by which the whole of his later life was governed.

Nothing in "Sartor Resartus" (he says) is fact; symbolical myth all, except that of the incident in the Rue St. Thomas de l'Enfer, which occurred quite literally to myself in Leith Walk, during three weeks of total sleeplessness, in which almost my one solace was that of a daily bathe on the sands between Leith and Portobello. Incident was as I went down; coming up I generally felt refreshed for the hour. I remember it well, and could go straight to about the place.

As the incident is thus authenticated, I may borrow the words in which it is described, and so close what may be called the period of Carlyle's apprenticeship.

But for me so strangely unprosperous had I been, the net result of my workings amounted as yet simply to—nothing. How, then, could I believe in my strength when there was as yet no mirror to see it in? Ever did this agitating, yet, as I now perceive, quite frivolous, question remain to me insoluble: Hast thou a certain faculty, a certain worth, such as even the most have not; or art thou the completest dullard of these modern times? Alas, the fearful unbelief is unbelief in yourself; and how could I believe? Had not my first last faith in myself, when even to me the heavens seemed laid open, and I dared to love, been all too cruelly belied? The speculative mystery of life grew ever more mysterious to me: neither in the practical mystery had I made the slightest progress, but been everywhere buffeted, foiled, and contemptuously cast out. A feeble unit in the middle of a threatening infinitude, I seemed to have nothing given me but eyes whereby to discern my own wretchedness. Invisible yet impenetrable walls, as of enchantment, divide me from all living. Now when I look back it was a strange isolation I then lived in. The men and women round me, even speaking with me, were but figures; I had practically forgotten that they were alive, that they were not merely automatic. In the midst of their crowded streets and assemblages, I walked solitary, and (except as it was my own heart, not another's, that I kept devouring) savage also as the tiger in his jungle. Some comfort it would have been could I, like Faust, have fancied myself tempted and tormented by the devil; for a hell as I imagine, without life, though only diabolical life, were more frightful: but in our age of downpulling and disbelief, the very devil has been pulled down, you cannot so much as believe in a devil. To me the universe was all void of life, of purpose, of volition, even of hostility: it was one huge, dead, immeasurable steam-engine, rolling on in its dead indifference, to grind me limb from limb. Oh, the vast gloomy, solitary Golgotha and mill of death! Why was the living banished thither companionless, conscious? Why, if there is no devil, nay, unless the devil is

your god? From suicide a certain aftershine (Nachschein) of Christianity withheld me, perhaps also a certain indolence of character; for was not that a remedy I had at any time within reach? Often, however, there was a question present to me: should some one now at the turning of that corner blow thee suddenly out of space into the other world or other no-world, by pistol-shot, how were it? . . .

So had it lasted, as in bitter protracted death-agony through long years. The heart within me, unvisited by any heavenly dewdrop, was smoldering in sulphurous slow-consuming fire. Almost since earliest memory I had shed no tear; or once only when I, murmuring half audibly, recited Faust's death-song, that wild Selig der, den er im Siegesglanze findet, happy whom *he* finds in battle's splendor, and thought that of this last friend even I was not forsaken, that destiny itself could not doom me to die. Having no hope, neither had I any definite fear, were it of man or devil; nay, I often felt as if it might be solacing could the arch-devil himself, though in Tartarean terrors, but rise to me, that I might tell him a little of my mind. And yet, strangely enough, I lived in a continual indefinite pining fear; tremulous, pusillanimous apprehension of I knew not what. It seemed as if all things in the heavens above and the earth beneath would hurt me; as if the heavens and earth were but boundless jaws of a devouring monster, wherein I palpitatingly waited to be devoured. Full of such humor was I one sultry dog day after much perambulation toiling along the dirty little Rue St. Thomas de l'Enfer in a close atmosphere and over pavements hot as Nebuchadnezzar's furnace; whereby doubtless my spirits were little cheered; when all at once there rose a thought in me, and I asked myself: 'What *art* thou afraid of? wherefore, like a coward, dost thou for ever plop and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! what is the sum total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, death; and say the pangs of Tophet too, and all that the devil and man may, will, or can do against thee! Hast thou not a heart? canst thou no suffer whatsoever it be; and as a child of freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come, then, and I will meet it and defy it.' And as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul, and I shook base fear away from me for ever. I was strong; of unknown strength; a spirit; almost a god. Ever from that time, the temper of my misery was changed; not fear or whining sorrow was it, but indignation and grim fire-eyed defiance.

Thus had the everlasting No ('das ewige Nein') pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my being, of my M \ddot{e} ; and then it was that my M \ddot{e} stood up in native god-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its protest. Such a protest, the most important transaction in my life, may that same indignation and defiance, in a psychological point of view, be fitly called. The everlasting No had said: Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the universe is mine (the devil's); to which my whole M \ddot{e} now made answer: *I am not thine but free, and forever hate thee.*

It is from this hour I incline to date my spiritual new birth: perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a man.

Note to Mr. Froude's article.

[The subjoined note was received from Mr. Froude after his article had been sent to press.—ED.]

I was not aware, until this article was printed, that a son of Edward Irving was now alive in Australia. This gentleman ought to have been consulted before any of his father's letters were published; and although the letters which I have here introduced are supremely honorable to their writer, I owe Mr. Martin Irving an apology for my involuntary negligence.

June 27, 1881.

J. A. FROUDE.

J. A. FROUDE, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

ANECDOTES OF BIBLES.

In view of the recent publication of a revised translation of the New Testament, it may not prove uninteresting to glance at the many curious vicissitudes which have befallen the early translations and editions of the Bible; for the early editions of the Book, which should always have commanded the most anxious solicitude, were not even favored with the care and attention now bestowed on a halfpenny newspaper. In the early days of printing, the necessity of carefully revising the printers' work could not have been realized, for it seems to have been a difficult matter to get a book through the press, particularly a large book like the Bible, without a great number of errata. Small books even, were not so exempt from blunders as we might suppose. A thin octavo volume of one hundred and seventy-two pages, entitled "The Anatomy of the Mass," was published in 1561, which was followed by fifteen pages of errata! The pious monk who wrote it informs his readers in the Preface to the Errata that the blunders in his little book were caused by the machinations of Satan!

During the Commonwealth, and even a short time before Charles I.'s execution, the printers, in order to meet the great demand which then existed, sent out Bibles from their presses as quickly as they could, regardless of errors and omissions. One of the Harleian Manuscripts relates that the learned Archbishop Usher while on his way to preach at Paul's Cross—a wooden pulpit adjoining the Cathedral of St. Paul's, in which the most eminent divines were appointed to preach every Sunday morning—went into a bookseller's shop and inquired for a Bible of the London edition. He was horrified to discover that the text from which he was to preach was omitted! This formed the first complaint to the king of the careless manner in which Bibles were printed; and as one of

the results, the printing of them was created a monopoly. A great competition then arose between the king's printers of London and those of the University of Cambridge. The privilege of printing Bibles was at a later date conceded to one William Bentley; but he was opposed by Hills and Field; and many paper altercations took place between them. The Pearl Bible of Field, printed in 1653, is perhaps the most blundering Bible ever issued. A manuscript in the British Museum affirms that one of these Bibles swarmed with six thousand faults. In Garrard's Letter to the Earl of Strafford, it is said: "Sterne, a solid scholar, was the first who summed up the three thousand and six hundred faults that were in our printed Bibles of London." The name Pearl given to this book by collectors, and a copy of which is to be found in the British Museum, is derived from the printers' name for a diminutive kind of type. It must not be supposed that those many "faults" were all printers' errors only, for it is well known that Field was an unscrupulous forger. He is said to have been paid fifteen hundred pounds by the Independents to corrupt a text in Acts vi. 3 by substituting a "ye" for a "we," to sanction the right of the people to appoint their own pastors. Two errata may also be mentioned. In Romans vi. 13, "righteousness" was printed for "unrighteousness"; and at First Corinthians vi. 9, a "*not*" was omitted, so that the text read—"The unrighteous shall inherit the kingdom of God."

Before and during the Civil War, a large number of Bibles were printed in Holland in the English language, and imported to this country. As this violated the rights of the "king's printers," twelve thousand of those duodecimo Dutch Bibles were seized and destroyed. A large impression of the same smuggled Bibles was burned by order of the Assembly of Divines for errors such as the following—the words in brackets being those in the Authorised Version: Gen. xxxvi. 24, "This is that *ass* [Anah] that found the *rulers*

[mules] in the wilderness;" Luke xxi. 28, "Look up, lift up your *hands* [heads]; for your *condemnation* [redemption] draweth nigh." It may be added, in the case of the passage from Genesis, that the correctors, as well as the corrected, were wrong. Anah neither found "rulers" nor "mules" in the wilderness, but simply "warm springs," as our future Bibles will have it. The Vulgate, or Latin Bible, notwithstanding its other faults, has the passage correct: "Iste est Ana qui invenit aquas calidas in solitudine." (This is Anah who found warm springs in the desert.)

Anthony Bennemere printed a Bible in French at Paris, in 1538, in the reign of Francis I. He says in his preface that this Bible was originally printed at the request of His Most Christian Majesty Charles VIII. in 1495, and that the French translator "has added nothing but the genuine truth, according to the express terms of the Latin Bible, nor omitted anything but what was improper to be translated." Yet the following is interwoven with the thirty-second chapter of Exodus at the twentieth verse: "The ashes of the golden calf which Moses caused to be burned, and mixed with the water that was drunk by the Israelites, stuck to the beards of such as had fallen down before it; by which they appeared with gilt beards, as a peculiar mark to distinguish those which had worshiped the calf." Another interpolation of a similar nature was also made in the same chapter: "Upon Aaron's refusing to make gods for the Israelites, they spat upon him, with so much fury and violence that they quite suffocated him." We may also note the fact that the three thousand men stated, in the twenty-eighth verse of Exodus xxxii. of the Authorized Version, to have been slain, is increased by the Mohammedan commentators of the Koran to seventy thousand; and in the Latin Bible known as the Vulgate, the number is stated to be twenty-three thousand.

The Vulgate of Pope Sixtus V. comes near to, if it does not equal, Field's Pearl Bible in the multiplicity of its errors.

This pope, who ascended the chair in 1585, was resolved to have a correct and carefully printed Bible. He specially revised and corrected every sheet; and on its publication prefixed to the first edition a Bull excommunicating all printers who in reprinting should make any alteration in the text. Yet the book so swarmed with blunders, that a number of scraps had to be printed for the purpose of being pasted over the erroneous passages, giving the true text. The heretics of course exulted in this flagrant proof of papal infallibility! A copy of this "Scrap Book" was sold some time since for sixty guineas.

There are several "Treacle Bibles" known to book-collectors. The edition of May 1541 of Cranmer's Bible, at Jeremiah viii. 22, asks: "Is there no *Tryacle* at Gilead? Is there no phisycyon there?" There also appeared a "Rosin" Bible in which that word was substituted for treacle; and a "Bug" Bible, because that unpleasant insect was said by the printers to be the "Terror by night" mentioned in the fifth verse of Psalm xci. The "Vinegar" Bible, printed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, in 1717, is so called from the twentieth chapter of Luke's Gospel being said to contain "The Parable of the Vinegar" (instead of "Vineyard") in the summary of contents at the head of the chapter. It was looked upon as a good joke in the times of political corruption when Matthew (v. 9) was made to say, "Blessed are the *place*-makers." The "Breeches" Bible, printed at Geneva in 1550, said at Genesis iii. 7, that Adam and Eve "made themselves *breeches*." This version is as old as Wycliffe's time, and appears in his Bible. Some curious changes in the uses of words have taken place even since the date of the Authorized Version. For instance the word "prevent," which in the seventeenth century meant, and ought still to mean, "to anticipate." It is derived from the Latin *prævenire*, "to come before," and in the Authorized Version never means "to hinder." Shakespeare uses "prevent" for "anticipate" in "Julius Cæsar," v. i.; and Burns in

his "Cottar's Saturday Night." A printer's error in the Authorized Version which has been allowed to remain, may be noted in this place: the letter *s* has been prefixed without authority to the word "neezed" in Second Kings iv. 35. It is printed correctly (neesings) in the only other place where it occurs, at Job xli. 18. "Neeze" is also to be found in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," ii. 1.

In 1816 some revision and correction was attempted with partial success; but the two Cambridge Bibles of 1629 and 1638 were the first which were printed with tolerable correctness. The edition of 1638 is said to have been revised at the king's command by several learned men of Cambridge, such as Dr. Ward, Dr. Goad and others. Buck and Daniel, the University printers, were so confident of its correctness, that they challenged all Cambridge by a bill affixed to the door of St. Mary's church, in which they offered a copy of their Bible to any scholar who would find a literal fault in it. The first person who publicly noticed any of its errata was Dr. William Wotton, who in a sermon preached at Newport-Pagnell, Bucks, noticed an error ("ye" for "we") at Acts vi. 3. An edition printed at Oxford in 1711 is remarkable for a mistake at Isaiah lvii. 12, where a "not" is omitted. And the Oxford Bible of 1792 declared that Philip (instead of Peter) would deny Christ before cock-crow.

Great difficulty was experienced by the early translators with the enumeration of the articles composing Jacob's present to Joseph (Genesis xliii. 11), as little was known at that time of the botany of the Holy Land. Tyndale was not far wrong in his version of the Pentateuch in 1530, although "a curtesye bawlme," etc., looks quaint nowadays. The Genevan of 1560 and the Douay of 1609 had "rosen" where we now have "balm." Dr. Geddes introduces "laudanum" among the presents; but in his manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, Wycliffe translates the first on the list as "a lytle of precious liquor of sibote," and adds slyly in the margin that

this "precious liquor" is "ginne." A printer's widow in Germany thought to secure the supremacy of her sex by secretly altering the last clause of the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of Genesis. By substituting the letters "Na" for the first half of the word Herr (lord or master) it made the word read "Narr;" the altered text reading, "And he shall be thy *fool*." It is said this attempt at "improving" the text cost the good woman her life. The translation of St. Paul's Epistles in the Ethiopic language was full of errors, which the editors good-naturedly excused by the following plea: "They who printed the work could not read, and we could not print; they helped us, and we helped them, as the blind helps the blind." Dr. John Jortin, in his "Remarks on Ecclesiastical History (1754)," notices a Gothic Bishop who translated the Scriptures into the language of the Goths, omitting the Book of Kings, lest the wars recorded there should increase their inclination for fighting.

Dr. Alexander Geddes already referred to, resolved to undertake a new translation; and in 1780, as a preliminary, he published a sketch of his plan under the title of an "Idea of a New Revision of the Holy Bible for the Use of the English Catholics." In 1786, he published another "Prospectus"; in 1787, "An Appendix to the Prospectus," containing "queries, doubts, and difficulties relative to a vernacular vision of the Holy Scriptures." In 1788 and following years, he issued "Proposals for Printing," and several "Answers" to the advice he had received. After all these preliminary flourishes, in 1792 the first volume appeared of a translation which was never completed. Christians of every description rejected it; and the Catholics, for whose benefit it was intended, were forbidden to read it. Yet another "Address" in defense the following year, and the project ends. In what he has translated, Geddes introduces us to Hebrew "constables," and the pass-over is rather humorously translated "The Skipover."

From those blundered editions let us now go back to the

first complete printed Bible—that by John Fust or Faust, printed at Mayence, in Germany, in 1455. This magnificent work was executed with cut-metal types on six hundred and thirty-seven leaves, some of the copies on fine paper, and others on vellum; and is sometimes known as the “Mazarin Bible,” a copy having been unexpectedly found in Cardinal Mazarin’s library at Paris. It is also called the “Forty-two Line Bible,” because each full column contains that number of lines; and, lastly, as Gutenberg’s Bible, because John Gutenberg was associated with Fust and Schoffer in its issue. It was printed in Latin; and the letters were such an exact imitation of the work of an amanuensis, that the copies were passed off by Fust, when he visited Paris, as manuscript, the discovery of the art of printing being kept a profound secret. Fust sold a copy to the king of France for seven hundred crowns, and another to the Archbishop of Paris for four hundred crowns; although he appears to have charged less noble customers as low as sixty crowns. The low price and a uniformity of the lettering of these Bibles, caused universal astonishment. The capital letters in red ink were said to be printed with his blood; and as he could immediately produce new copies ad libitum, he was adjudged in league with Satan. Fust was apprehended, and was forced to reveal the newly discovered art of printing, to save himself from the flames. This is supposed to be the origin of the tradition of the “Devil and Dr. Faustus,” dramatized by Christopher Marlowe and others.

One of the highest prices—if not *the* highest—realized by any book was for a copy of this splendid Bible, at the sale of the “Perkins Library” at Hamworth Park, on 6th June, 1873. A copy on vellum was sold for three thousand four hundred pounds; another on paper for two thousand six hundred and ninety pounds. This large price is rather surprising; for there are about twenty copies in different libraries, half of them belonging to private persons, in Britain. Before this

de, the most expensive book was Boccaccio's Decameron, printed at Venice in 1471, which was bought at the Duke of Roxburghe's sale in 1811 by the Marquis of Blandford (Duke of Marlborough), for two thousand two hundred and sixty pounds; although its value fell afterwards to nine hundred and eighteen pounds in 1819, when Lord Spencer became its purchaser.

When Dr. Castell was engaged in the preparation of his Polyglot Bible, he was much patronized by Cromwell, who allowed the paper to be imported free of duty. It was published during the Protectorate, and dedicated to Cromwell in respectful preface. At the Restoration (1660), Cromwell's name was omitted, and the Republican strains of the preface toned down. The different editions are known as "Republican" and "Royal" among book collectors. At that time, there was a mania for dedicating books to somebody—a celebrity, if possible.

Before types were invented, printing pictures from engraved wooden blocks was accomplished in the fourteenth century. Books were made of engravings of the most remarkable incidents in the books of Moses, the Gospels, and Apocalypse; they were called "*Biblia Pauperum*," or Poor Men's Bibles. Fair copies of these have brought two hundred and fifty pounds; and the very worst, rarely less than fifty pounds. The rare edition of the "*Biblia Germanica*," published in 1487, contains many colored wood-cuts remarkable for the singularity of their designs; for instance, Bathsheba is represented washing her feet in a tub, and Elijah as ascending to heaven in a four-wheeled wagon! The Bishops' Bible—so called from the fact that most of the translators were bishops—was published in 1568. It contained a portrait of the Earl of Leicester, the great and powerful favorite of Elizabeth, placed before the Book of Joshua; whilst another portrait, that of Sir William Cecil—also a favorite of the queen—adorned the psalms. In the edition of 1574, a map of the Holy Land, and

the Arms of Archbishop Parker, the chief translator, were substituted.

We will conclude with the following anecdotes of Prayer Books. The Clarendon Press, Oxford, printed in 1813 an edition in which occurs twice in the Litany, "O Lamb of God, which takest away the sins of the *Lord*." A copy is still in use, we believe, in Cashel Cathedral. Dr. Cotton says he has seen a Prayer Book in which a prayer concluded thus, "Through the *un*righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Our last story is from an American newspaper of 1776. A printer in England who printed the Book of Common Prayer, unluckily omitted the letter *c* in the word "changed" in the following sentence, "We shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye." A clergyman not so attentive to his duties as he should have been, read it to his congregation as it was printed, thus, "We shall all be *hanged* in the twinkling of an eye."

From Chambers's Journal.

THE FIRST ENGLISH POET.

DWELT a certain poor man in his day,
 Near at hand to Hilda's holy house,
 Learning's lighthouse, blessed beacon, built
 High o'er sea and river, on the head,
Streaneshalch in Anglo-Saxon speech,
Whitby, after, by the Norsemen named.
 Cædmon was he call'd ; he came and went,
 Doing humble duties for the monks,
 Helping with the horses at behest ;
 Modest, meek, unmemorable man,
 Moving slowly into middle age,
 Toiling on,—twelve hundred years ago.

Still and silent, Cædmon sometimes sat
 With the serfs at lower end of hall ;

There he marvel'd much to hear the monks
Singing sweetly hymns unto their harp,
Handing it from each to each in turn,
Till his heart-strings trembled. Otherwhile,
When the serfs were merry with themselves,
Sung their folk-songs upon festal nights,
Handing round the harp to each in turn,
Cædmon, though he loved not lighter songs,
Long'd to sing,—but he could never sing.

Sad and silent would he creep away,
Wander forth alone, he wist not why,
Watched the sky and water, stars or clouds
Climbing from the sea ; and in his soul
Shadows mounted up and mystic lights,
Echoes vague and vast return'd the voice
Of the rushing river, roaring waves,
Twilight's windy whisper from the fells,
Howl of brindled wolf, and cry of bird ;
Every sight and sound of solitude
Ever mingling in a master thought,
Glorious, terrible, of the Mighty One
Who made all things. As the Book declared
" In the Beginning He made Heaven and Earth."

Thus lived Cædmon, quiet year by year ;
Listen'd, learn'd a little, as he could ;
Worked, and mused, and prayed, and held his peace.

Toward the end of harvest time, the hinds
Held a feast, and sung their festal songs,
Handing round the harp from each to each.
But before it came where Cædmon sat,
Sadly, silently, he stole away,
Wander'd to the stable-yard and wept,
Weeping laid him low among the straw,
Fell asleep at last. And in his sleep
Came a Stranger, calling him by name :
" Cædmon, sing to me ! " " I cannot sing.
Wherefore—wo is me !—I left the house."

"Sing, I bid thee!" "What then shall I sing?"
"Sing the Making of the World." Whereon
Cædmon sung: and when he woke from sleep
Still the verses stay'd with him, and more
Sprang like fountain-water from a rock
Fed from never-failing secret springs.

Praising Heaven most high, but nothing proud,
Cædmon sought the Steward and told his tale,
Who to Holy Hilda led him in,
Pious Princess Hilda, pure of heart,
Ruling Mother, royal Edwin's niece.
Cædmon at her bidding boldly sang
Of the Making of the World, in words
Wonderous; whereupon they wotted well
'Twas an Angel taught him, and his gift
Came direct from God: and glad were they.

Thenceforth Holy Hilda greeted him
Brother of the brotherhood. He grew
Famedest monk of all the monastery;
Singing many high and holy songs
Folk were fain to hear, and loved him for:
Till his death-day came, that comes to all.

Cædmon bode that evening in his bed,
He at peace with men and men with him;
Wrapt in comfort of the Eucharist;
Weak and silent. "Soon our Brethren sing
Evensong?" he whisper'd. "Brother, yea."
"Let us wait for that," he said; and soon
Sweetly sounded up the solemn chant.
Cædmon smiled and listen'd; when it lull'd,
Sidelong turn'd to sleep his old white head,
Shut his eyes, and gave his soul to God,
Maker of the World.

Twelve hundred years
Since are past and gone, nor he forgot,
Earliest Poet of the English Race.

Rude and simple were his days and thoughts,
 Wisely speaketh no man, howso learn'd,
 Of the making of this wondrous World,
 Save a Poet, with a reverent soul.

NOTE.—This alliterative meter is not at all an imitation, but in some degree a reminiscence of the old English poetry.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

BONAPARTE.*

In commencing the last of these lectures on Bonaparte I naturally look back, survey what I have done, and compare it with what at the outset I hoped and intended to do. You will remember that I began by recognizing the impossibility of treating so large and full a career with any completeness, and by inquiring how it might most conveniently be divided. I determined first to lighten the ship by throwing overboard all those military details which belong less to the historian than to the professional specialist; next I pointed out that the career falls naturally into two parts which are widely different and easily separable from each other. The line of demarcation I drew at the establishment of the Hereditary Empire in 1804. On one side of this line, I remarked, you have Bonaparte, on the other side Napoleon. The two names may be taken to represent two distinct historical developments. To study Bonaparte is in the main to study a problem of internal French history. It is to inquire how the monarchy, which fell so disastrously in 1792, burying for a time the greatness of the Bourbon name, was revived by a young military adventurer from Corsica; and how this restored monarchy gave domestic tranquillity and, at first, a strong sense of happiness, to the French people, and at the same time European ascendancy to the French State. On the other hand, to study Napoleon is to study not French history

* The last of a long course of lectures [at Cambridge University], printed containing a condensed statement of results.

European history; it is to inquire how the balance of power was overturned, how the federal system of Europe crumbled as the throne of the Bourbons had done before, how a universal monarchy was set up, and then how he fell again by a sudden reaction. Availing myself of this distinction, I proposed to investigate the first problem only; I dismissed Napoleon altogether, and fixed my attention on Bonaparte.

And now I find without much surprise that this problem taken alone is too much for me. I have given you not so much a history as the introduction to a history. I break off on this side even of the Revolution of Brumaire. As to the Consulate,—with its peculiar institutions, its rich legislation, and its rapid development into the Empire,—I can scarcely claim even to have introduced you to it. I say I am not surprised at this, and I shall be well content if the sixteen lectures I have delivered have thrown real light upon the large outlines of the subject, and have in any way explained a phenomenon so vast, and in the ordinary accounts so utterly romantic and inconceivable, as the Napoleonic monarchy. For everything here has to be done almost from the beginning. In other departments the lecturer follows in the track of countless investigators who have raised and discussed already the principal questions, who have collected and arranged all the needful information. It is quite otherwise in these periods of recent history, where investigation, properly speaking, has scarcely begun its work. I can refer you to very few satisfactory text-books. Histories no doubt there are, full and voluminous enough, but they are not histories in the scientific sense of the word. Some are only grandiose romances. Others are thoroughly respectable and valuable in their kind, but were never intended for students; so that even where they are accurate, even where they are not corrupted by prejudice, or carelessness, or study of effect, they throw little light upon the problems which the student finds most important. In such circumstances it is really a considerable

task to sweep away the purely popular, romantic, and fantastic views of the subject which prevail, and to bring out clearly the exact questions which need to be investigated; as, indeed, it is true generally of scientific investigation that the negative work of destroying false views, and then the preparatory work of laying down the lines of a sound method, are almost more important than the positive work of investigation itself.

The great problem I have raised and examined has been the connection of Bonaparte's power with the Revolution. Let me try, in quitting the subject, to sum up the conclusions to which we have been led. The first is this, that Bonaparte does not, properly speaking, come out of the Revolution, but out of the European war. What is the popular theory? In few words it is this, that a revolutionary period is often terminated by a military dictatorship, as is shown by the examples of Cæsar, Cromwell, and the Italian tyrants of the fourteenth century; that the cause of this is to be sought in the craving for rest, and the general lassitude and disappointment which follow a vain struggle for liberty; and that Bonaparte's rise to power is simply an example of the working of this historic law. Now, to begin with, I should state the historic law itself somewhat differently. It is rather this, that when from any cause the government of a state is suddenly overthrown, the greatest organized power which is left in the country is tempted to take its place. Such, for instance, was the municipality of Paris when the French monarchy fell on the 10th of August. Accordingly the municipality of Paris seized the control of affairs by a violent coup d'état. But as a general rule the greatest organized power which is at hand when a government falls, is the army. It is therefore natural that as a general rule a revolution should be followed by a usurpation of the army. And this might, no doubt, have happened in France as early as 1792. Instead of the ascendancy of the Jacobins there might have been a tyranny of Dumou-

riez, but for the accident that the French army at that moment was undergoing a transformation.

But there is also another possibility. A military dictatorship, or the form of government called Imperialism, may be brought into existence by quite another cause, namely, by any circumstance which may give an abnormal importance in the state to the army. It is from this cause, for instance, that the monarchy in Prussia has been so military as to be practically an imperialism. This also is the true explanation of the rise of imperialism in ancient Rome. Not the mere lassitude of parties at Rome, but the necessity of a centralized military power to hold together the vast empire of Rome which military force had created—this was the real ground of the power of the Cæsars. Now, in explaining the rise of Bonaparte, I think that too much is made of the cause formerly mentioned, and infinitely too little of this. It is no doubt true that the lassitude of the French mind in 1799 was great, and that the people felt a sensible relief in committing their affairs to the strong hand of Bonaparte; but I do not think that this lassitude was more than a very secondary cause of his rise to power. It is true also that in 1799 the Government of the Directory had sunk into such contempt, that it might be regarded as at an end, so that it was open to an organized power like the army, to take its place by a sudden coup d'état. But this cause too is as nothing, and might almost be left out of the account, compared with another, which in the popular theory is wholly overlooked and neglected.

I trace the rise of Bonaparte's imperialism to the levee en masse, and to the enormous importance which was given to the army and to military affairs generally by a war of far greater magnitude than France had ever been engaged in before. No doubt there were many secondary causes, but the point on which I insist is that they were entirely secondary, and that this cause alone is primary. You will not find by

studying the Revolution itself any sufficient explanation of Bonaparte's power. Bonaparte did not rise directly out of the revolution, but out of the war. Indirectly as the revolution caused the war, it may be said to have caused the rise of Bonaparte, but a war of the same magnitude, if there had been no revolution, would have caused a similar growth of imperialism. If under the old regime France had had to put into the field fourteen armies and to maintain this military effort for several years, the old monarchy itself would have been transformed into an imperialism. That imperialism appeared now in such a naked, undisguised form, was the necessary effect of this unprecedented war occurring at the moment when France was without an established government. The circumstances of the Revolution itself, the Reign of Terror, the fall of Robespierre, the establishment of the Directory, all these things made little difference. Bonaparte's empire was the result of two large, simple causes—the existence of a mighty war, and at the same time the absence of an established government.

As the war alone created the power, so it alone determined its character. Bonaparte was driven by his position into a series of wars, because nothing but war could justify his authority. His rule was based on a condition of public danger, and he was obliged, unless he would abdicate, to provide a condition of danger for the country. Why he was so successful in his wars, and made conquests unprecedented in modern history, is a question which I have not had occasion to discuss thoroughly. But I remarked that imperialism in its first fresh youth is almost necessarily successful in war, for imperialism is neither more nor less than the form a state assumes when it postpones every other object to military efficiency.

The second great fact about Bonaparte's connection with the Revolution is that he overthrew Jacobinism. From this fact too it may be perceived that he was the child, not of the

Parisian Revolution, but of the *levee en masse*. Bonaparte canceled Jacobinism; he destroyed its influence and persecuted it with unscrupulous violence. He placed himself at the head of the reaction against it. He restored with no little success the dominion of the old monarchical and ecclesiastical ideas. But it is of the utmost importance to define how far this reaction extended. It was not properly a reaction from liberalism, but only from Jacobinism. It was not a reaction from the French Revolution of 1789, but from the Parisian Revolution of 1792. For there were two Revolutions, widely different; and, to my mind, he who does not understand this will never understand anything in the modern history of France. The struggle in modern France is not between the spirit of the old regime and that of the Revolution; this is wholly erroneous. It is a struggle between the principles of 1789 and those of 1792, in other words, between the principles of European Liberalism, and a fatal political heresy. The monarchy of the Bourbons was itself liberal for the most part throughout the reign of Louis XVI.; it was liberal again in the constitution of 1779; liberal under the Charter of Louis XVIII. Since its second fall in 1830 the principles of 1789 have been represented in various ways by Louis Philippe, Louis Napoleon, and the present Republic. There have been two great aberrations towards the heresy of 1792—namely, in 1848 and in the Parisian insurrection of 1871; and in 1830 an apprehension of the revival of those ideas drove the Government of Charles X. into measures which looked like a revival of the old regime.

The struggle then throughout has been to keep to the lines of 1789, and not to be led again into the abyss of 1792. All serious governments alike, that of Bonaparte, that of the Restoration, that of Louis Philippe, that of Louis Napoleon and the present opportunist Republic, have adhered to the principles of 1789—the old regime has been utterly dead, and even Charles X. did not seriously dream of reviving it,—and the

only difference among them has lain in the mode of their resistance to the ideas of 1792. How to guard against the revival of those insane chimeras, against a new outbreak of that fanaticism in which phrases half philosophical half poetical intoxicate undisciplined minds and excite to madness the nervous excitable vanity of the city of Paris, this has been the one question; 1792 has been the one enemy. The Restoration and Louis Philippe tried to carry on parliamentary government in the face of this danger—but in vain; 1792 revived in 1848. The two Napoleons tried another method, a Liberal Absolutism, in which the principles of 1789 were placed under the guardianship of a dictator, and the method was successful at home, but in foreign affairs it was found to lead to such ambitious aggressiveness that in both cases it brought on the invasion and conquest of France.

When, therefore, I say that Bonaparte put himself at the head of the reaction and revived the old monarchical and ecclesiastical ideas, I do not mean that he exploded the ideas of 1789, but those of 1792. Belonging to the France of the *levee en masse*, which had appeared to be Jacobinical only because the invasion had driven it into the arms of the Jacobins, he quietly put aside the whole system of false and confused thinking which had reigned since 1792, and which he called *ideology*. He went back to the system which had preceded it, and this was the system of 1789. It stood on a wholly different footing from Jacobinism, because it really was the political creed of almost the whole nation. It was what I may call Eighteenth-Century Liberalism. And in the first part of his reign, in the Consulate and even later, Bonaparte did stand out before Europe as the great representative of liberal principles, and none the less so because he had abjured and was persecuting Jacobinism. "But what?" you will say, "how could Bonaparte represent Liberalism, when he had himself put aside all parliamentary institution; when his own Senate and Corps Legislatif were, in the first place, not

representative at all; and in the second place were in every possible way baffled and insulted by him?" The answer is that Liberalism, as it was conceived in Europe in the eighteenth century, had very little to do with liberty, and that the leading representatives of it were generally absolute sovereigns. The great founders of Liberalism in Europe were such men as Frederick the Great, the Emperor Joseph, Charles III. of Spain, or ministers of absolute sovereigns, such as Turgot and Necker. It was in this succession that Bonaparte had his place, and from many utterances of his I gather that he regarded himself as the direct successor in Europe of Frederick the Great. Most of these sovereigns had not only been absolute, but had been active enemies of government by Assembly. Their Liberalism had consisted in their jealousy of the Church, their earnest desire for improvement, and a kind of rationalism or plain good sense in promoting it. In their measures they are particularly arbitrary; and if Bonaparte made the coup d'etat of Brumaire, we may say of the Emperor Joseph, the great representative of Liberalism, that his administration was one long coup d'etat. If Bonaparte's reign seems in one point of view like a revival of the old regime, it is the old regime in its last phase, when it was penetrated with the ideas which were to be formulated in 1789, and when Turgot and Necker were its ministers. If Bonaparte ruled practically without assemblies, we are to remember that in 1789 itself, when the States-General were summoned, there is no reason to think it was intended to create a standing Parliament, and Mirabeau held that they ought to be dismissed immediately after having voted the abolition of the exemptions of the noblesse and clergy.

Such then are my conclusions about Bonaparte's relation to the French Revolution. But Bonaparte belongs to Europe as well as France, and in Europe he represents a new principle, that of conquest. I have considered him in this light also, and have pointed out that here too large causes had been

working to prepare the way for him. In the system of Europe, in fact, there had been a revolution not less than in the internal government of France. The great event of this European Revolution had been the partition of Poland. This was a proclamation of international lawlessness, of the end of the old federal system of Europe, and of the commencement of a sort of scramble for territory among the great states. And it ought particularly to be remarked that the leaders in this international revolution were precisely the great liberal sovereigns of the age, Frederick, Catharine, and Joseph. So long as sovereigns of tolerably equal power arranged such appropriations among themselves it might be done without causing a general confusion; but the moment some one power greatly outstripped all others in military strength the policy of the partition of Poland would turn into a universal conquest. Now this immense superiority was given to France by her *levee en masse*. When she placed a new Frederick at her head it was only natural that she should take the lead in a more general application of the principle of the partition of Poland, and none the less because she became at the same time the representative of Liberalism in Europe. By the treaty of Campo Formio, France, under the leadership of Bonaparte, inaugurated the policy of universal partition and spoliation of the small states of Europe, which in a short time led to the Napoleonic Empire.

So far Bonaparte has been to us simply a name for the government of France, such as the almost irresistible pressure of circumstances caused it to be. Given the changes of 1789 and the fall of the monarchy in 1792, given at the same time the European war, an all-powerful military government could not but arise in France, could not but adopt a warlike policy, and in the then condition of international morality, and considering the aggressive traditions of the French, would probably, whether it were directed by Bonaparte, Moreau, or Massena, embark in a career of conquest. But I

have also made some inquiry in these lectures into the personal character of Bonaparte. In doing so, I have been forced to raise the general question, at once so interesting and so bewildering to the historical student, of the personal influence of great men.

My desire is to see this question, like other historical questions, treated inductively and without ungrounded assumptions. Great men have been so long a favorite declamatory that we can scarcely treat them coolly, or avoid being misled by one or other of the exaggerated notions and bombastic conceits that have been put in currency about them. For a long time it was a commonplace to describe such persons as Bonaparte as a sort of madmen, who amused themselves with devastating the earth purely for their own selfish gratification. The word was—

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.

But in this generation the very opposite view has had more acceptance; heroes have been made into objects of worship, a fact of which you have been reminded since I began the lectures by the departure from among us of the celebrated founder of the cultus. Half a century has passed since Carlyle issued his first eloquent protests against what he called the mean materialist view that great men are mere charlatans, deceivers or impostors who have hoodwinked mankind. According to him the fact is quite otherwise; they are the commissioned guides of mankind, who rule their fellows because they are wiser; and it is only by such guidance that man's life is made endurable; and almost all virtue consists in the loyal fidelity of each man to the hero who is sovereign by a divine election. Certainly this was a more generous, more ennobling creed than the other, and I think it is also, in general, a truer one. If I criticise it, I do so only because fifty years have now passed over it, and it seems to me that the study of history has entered upon a

stage. In those days history was regarded much in the same way as poetry; it was a liberal pursuit in which men found wholesome food for the imagination and the sympathies. Mr. Carlyle gave good counsel when he said that we should bring to it an earnest and reverent rather than a cynical spirit. But history is now a department of serious scientific investigation. We study history now in the hope of giving new precision, definiteness, and solidity to the principles of political science. We endeavor therefore to approach it in the proper scientific temper, and this is not quite the same, though it is by no means altogether different, from the temper recommended by Mr. Carlyle. It is a temper disposed to shrink from every kind of foregone conclusion, a temper of pure impartiality and candor. Such a temper will be just as little satisfied with Mr. Carlyle's theory of great men as with the old theory; it will refrain from committing itself to any a priori theory on the subject. It will study history, not in order to prove that great men are this or that they are that, but in order to find out what they are. Starting from the simple fact that occasionally individual men, who may at first sight appear not very greatly to surpass their fellows, acquire an unbounded influence over them, so that whole nations seem to lose themselves and be swallowed up in their sovereign personality, we do not dream that we can discover by some intuition how this happens, we do not imagine that it is possible to take for granted that it happens in a certain way, or else and cynical to regard it as happening in another way. We simply want to know how it does happen, and for this purpose we examine history in a spirit of pure, unprejudiced curiosity.

Few characters are so well adapted for testing the theory of heroes as Bonaparte. His name occurs to us almost before any other when we want examples of the power of a personality. If we wanted to show how mankind naturally desire a leader, how they instinctively detect the born hero, how gladly

and loyally they obey him, what example but Bonaparte should we quote? Where shall we find anything similar to his return from Elba, which seemed to realize the never-realized return of Arthur from fairyland; or, again, to the sudden revival of his family thirty years after his death, when the mere name Napoleon carried his nephew to supreme power? How much more striking than anything which can be produced from the life of Mr. Carlyle's favorite Cromwell, who does not seem ever to have been popular, and who left no very vivid memory behind him! And yet Mr. Carlyle is strangely shy of Bonaparte. He avoids that wonderful tale, which it might seem that he above all men was called upon to write. Occasionally, indeed, as if to keep up the credit of the theory, he includes Bonaparte as a matter of course among his divine heroes, congratulating that age, for instance, upon its two great men, Napoleon and Goethe—nay, actually putting Napoleon by the side of Cromwell in his lecture on "The Hero as King." But more commonly he carps and grumbles at this enormous reputation; and the short, perfunctory account of him given in the lecture I have just mentioned is nothing less, if you will look at it closely, than a helpless abandonment of the whole theory which the book professes to expound. It acknowledges, almost in express words, that the old cynical theory of heroes may in some cases, after all, be true, and that in Napoleon to a good extent it is true.

In these lectures I have tried, by investigating the facts themselves, to discover the secret of Bonaparte's immense influence. I began with no preconception, with not the smallest desire to prove or disprove either that he was a hero or a charlatan, and quite prepared to believe that he might be neither the one nor the other, and that his success might be due to causes not personal at all. I was also quite prepared, if necessary, to leave the question unsolved, confessing, if I found it so, that the evidence was insufficient to support a solid conclusion. For here is another wide difference between

our present view of history and that taken by the last generation. They, as they valued history for the emotions it excited, estimated an historian by the grandeur and gorgeousness of the pictures he drew. It was thus that he was supposed to prove his genius. His function was supposed to be identical with that of the dramatist or novelist; he was supposed to animate the dry bones of historical documents by the same imaginative knowledge of human nature by which a Shakespeare creates his characters. But the modern investigator, if he uses such a gift at all, is most anxiously careful not to mix up divinations or flashes of intuition with clear deductions from solid evidence. He thinks it a kind of fraud to announce what he fancies *may* have happened, without the fullest warning, for what *did* happen; he even distrusts whatever presents itself as poetical or picturesque, and is content to acknowledge, if it must be so—and often it must be so—that only a vague, confused, blurred, and imperfect representation of the occurrence or the person can now be given.

In this spirit, then, I have cautiously examined the character of Bonaparte as it developed itself in his earlier years. If I have not found the Carlylean theory of heroes applicable in this instance, I am far from concluding that it is never applicable. That theory would lead us to assume that Bonaparte had deeper and more intense convictions than the other men of his time, and that because, while others wanted largeness of insight or firmness of will, he alone saw what France and the world needed and had strength and courage to apply the true remedy, therefore all mankind gladly rallied round him, cheerfully and loyally obeyed him as being the stronger, wiser, and, in the true sense of the word, better man. Now, it may be true that other great men have risen so; I lay down no general theory of great men; but Bonaparte did not in this way.

In the first place I have pointed out that of the vast ~~work~~ of his greatness more than half was not built by him ~~and~~

but for him. He entered into a house which he found ready-made. He neither created the imperial system in France, nor did he inaugurate the ascendancy of France in Europe. Both grew up naturally out of large causes from the time of the *levee en masse*; both were considerably developed under the direction of Carnot; at the time of Bonaparte's brilliant appearance in Italy the general course of development for France was already determined. She was on her way to a period of military government and of military policy likely to lead to great conquests. If Bonaparte had not appeared, to take the lead in this movement and give his name to the period, some other military man would have accomplished a work which in its large outlines would have been the same. It is a mistake therefore to regard him as a great creative mind. The system which bears his name was not created by him, but forced upon him, for all the large outlines of the Napoleonic system can be clearly traced under the Directory, and at a time when his influence was only just beginning to be felt.

In showing that he did not quell mankind by irresistible heroism, I show at the same time that he did not rise to supreme power by charlatanry. In fact he floated to supreme power upon a tide of imperialism which he did not create, and which must, sooner or later, have placed a soldier at the head of affairs. In this matter all he needed to do was to take care that Europe did not make peace, for in peace the tide of imperialism would soon have ebbed again. And we have seen him at this work during the first months of 1798, when, apparently by his agency, the war burst suddenly into a flame when it was on the point of being extinguished. But, this point once secured, "his strength was to sit still"; his wisdom lay in doing nothing, in simply absenting himself by his Eastern expedition from the scene of action.

But though his own share in creating the fabric of his greatness was perhaps less than half, it was positively large.

Had there been no Bonaparte, a Moreau or a Massena might have risen to a position not dissimilar, might have wielded a vast imperial power extending from France far into Germany and Italy; but assuredly they would not have borne themselves in that position as Bonaparte did, nor left the same indelible impression upon history. What then were the purely personal qualities which he displayed?

In the first place he showed a mind capable of embracing affairs of every sort and in no way limited by his own specialty. This, conjoined with a real and by no means vulgar passion for fame, a passion which stood to him in the place of all virtue and all morality, gave to his reign one truly splendid side. It made him the great founder of the modern institutions of France. Not merely the Code, but a number of great institutions, almost indeed the whole organization of modern France, administration, university, concordat, bank, judicial and military systems are due to him. He saved France from the ruin with which she was threatened by Jacobinism, which in the four years of its definitive establishment (1795—1799) proved utterly unable to replace the institutions it had so recklessly destroyed. Jacobinism could only destroy; the queller of Jacobinism, the absolute sovereign, the reactionist, Bonaparte, successfully rebuilt the French state.

The simple explanation of this is that his Government was a real Government, the first that had been established since the destruction of ancient France in the Revolution. It could not, therefore, help undertaking, and—as it *was* a real Government, and no mere party tyranny—it met with no great difficulty in accomplishing an immense work of legislation. But an ordinary child of camps would not by any means have risen to the greatness of the position as Bonaparte did; his early admiration and study of Paoli, I fancy, had prepared him for this part of dictatorial legislator, while Rousseau had filled him with ideas of the dignity of the office. I have thought I could trace to Rousseau's idea that the work of legislation

requires a divine sanction, Bonaparte's revival of the medieval empire and his solemn introduction of the Pope upon the scene.

But this unexpected largeness of Bonaparte's mind, which caused him to fill so amply, and more than fill, the imperial place which he had not really created, had beside this good effect a terribly bad one. A Moreau or Bernadotte in that position must have been the strongest sovereign in Europe, and something of a conqueror, nor could he well have avoided perpetual wars. But Bonaparte had added to the more ordinary qualities of a great general a comprehensive strategical talent and war-statesmanship, which till then had seldom been seen in great generals. He seems to have learned the secret from Carnot, and from watching with intense eagerness the course of the first campaigns of the revolutionary war. Possessing this talent, when he found himself at the head of the mighty military state which had sprung out of the *levee en masse*, he not only appeared, as he could not but do, the most powerful sovereign in Europe, but he actually overthrew the European system and founded something like an empire on the ruins of it. Hence the terrible and disastrous Napoleonic period with all its unprecedented bloodshed and ruin, which, however, I, concerned with Bonaparte and not with Napoleon, have only exhibited in the background.

Still, however, we are far from penetrating to the personality of Bonaparte. What we have hitherto found would incline us to reject both those theories of great men alike, and to say—"Great men are neither demigods nor yet charlatans. They do not act but are acted on; they are hurried forward by vast forces of which they can but slightly modify the direction." What glimpses we did get of Bonaparte's real mind were derived less from his deeds than from those plans of his which failed. We examined first and rejected those views of him which represent him as gradually spoiled or corrupted in the course of his career either by success or

by disappointment. There are two such views. The one regards him as a fiery Corsican patriot of the type of Sampiero, revenging himself upon France and Europe for the loss of his country; the other treats him as a republican hero and invincible soldier of liberty who yielded after a time to ambition and wandered from the right course. These two views agree in regarding him as a man of intense passions, what may be called a primitive man.

I have given reasons for treating this appearance of primitive heroism in Bonaparte as a theatrical pose, deliberately assumed by him in order to gratify the rage for primitive nature which Rousseau had introduced, and which was at its acme under the Directory. Behind the mask I have found a remarkable absence of passions except an almost maniacal passion for advancement and fame. The character indeed is not Corsican so much as Oriental. He is not vindictive as a Corsican should be; he is not patriotic, but deserts his country most unnecessarily; he seems to care for no opinion, though he adopts with much studied artificial vehemence every fashionable opinion in turn. His early plans, which can be pretty plainly discerned from the commencement of his Italian campaigns, are precisely similar to those afterwards formed by the Emperor Napoleon. From the beginning they are plans of lawless conquest on the model of the partition of Poland, plans in which the revolutionary doctrine is used with peculiar skill as an instrument of attack and conquest. His immorality and cynicism are more apparent even on the surface of his deeds in his earlier than in his later years, while there are appearances of a vast plot contrived by him against the Directory,* which might fairly be called the unapproachable masterpiece of human wickedness. But what throws the clearest light upon his character is that darling plan of his, the failure of which he never ceased to regret, the Eastern expe-

* See Arthur Bohtlingk's *Napoleon Bonaparte*, vol. ii.

dition. What he did in Europe tells us little of his character, compared to what he dreamed of doing in Asia. He had never meant to be Cæsar or Charlemagne; these were but parts to which he sullenly resigned himself. He had meant to be Alexander the Great, only on a much larger scale. His real career is but a shabby adaptation of the materials he had collected in vain for his darling Asiatic romance. It was something, perhaps, to restore the Pope and the French Church, to negotiate the concordat and re-enact the crowning of Charles, but it was little compared to what he had imagined. He had imagined a grand religious and political revolution, beginning in the east and extending westward, some fusion apparently of Rousseau's deism with the Allah-ism of Mohammed, a religious revolution extending over the whole East and then combined in some way with the revolution of France, when the great Prophet-King should return to the West by way of Constantinople.

But what does this romance tell us of the character of him who conceived it? And how does this character square with those *a priori* theories of what great men should be?

I must say, it squares rather remarkably with the old theory which Mr. Carlyle drove out of fashion. Here is really a great deceiver, a man who revels in the thought of governing mankind through their credulity; who, brought up in Europe has, as it were, rediscovered for himself the art of the great prophet-conquerors of Asia—it is curious that among the literary pieces left by Bonaparte is a version of the famous story of the "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan"—only in those prophet-conquerors there was probably always some grain of conviction or self-deception, and in Bonaparte there is nothing of the kind.

But might he not be partly a charlatan and yet partly hero? A hero in a certain sense certainly Bonaparte was that is, a prodigy of will, activity and force. But was he in any degree a hero in Mr. Carlyle's sense? Mr. Carlyle i

moralist and seems almost unable to conceive an able man entirely without morality. According to him the very crimes of a great man are at bottom virtuous acts, for they are inspired by a moral instinct taking as it were a strange original form. But I fancy human nature is wider than this theory. Wickedness, I fear, is not always weakness. There really is a human type, in which vast intelligence is found dissociated from virtue. Nay, what is stranger still, this kind of hero, whose very existence seems to Mr. Carlyle inconceivable, may exert an irresistible attraction upon his fellow-men, may be served with passionate loyalty, and may arouse in others noble sentiments of which he is incapable himself. In the career of Bonaparte, in his ideal schemes, and in the idolatry which has been paid to him, we seem to get a glimpse of this type of man. To do good was not his object.

And here I am compelled to leave the subject. That I have treated it so very imperfectly does not cause me much regret, because I never expected to do otherwise. I shall consider myself to have succeeded in some degree if I have conveyed to any of you a clear notion of the way in which I think great historical phenomena should be treated, that is, by shaking off the trammels of narrative, proposing definite problems and considering them deliberately; I shall have succeeded still better if I have shown you how the historian should regard himself as a man of science, not a man of literature; how he must have not only a rigid method in research but a precise political philosophy with principles fixed and terms defined much more carefully than historians have generally thought necessary; but I shall only have succeeded altogether to my wish if I have also impressed upon some of you the immense importance of these great topics of recent history, the urgent necessity, if we would handle properly the political problems of our own time, of raising the study of recent history out of the unaccountable neglect in which it lies, and if I have raised in the minds of those of you who are conscious of any vocation

to research and discovery the question whether this task—the task, that is, of welding together into an inseparable union history and politics, so that for the future all history shall end in politics, and all politics shall begin in history—be not the best and worthiest task to which they can devote their lives.

J. R. SEELEY, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE ORIGIN OF LONDON.

Walking the other day down Fleet Street, while the griffin which marks the former site of Temple Bar was still a passing object of public curiosity, I stopped for a minute to have a good look at that poor, underfed, attenuated brute—so unpromising a representative of civic hospitability—and to take his bearings as the last relic of the material barriers that once separated the city of London from that outer ring which Mr. Freeman will not allow us to call the Metropolis. As I turned away from him westward, and pursued my course along the embankment, my thoughts naturally reverted to the time when the city stood as a visible and distinct entity, surrounded by walls, and girt beyond them with fenny marshes and green fields; while the gray towers of the Abbey which I saw in the distance, half hidden by the modern overgrowth of the Parliament House, were still the center of the separate village of Westminster, divided from the great town by the long stretch of swampy river bank which we even yet call the Strand. Looking back at that merchant republic of London, and forward to the royal and imperial borough, the capital of England—Westminster—the question forced itself upon me vividly, Why should there be any town here at all, and why should that town be the largest in the world? We are all so accustomed to take London for granted, that we hardly realize at first how extremely complex the question really is. That there should not be a London, or that it should not be just

where it is and what it is, seems to us at the present day almost inconceivable. Yet there are a great many questions mixed up in the origin of London which it might be well worth our while to disentangle, and, if possible, to answer. Let us begin by dividing the problem into its two very distinct halves, and after that we may attempt the minor subdivisions separately.

First of all, there is the question, Why should there be a great town about the spot where the city now stands? And secondly, there is the question, Why should the capital of the United Kingdom and of the British Empire be at Westminster? These two questions are quite distinct; and the fact presupposed in the one is quite different from the fact presupposed in the other. Even if the political center of empire had happened to be at York or Edinburgh, at Chester or Lichfield there must have been a considerable commercial town about the point up to which the Thames continues to be navigable for ocean-going vessels; and if there had been no great river in the neighborhood of Westminster, a considerable administrative and fashionable town must have grown up around the Court and the House of Parliament. As a matter of fact, the Metropolis consists of two great towns rolled into one, and each of them adding importance to the other: London, the largest seaport in the kingdom; and Westminster, the political capital of the kingdom. But that they might easily have existed separately from one another we can see by going no further from London than to Edinburgh and Glasgow; while we get the separation even more clearly accentuated in the case of New York and Washington,

Then, besides these greater questions, there are a great number of minor questions mixed up with the present greatness of the Metropolis. Paris is the capital of a larger and more populous state than London, yet it is not quite half the size. Of course it will be objected that Paris is not a sea-

merely an administrative, legal, ecclesiastical, commercial, and literary center. True, but Marseilles is the greatest seaport of France, and Lyon the greatest manufacturing town of France; yet Paris, Marseilles, and Lyon, put together, do not make up two-thirds of London. Again, we may grant that there must have been a modern city where London now stands, even if there had never been one till late in the eighteenth century; just as a great city necessarily grew up at Liverpool as soon as the cotton of America required a port of entry in the neighborhood of the rich Lancashire and Yorkshire coal district, and as soon as a port of exit was required in return for the towns of Manchester, Blackburn, Wigan, Bolton, Burnley, Middleton, Oldham, Rochdale, Leeds, Bradford, Wakefield, Barnsley, and Sheffield, which sprang up above that very coal. But why was there a relatively important town of London in mediæval times, in early English time, and in Roman times? Questions like this can only be answered by making a regular historical survey of the causes which led to the existence of London.

In new countries, we can easily guess why towns grow up in one place rather than another, because the causes which produced them are still in action. We see at once how such a harbor as that of New York necessarily attracts to itself almost all the import trade of America; how Chicago, situated at the deepest bend of Lake Michigan, in the very center of the finest corn-growing country of the world, naturally becomes the port of shipment for the surplus grain of that fertile level; how Cincinnati was predestined to be the metropolis of pork; and how New Orleans inevitably collects all the cotton of the Mississippi basin. So, too, a glance at the position of Montreal shows us that it must of necessity be the commercial capital of Canada; and a first view of Melbourne sufficiently reveals why it is the one great town of Australia. But in older countries, the causes which led to the existence of cities are often more difficult to discover, be-

cause the circumstances have since changed so widely. It is not easy on the first blush to guess why Paris should have gathered around two muddy islets in the Seine, or why Rome arose upon two low hills which swell up slightly from the malarious levels of the Campagna. A hasty mind might fancy that such towns were purely capricious or accidental in their origin. But, if we look the question fairly in the face, we cannot fail to see that definite reasons must always have induced men to aggregate around one spot rather than another. No town, no village, no single house even, ever arises without a sufficient cause pre-existing for its exact place and nature. Whenever a man takes up his abode anywhere, he does so because he finds life easier there than in any other accessible spot.

Apparently, the very first London was a Welsh village—an ancient British village, the history books would say—which crowned the top of Ludgate Hill, near where St. Paul's now stands. The old Welsh, who owned Britain before the English took it, were a race half hunters, half cultivators, as Cæsar tells us. In his time, the Britons of the southeastern country, which consists of open, cultivable plains, were tillers of the soil; while those of the hilly northwest were still pastoral nomads or savage hunters, dwelling in movable villages, and having mere empty forts on the hilltops, to which the whole population retreated with their cattle in case of invasion. These duns, or hill-forts, still exist in numbers over all England, and are generally known as "British camps." Such names as Sinodun, Brendon, and Wimbledon still preserve their memory; while we are familiar with the Latinized form in Camalodunum, Moridunum, and Branodunum. Dunedin, Dunbar, Dundee, and Dunkeld, give us Scottish forms of like implication. Down and Dune survive as modified modern words with the same root. As a rule the syllables dun and don in place-names are sure indications of an old hill-fort, the "castles" or rude earthworks which crown almost every

height among the South Downs and the western hills are the last remains of these old Welsh strongholds. Maiden Castle, near Dorchester, and the earthworks at Cissbury, Silchester, and Ogbury, are familiar instances.

Even before the Romans came, however, the river-valleys of the southeast of Britain were inhabited by agricultural tribes, with fixed habitations and considerable towns. There are two great basins in England which have always possessed the highest agricultural importance: the one is that of the Thames, the other that of the Yorkshire Ouse. So long as England remained mainly an agricultural country, the two greatest cities of the land were the respective centers of these basins, London and York. And there has been more than one moment in our history when it might have seemed doubtful which was to become ultimately the capital of the whole kingdom.

Now, what made London the center of the Thames valley? or that of course was the first step towards making it the metropolis of the British empire. Well, the Welsh tribe which inhabited the lower part of the valley must have originally needed a dun like all their neighbors. But there are not many conspicuous hills in the flat basin of the Thames between Richmond and the sea; and Ludgate Hill was perhaps the best that the Trinobantes of Middlesex could get. To be sure, it could not compare with the dun at Edinburgh, Dumbarton, or at Stirling; but it was high enough to make a natural fort, and it stood just above the point where the tide distinctly felt. Thus, as the old Welsh became gradually more and more civilized, a regular town grew up around the old dun, and bore from the very first its modern name of London, for no name in England has altered so little with the wear and tear of centuries. It was not without natural advantages of situation; for a belt of marches girt it round on every side, from the estuary of the Lea and the Finsbury flats to the Fleet river and London Fen, where the Strand now

stretches. In the interval between Caius Cæsar's abortive attempt upon Britain, and the reduction of the south coast under Claudius, we know that a considerable trading town developed around the old village. Cunobelin, whose coins of Roman type are still found from Norwich and Chester to Kent, had his palace at the neighboring station of Camalodunum; but London was the center of such rude trade as yet existed. Trackways still traceable radiated thence all over the eastern counties and the south coast, where the traffic with Gaul was already important.

It is a great advantage to merchants and shippers to ascend a navigable river as far as possible into the center of the country, because they have thus the largest circle of customers for their goods; and this is especially important in early stages of civilization, when means of land transport are deficient. Accordingly we see that in early times a great town is to be found at the head of navigation of every great river. If we take the map of England, we shall notice that almost all the chief old county towns, such as Leicester, Gloucester, and York, are so situated. At a later date, we get almost direct seaports, like Glasgow, Liverpool, and Bristol; but in a primitive culture these ports would be far less useful, as well as less defensible, than those which stand on rivers running far inland, and so command a whole circle of country instead of a mere semicircle, as is the case with coastwise towns. We must remember that railways have wholly revolutionized the carrying trade in this respect; but the importance of canals before the introduction of the railway system shows clearly how necessary was a good waterway for a commercial town. Now, the Thames is navigable for a further distance from the sea than any other river in England, and its valley, as we have already seen, is one of the most valuable agricultural districts. Here, then, we have the very conditions necessary for the rise of a commercial town; and even at this early period—as soon, in fact, as traffic with Gaul

at all—there must have been such a commercial town where London now stands. The site bears the same relation to the Thames that Montreal bears to the St. Lawrence. Moreover, the river points eastward towards the Continent; and this, though a slight disadvantage at the present day, when our trade lies mostly outward with America, India, China, and the colonies, was an advantage when trade lay wholly with Gaul and the south. Thus it happens that all throughout the Middle Ages our ports and commercial cities were all on the east and south coast, or the rivers which flowed towards them; while at present Glasgow, Liverpool, and Bristol on the west are far more important than Hull, Sunderland, and Newcastle on the east.

For these reasons, therefore, even in the half savage realm of Cunobelin, London was the chief commercial town. We must not, however, think of it as a town in the modern sense: we must rather figure it to ourselves as a stockaded village of wattle huts, with its central hill-fort, not much more civilized than the King Bonny's Town or King Long's town of Western Africa in our own time. The adventurous merchants from Gaul or further south who ascended the river to trade with the natives would get as far as London, where already (so Dio Cassius tells us) a primitive wooden London Bridge—doubtless a mere foot-rail for wayfarers—blocked their further passage up the unknown stream. Here they would traffic with the native dealers, who in turn would dispatch the foreign manufactured goods of the great southern civilization to every point of the compass along the rough trackways. We must see in it all a picture much like that of our own pioneers in the South Seas or Central Africa, taking the red cotton of Manchester or the glass beads of Venice, and receiving in return the raw products, ivory or palm oil, of the savage land. That, I take it, is how the city of London began to be.

When the Romans conquered Britain, the aspect of affairs changed a little. The conquerors turned the island into an

agricultural exporting country, a subsidiary granary for the crowded southern cities which already devoured all the corn of Egypt and the Black Sea. So Britain was to Rome much what America is to modern England. And just as the most important wheat-growing parts of America consist of the St. Lawrence and northern Mississippi basin, so the most important wheat-growing parts of Roman Britain consisted of the valley of the Ouse and the valley of the Thames. But of these two the great plain of York, formed by the tributaries of the Ouse and draining into the Humber, is certainly the largest and most fruitful. Hence, for Roman purposes, York was the principal town of the island, and the Romans erected there their provincial capital of Eboracum. Even when two prefects were appointed, the southern usually had his station, not at Londinium, but at Verulamium, or St. Albans. London, however, must have largely increased in commercial importance none the less, though officially slighted; for as the trade with the Roman world grew larger, traffic must have come more and more to the mouth of the Thames. Indeed, the great number of well-known stations in the neighborhood—Verulam, Camalodunum, Rhutupiæ, Dubris, and others—sufficiently shows that the Thames valley and the direct road to the Continent were of immense value. All the main Roman roads converged on London because the river could there be crossed; and these roads became the framework for the whole carrying system of England, till canals and railways revolutionized the highways of the country. The Roman remains occasionally dug up in the city show that Londinium was a place of some pretensions. It was probably even the largest town in Britain. Perhaps its population may already have amounted to as many as twelve or fifteen thousand souls.

We must pass rapidly, however, over these earlier stages of its history, and come on to the time when Britain changed its face and became known as England. The details of the English conquest and colonization are so vague and mythical that

know absolutely nothing about the fate of London in the great revolution which handed over Britain from the Romanized and Christianized Welsh to the savage and heathen English pirates. The narrative of the Chronicle mentions the city but once, and that was when Hengst and Æsc—the Horse and his son the Ash-tree—fought with the Britons at Crayford; “the Britons then forsook Kent-land, and with mickle awe fled to Lunden-bury.” They would find themselves safe behind the walls of the Roman municipium. Of the actual conquest of the city we have no record at all; a loss for which we can console ourselves by the consideration that even if we had one, it would be of no historical value whatsoever. The annals of the “Anglo-Saxons” before the arrival of Augustine are for the most part a mere fabulous tissue of heroic genealogies, distorted heathen legends, bad philology, and old myths fitted to new persons and places. But one fact we do know with certainty: that at some time or other a band of English pirates, belonging to the Saxon tribe, settled down around London, and that from their settlement the surrounding country has ever since borne the name of Middlesex.* We can even trace the actual clans or families which made themselves homesteads in the neighboring lands. The Peadings settled at Paddington, the Kensingings at Kensington, the Billings at Billingsgate, the Ealings at Ealing, the Harlings at Harlington, the Islings at Islington, the Tædings at Teddington, the Wappings at Wapping, and the Nottings at Notting Hill. Just south of the river, too, on the Surrey shore, we find traces of the Kennings at Kennington and the Niwings at Newington. Thus the city is girt round on every side by obvious colonies of English pirates.

the S But did the English sack and burn “Lunden-bury” itself, and utterly massacre the Welsh inhabitants? For my part, I

*Territorially, London itself was in Essex, though it was usually ruled by Mercia. Only the drainage of the estuary of the Lea (now the Isle of Dogs), which was made part of Middlesex, caused London to be surrounded by that doubtful county.

can never believe it. We have numberless bits of evidence which go to prove that the inhabitants of the Romanized towns made their peace with the English barbarians, and bought themselves off from the fate which overtook a few of the stubborn coastwise ports. The Welsh records are full of complaints against the Lloegrians of the town who "became as Saxons." The early English colonists, we know, were not a people of merchants; they were simply savage soldiers on the war-trail, who settled down slowly after the conquest into farmers and landowners. They avoided the old towns, which always bear their original Celtic or Roman names, and are never called after English clans, like the modern villages now grown into great trading communities, such as Birmingham and Warrington. The Chronicle tells us expressly that "Ælle and Cissa beset Anderida, and offslaw all that were there in, nor was there after one Briton left alive." But if tradition kept up the memory of the fate which befell this comparatively unimportant fortress, Pevensey—doubtless because it resisted the invaders too stoutly, trusted to its Roman walls—it is credible that it should have quite forgotten the sack of London, the largest and richest town in the whole country? In later days we know historically that the Londoners bought themselves off, time after time, from the Danish pirates; and they probably did the same with the earlier English pirates as well. It seems to me most likely that numbers of English settled in and around London; that a petty English king ruled over it; and that English soon became the ordinary language of the town; but I believe that many Romanized Welsh merchants still continued to live and trade there, that the urban mob passed quietly into the condition of English churls, and perhaps even that Christianity in a debased form lingered on among the inferior people till the arrival of Augustine. It is a significant fact that we never hear of the conversion of Middlesex. On the other hand, the Anglicized Welsh of London may well have become pagans to suit the

taste of their conquerors, just as the Christians of Southern Spain became Mohammedans under the Moors, while the Moors again became Christians under the Castilian kings. Language and religion tell us very little as to blood and race.

However all this may be, it is at least certain that London still remained the most important commercial town under the English, as it had been under the Romans. Yet it did not then bid fair to become the capital of the future consolidated kingdom. We have two English archbishops, whose titles and provinces date back to the earliest days of Christianity among the English, and they have their cathedrals at York and Canterbury respectively. But there has never been an archbishop of London. Why is this? Well, Canterbury was the capital of Æthelberht of Kent, the overlord of the whole south, and the first Christian English king; and Augustine himself bore the title. York was the capital of Eadwine of Northumbria, the overlord of the whole north; and Paulinus was the first archbishop. But London was not yet the capital of a large kingdom at all; it lay, like a sort of Berwick-upon-Tweed, in the debatable ground between Kent, Surrey, Essex, and Wessex. Hence, like the other minor kingdoms, it had only a bishop, who was originally the bishop of a people; not an archbishop, who was originally set beside the central overlord, as chief bishop of the whole community. When England slowly consolidated into the three main divisions which still subsist so markedly, Northumbria, Mercia, and Wessex—the North, the Midlands, and the South—King Offa of Mercia set up his own archbishop at Lichfield; but Mercia was a short-lived power, and the South opposed the innovation; so only the two older titles and provinces have survived to our own day.

And what made London the final capital of Wessex? For Wessex had at first more than one capital, its kings living sometimes at Dorchester on the Thames (near Oxford), and sometimes at Winchester, the old Roman town which com-

manded the rich valleys of the Itchin and Test. We must remember that royal towns are more apparently capricious than commercial centers. Wherever a king chooses to reside, he can gather his administrative bodies around him; but trade will only go where trade pays. Louis XIV. could make or unmake a Versailles; but he could not make or unmake a Havre or a Lyons. Yet great towns have often grown up around mere king-made centers, because their situation was at least as good as any other. Paris itself largely owes its existence to the fact that its counts became by slow degrees kings of all France. Berlin owes still more to the luck and the perseverance of the Hohenzollerns. St. Petersburg exists mainly because Peter willed it. Yet all these towns have also advantages of their own. Laon could never have been what Paris is: Moscow, isolated in the midst of a boundless plain, could never have become like St. Petersburg on its navigable river. The ridiculous failure of Washington shows one that a mere administrative center will not of itself attract population, unless there are commercial advantages in its very situation. Still, the royal initiative counts for much; and London would never have been all that it actually is if Northumbria or Merica had become the leading state in England, instead of Wessex. In either of those cases, we might have had an administrative capital at York or Lichfield, and a commercial capital at London. Our Edinburgh and our Glasgow might have been separated, as they now are in Scotland. Indeed, in early English days, Northumbria still retained the same position of supremacy as in Roman times, and for the same reason—because the plain of Humber is the most important agricultural tract in Britain. York was then the real capital of England; and even as late as the reign of Charles I. it remained the second city in the kingdom. That was why members of the royal family so often bore the title of Duke of York.

The Danish invasions, however, made the house of Wessex

the representative English dynasty; and London became slowly the capital of Wessex. The north was left hopelessly behind; and the capital of Wessex became in turn the capital of England. Not that it was ever acknowledged suddenly as such, or that a capital in our modern sense was possible at all. The king kept court now at one place, now at another. The Witenagemot, and afterwards the Parliament, met sometimes at Oxford, sometimes at London. Winchester remained the royal minster and residence till Edward the Confessor built Westminster. Even after the Conquest, William of Normandy still wore his crown "on Eastertide at Winchester, on Pentecost at Westminster, and on Midwinter at Gloucester." But from the days of Alfred onward, we can see that London becomes more and more the real center of English life, and the administrative capital of the kingdom. Though royal personages were buried at Winchester, they lived in London. During the Danish wars, the great town grew more and more important, both in a military and commercial sense; and it became even more necessary that national councils should be held there. Under Canute, London had become pretty certainly the real capital. From year to year, as we read the English Chronicle, we can note that the city was growing constantly in size and political power. Long before the Norman Conquest, it was evidently by far the most important town in England. Its walls inclosed a considerable area; and on the Surrey side its suburb of Southwark—the southern work or defense—already formed a large center around the *tete du pont*. The space within the street called London Wall marks the boundary of the old city.

Edward the Confessor, however, put the final stamp of royalty upon London by building his "new minster" on Thorney Island, near Westminster. Before his day, all English kings had been buried at Winchester. Edward himself was buried in his new Abbey, and so have been almost all his successors, except those early Normans and Angevins who pre-

ferred their own ancestral resting-places at Caen and Fontevraud. The Confessor's Abbey and William Rufus's palace made Westminster the real royal borough, much as Windsor became under the later Plantagenets. Of course the new quarter on Thorney Island was still a separate village, divided from London by the Strand; but the proximity of the city increased the importance of both. Winchester, however, even now retains one mark of its former royal connection. There are only three English bishops who take precedence of their brethren apart from seniority of appointment; and those three are, the Bishop of London, the new capital; the Bishop of Winchester, the old capital; and the former Prince-Bishop of Durham, the County Palatine, which formed the mark against the Scots, and where alone, as at Sion and so many other Swiss or German towns, the fortified Episcopal palace castle still rises opposite the great cathedral.

The Norman Conquest itself marks another critical epoch in the history of London. For that conquest really decided the whole future relations of England with the Continent. From the days of Swegen and Canute, Britain had been, more or less, a mere dependency of Scandinavia and Denmark. Even during the reign of Edward the Confessor, it had looked northward as much as southward; for though the king himself was thoroughly Norman at heart, and filled the highest offices with Normans whenever he was able, Godwin and his sons were Danish rather than English in sentiment and interests; and the revolution which restored them to power and finally placed Harold on the throne, was at bottom the revival of a Danish party. In fact, the only real question at the time of the Conquest was this—whether England should be ruled by Scandinavians from the north or by Scandinavians from the south; by Harold of Norway or by William of Normandy. If Harold the Norwegian had conquered at Stamford Bridge, England would have been thrown into a great northern confederacy, and its natural capital would have been York.

the Danish headquarters, with its Humber mouth pointing straight towards the Scandinavian north. But the victory of the English Harold over the Norse Harold paved the way quietly for William, and William's success drew England for a hundred years into close connection with the Romance civilization of the opposite continent. Thus the north sank utterly in importance; Northumberland was turned into a waste, as a mark or boundary against the Scots; York became a mere provincial town, and London, Winchester, Canterbury, and the Cinque Ports remained steadily the centers of English administrative or commercial life. Lanfranc brought the church into closer relation with Rome; while the Norman and Angevin kings, and the nobility whom they introduced, brought the whole country into closer relation with France and Flanders. Even when the Plantagenets had settled down into a thoroughly English dynasty, the effects of the new turn given to English life was still obvious. The trade encouraged by Edward I. was trade in wool with the Flemish cities, and trade in silk and wine with Paris and Bordeaux. The campaigns of Edward III. and Henry V. all turned towards the Seine and the Garonne. In short, by the Norman Conquest, England was wholly dissevered from her old connection with the Scandinavian barbarism, and made a member of the Romance civilization. And this change firmly established London as the natural commercial center of the island all through the middle ages.

There is reason to believe that the population of England increased but very slowly in the interval between the Conquest and the Reformation. Though a little foreign trade sprang up under Edward I. and grew largely under the Yorkist kings, yet the country remained, as a whole, agricultural in habits, and so the people increased at a very slow rate. Nevertheless, London evidently grew far faster than in proportion to the growth elsewhere; for trade was naturally concentrated upon it, and the administrative needs of the settled Plantagenet kingdom wer

relatively far greater than those of the rude Saxon realm. As of old, all the roads radiated from London, for the start given it by the Romans always made it the most convenient distributing center in England. Yet all through the middle ages we may safely say that no fresh causes affected its growth. The accretion was but the natural development of its existing advantages. The reign of Elizabeth first introduced any new factors into the calculation. These new factors depended upon the westward movement. The discovery of America and of the new route to India by the Cape of Good Hope was revolutionizing the commerce and the civilization of the world. Up to the sixteenth century, the Mediterranean was still the center of culture and traffic for all Christendom. The seventeenth century turned the course of both away from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic. The importance which had once belonged to Rome, Florence, Venice, and Genoa, became transferred at once to Paris and London, and finally also to Liverpool, Glasgow, New York, and Philadelphia. It was this great revolution which really made England—and, by implication, London also—what it is.

England stands in a singularly favorable position for commerce, as soon as navigation has extended to the wide seas. It is an island, joined by water to every other country of the earth, instead of being isolated, like Germany and Austria, by blocks of land shutting it out from the universal highway of the sea. It has navigable rivers and splendid harbors pointing north, south, east, and west. Oddly enough, it occupies, with exact precision, the very central point in the hemisphere of greatest land; so that it is actually nearer all seaports in the world, taken together, than any other spot can possibly be. And at the moment when navigation of the wide seas became practicable, when new routes were opened to America and to the East, it happened to occupy the nearest position to the centers of the old trade and manufacture on the one
the fresh El Dorados on the others. Thus Eng-

land almost necessarily became the colonizer of America and the conqueror of India. The Elizabethan outburst was, in fact, the immediate result of this new direction given to English enterprise. Hitherto, English merchants had traded to Flanders and to Bordeaux, or, as a long voyage, to the Mediterranean. Now, our Raleighs, Frobishers, and Drakes began exploring the whole round world, and our Roes commenced the Indian connection at the court of Ajmere. A single generation stood between the middle ages and our own time. The England of Wolsey was almost mediæval; the England of Shakespeare, Raleigh, and Bacon was wholly modern. London began to grow rapidly from the very commencement of this new epoch, and it continued to grow uninterruptedly till the period of this next great change. One may trace the growth by the names of streets, from the Elizabethan Strand, through Restoration St. James's, to the Queen Anne district round Harley Street. By the time of Charles II., the difference in size between the capital and all the other towns of Britain seems to have been vastly greater than it had ever been before or since. In the early middle ages, York, Oxford, and Winchester were great towns not unworthy to be compared with the London of the same day; in our own time, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Manchester have some pretensions in size, even when compared with the metropolis: but in the England of Charles II. London was first, and the rest were nowhere. There was as yet no reason why trade should seek any other main channel, and it still remained true to the old highways which radiated from the Thames. Without canals and railways, the great inland port was necessarily the best possible center for commerce in the island.

The century which elapsed between 1750 and 1850, however, was fraught with the deepest danger for the supremacy of London; and though, in spite of the peril, it has still grown on with alarming rapidity, and has doubled its population

with ever-increasing frequency, it may yet be fairly said that the comparative increase is not so large as during the earlier period. I am aware that statistics distinctly point the other way; but, then, the statistics are wooden, and do not take into account all the real elements of the problem. For the fact is, that London, while gaining absolutely at an enormous rate, has been losing comparatively by the side of a new order of towns, which have come into being as the result of another vast revolution, almost as important as the Elizabethan. This revolution has been brought about by the employment of coal, first in the smelting and manufacture of steel and iron, and afterwards through the use of the steam-engine in every kind of industrial pursuit. Even before the age of steam, Bristol had become a great western port through the influence of the West India sugar trade. But steam was destined to change the traffic with the colonies and America from a mere reception of tobacco and cotton to a great reciprocal trade in raw materials on the one hand, and manufactured goods on the other. We were to become the clothiers and ironmongers of the world. Coal and America, put together, have turned England round on a pivot from east to west. She used to point eastward, by Thames and Humber, towards the Continent; she now points westward, by Mersey, Clyde, and Avon, towards America and Australia. The south used to be the trading and manufacturing half, while the north was a wild grazing and agricultural country. Now the north is the trading and manufacturing part, while the south is mostly a succession of quiet rural districts. The great coal regions all lie west or north. On the Scotch coal-field stand Glasgow, Paisley, and Greenock. On the Tyne collieries we find Newcastle, Shields, and Durham; while close at hand are Sunderland, Stockton, Darlington, Middlesbrough, and the Cleveland iron district. The Lancashire field incloses Manchester, Blackburn, Wigan, Bolton, St. Helens, Burnley, Middleton, Oldham, Rochdale, and Ashton. The cotton of

America and the wool of Australia come to Liverpool, to be worked up either in this coal region or in that of the West Riding, which includes Leeds, Bradford, Wakefield, Barnsley, Sheffield, and Chesterfield. Nottingham and Derby hang upon its border, while Hull supplies it with an eastward outlet. On the midland coal-bed stand Wolverhampton, Dudley, Wednesbury, Walsall, and Birmingham. Other carboniferous deposits occur in the crowded South Wales region, around Swansea and Merthyr Tydvil, as well as near Bristol. The influence of all this northern and western development must clearly detract so much, comparatively, from the relative importance of London. To put it plainly, London was once the very focus of national thought and industry, surrounded on every side by the most flourishing parts of the country; it is now isolated in the midst of the agricultural south, while Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, and Glasgow form totally distinct and often antagonistic centers of political and industrial life in the north and the midlands. Without entering into the realm of politics, one may fairly say that the existence of a Manchester school or a Birmingham school has only been possible in the last fifty years, and has been rendered possible by this comparative isolation of the capital in the agricultural south. The position has largely divorced the feelings of London from the feelings of the industrial centers.

Nevertheless, London has survived, and has grown more rapidly than ever. Coal and steam which seemed to threaten her supremacy, have really strengthened it. Had there been no such things as railways, it might have been otherwise. The importance of Glasgow and Liverpool would then have largely increased, because there only can raw material be brought home to the very door of the coal-employing manufacturer. But railways have annihilated space so far as a small island like Britain is concerned, and the Thames has thus retained its original importance as a great navigable river.

even as against the severe competition of the Clyde and the Mersey. There can be no doubt at all that the two western rivers possess greater natural advantages for trade in its present stage than does the Thames. They run nearer into the very heart of the coal-bearing and manufacturing tracts, and they are thus the natural ports for entry of all heavy raw materials, and for exportation of all cottons, woollen goods and hardware. But the Thames still lies nearest to the greatest center of population, the administrative capital, and the town home of all the landed aristocracy and wealthy classes generally. Hence, possessing such a harbor as London, it still manages to attract the largest tonnage of any seaport in the kingdom. It is true, cotton, wool, and raw-materials generally are mostly landed elsewhere; piece-goods, broadcloths, hardware, and machinery are mostly shipped elsewhere; but for articles of immediate consumption, such as tea, corn, meat, cheese, eggs, butter, sugar, wine and spirits, or for articles of luxury such as silks, velvets, carpets, gloves, drapery, furs, and French and German products generally, it is by far the most important port in the country. The railways all converge upon it, and so make it the center for the entire wholesale distributing trade of Great Britain. Thus the vast increase of English population and the vast development of English industry during the present century have caused London to grow with enormous rapidity, in spite of the immense diversion of many great branches of trade to the western ports. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that the position of London is now to some extent artificial, depending largely upon the railways, and upon its already established greatness as an administrative center and fashionable agglomeration of wealthy people. If there had been no old capital upon the Thames before the present century, it is doubtful whether the possession of its navigable river could have made London, under existing conditions, half as big as Glasgow actually is. Taking into consideration geographical po-

sition as regards the three kingdoms, and central site as regards trade, it may be said that, if Britain had now for the first time to choose a capital, its choice would naturally fall upon Manchester.

And now, before closing this necessarily imperfect sketch, let us ask briefly, What are the main elements which go to make up the population of London at the present day? First of all, then, taking them in natural, historical and geographical order, there is the seafaring and shipping element, which congregates mainly around the docks, Wapping, and the tower district. This element, though the West End now knows and thinks little about it, is the one which gives rise to all the others. Then there is the great wholesale, commercial, importing, distributing, financial, stockbroking, and banking element which makes up the city. Next comes the legal and administrative class, which occupies the Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Chancery Lane, runs down the Strand by Somerset House, spreads over the greater part of Whitehall, and culminates in the Parliament Houses and the neighboring portion of Westminster. After that we get to the fashionable West End, from Mayfair and Belgravia to Kensington, Bayswater, and Notting Hill, with its retail shopping district around Regent Street and Oxford Street. Then comes the whole world of clerks and business employes, stretching in two great semicircles from Portland Town and Kentish Town to Islington and Dalston on the north; and again from Battersea and Clapham to Camberwell and Peckham on the south. Finally, there is the vast and unrecognized mass of artizans and working men, congregating chiefly in the east and south, but scattered up and down in slums and backquarters everywhere. Intermixed among these main divisions are many lesser ones, drawn naturally to London as the chief national center: the worlds of literature, of journalism, of medicine, of art, of the theater, of science, and, to some extent, of education; the cabmen, servants, and hangers-on of

wealthy families; and a large industrial class engaged in the manufacture of such articles as can be easily produced in the absence of coal-fields—the last, especially, to be found on the south side and in the suburbs. Of course so brief a list must necessarily include only the main headings; but it is sufficient to show us that London really consists of two towns rolled inextricably into one—a commercial seaport on the one hand, and an administrative capital on the other. In virtue of the first we get the shipping, the City, the manufacturers, and the artizan class; in virtue of the second we get the Court, the Parliament, the West End, the retail shops, the official, legal, medical, literary, journalistic, artistic, and general professional society. And when we take into consideration all these things, side by side with the wide commerce, increasing population, and cosmopolitan interests of England, we see at once, I fancy, why London is bigger than Paris, or Berlin, or New York, or St. Petersburg.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

AMONG THE DICTIONARIES.

Time was in literature, when there were no dictionaries. Of course, letters had their small diffusion, *viva voce*. The few *Sauls*, for all the generations, could ask the fewer *Gamaliels*, on the quick moment, for the short interpretation that should make passages in their ornamented or antiquated disquisitions clear; and there was no need for more. By the lip could be solved the mystery coming from the lip; for within the portico, in the cloister, under the shade there on the hill, the master sat in the midst of his pupils, and the lip was near.

It ended, this. Pupils, when knowledge was called for in distant parts, had to be dispersed. Each stood solitary then, or nearly solitary, separated from the schools whence scholarly help could be drawn. Yet each stood facing a crowd grouped round him to be taught; and each, at some word, at

some clause, at some peroration, at some pregnant cornerstone of an argument he was burning to launch straight home, found the text of his parchment a pit, or a stumbling-block, hindering him. The treasured MS. was of his own copying, nearly for a certainty. That did not affect the case. As he read from it—spread on his knee, perhaps, a scroll; laid open upon a desk, leaved, and laboriously and delicately margined, and stitched and covered and clasped into the form of a goodly book—he had to expound its learned method so that it should touch the simple; or, bewildering him sadly, he had to turn its words from the Greek, from the Hebrew, from any master-tongue, into the language, even the dialect, familiar to his audience—a language often harshly unfamiliar to himself—and the right way to do this would again and again refuse to come to him, and his message failed. There was the pity of it; there was the grief. It could not be allowed to abide. And at last there occurred to him the remedy. In his quiet hours, his flock away, he would pore over his MS. afresh. It might be missal, it might be commentary, treatise, diatribe, epic poem, homily, Holy Writ—the same plan would be efficacious for each one. After beating out the meaning of the crabbed, the Oriental, characters—of the painstaking, level, faultless Gothic letter—he would write this meaning, this exposition, this *gloss*, above each word, each phrasing, that had given him trouble; and then, thenceforth, and forever, such gloss would be there to see and to use, and every difficulty would have been made, magically, to disappear. Good. The goodness must be manifest at once. Only there is a fact remaining, requiring acute indication. At the very first word the very first of these conscientious old-world scholars thus glossed or explained, the seed was sown of the new-world dictionaries; and there has been no stop to the growth of this seed till the tree from it has spread its thick and wide branches as far as they have spread, and are still spreading, in this very to-day.

Perhaps this may seem remote. Short work will be enough to show how it was done. Pupils, or call them young or less-instructed associates of a master, had again, and after a lapse of time in greater numbers, to be dispersed. After the lapse of time, also, MSS. were ordered to be executed for royal and other wealthy readers, too much engrossed by state and duties to be able to keep to the set places and hours of a class. As for the young associates, they would have read from their master's glossed MSS. during their pupilage, had they had to take their duties whilst they were absent, whilst they were ill. As for the newly-finished MSS., it would have been destruction to their cherished neatness, to their skilled beauty, to have defaced them with glosses here and there, as glosses were, in patches, and generally, for greater conspicuousness, written in red letters. Glossed words were written in a list apart, then; becoming, in this way, companion to the student, enlightenment to the MS., and enlightenment almost as handy as if it had been delivered from the tongue. Particular exposition of a particular master came to be especially demanded, too; from veneration, for comparison, to settle a dispute, for the mere admiration and interest of seeing what another man had done. Such exposition was, perforce, on a separate list. Such expositions, moreover—coming as they did, one perhaps from a scholar at Rhegium, one from Nysa, one from Alexandria, Rome, Constantinople, Rhodes—could be readily perceived to possess color from the temperament, from the circumstances, of the writer; and it followed as a simple consequence, that two or more should be set out, methodically, side by side. Here, then, was the form of a dictionary; the germ of it, its manner. Here a word stood, with a series of interpretations to it; the whole to be read at one consulting, and giving employment to the critical faculty of rejecting or approval. For this duplication, this triplication, this multiplication, as it grew to be, had its own excellent relish, and the very relish suggested something more. There would have

been the word *exilis*, put it. One teacher would recommend it to be rendered *thin* (of course, the equivalent to these shades or thought, according to the tongue being used and elucidated); another teacher, of wider thought, would expound it *mean*; another, living amidst bleak rocks, perhaps, and these helping his asceticism, would set down *barren*; another, applying the thinness and tenuity to some musical sound remaining in his memory, would write it *shrill*, *treble*. To say this, is but to say how language itself accumulated, and had expansion. Yet it suggests the mode. It points out how, when each word had such various glosses put to it, richness could not fail to arise; and diversity, and discrimination, with greater or less delicacy of expression; and how glosses being born—or, christen them with that longer name of glossaries—were never likely to be let to die.

There has to be recollection, however, that, as these glossaries were limited to gleanings from one MS., or to gleanings from various copies of the same one MS., according to what, of fresh interpretation, each separate owner had glossed, so they were limited to explaining one author; or to explaining such limited portion of one author as one MS. contained. Thus one glossary would elucidate a Gospel; one, a set of Epistles; one, a Prophet; one, Virgil, Horace, Homer, Euripides. The Epinal Gloss is an existing example, luckily for the literary world, of such an accumulation. In MS. still, it is still, by the religious treasuring it has had at Epinal, precisely as it was at its compilation 1,200 years ago (in the course now, however, of being printed here, lent by the French Government for that purpose); and it is testimony, teeming with interest, of how far Dictionary-life, in its day, had advanced. Progressing still, there was the Latin Glossary of Varro, dedicated to his contemporary Cicero. There was the Lexicon of Apollonius the Sophist, in the first century, elucidating the Iliad and the Odyssey. There was the Onomasticon of Pollux; Pollux, instructor to the Em-

peror Commodus, having produced this, a Greek Vocabulary, expressly for his imperial pupil's use. There was the *Lexicon of Harpocration*, in the fourth century, relating only to the Ten Orators of Greece. There was the valuable work of *Hesychius of Alexandria*. There was the *Glossary of Photius*, written in the ninth century: all of these having been printed at Venice and kindred places, after centuries of chrysalis-life in MS., almost as soon as printing was available; and this particular Photian Glossary having been re-edited here by Porson, and even called for, after Porson's death, later still, viz., in 1822. There was the *Lexicon of Suidas*, collected by him in the tenth century, and printed at Milan in 1499; remarkable for the plan, first used in it, of giving extracts from the poets and historians it explained to explain them better, and for thus widening considerably the already widening field of the lexicographical art. There was the dictionary, in the thirteenth century, of *John Balbus*, called *John of Genoa*; a Latin work extending to 700 pages folio, that has further notability from having been the first in type, Gutenberg himself having printed it at Mayence, in 1460. There was the dictionary, printed at Vicenza in 1483, of *Johannes Crestonus*, in Greek and Latin; both, also, a development. There was the Latin dictionary of *Calepino*, first printed at Reggio in 1502, and enjoying, like the Greek dictionary of Photius, continued re-editing down to the present century. But the expansion of the gloss-seed, as shown in all these instances, having reached the point at which there was recognition of the fact that the search for words was a distinct branch of letters, worthy of a special hand possessing special scholarly attainments, the period of English dictionaries has been touched, and the subject must have treatment assuming different proportions.

It will have been understood—up to this point, of course—that the aim of all the early word-works that have been enumerated was merely to give explanations of rare words, difficult words; words known, shortly, as “hard.” This continued.

English lexicographers, at this outset of their career, and for centuries, did not go beyond. They grew very pleasant, they were quaint, they were concentrated, they were rambling, delightful, either way; and they shall be their own exemplification.

The *Promptorium Parvulorum* heads the list; the *Little Expeditior*, or the *Little Discloser*, as it might (very freely) be translated. Alas, that it should be so small! That "hard" words were so scant then, it has such few pages that they can be run through in a moderate reading. Its style is to go from A to Z alphabetically, but to have its nouns in one list, its verbs in another; to give nothing but these nouns and verbs; and, being written in English first to help English students to Latin, it has no complementary half for those who, having a Latin word, wanted to turn it into English. "*Gredynesse of mete*," it says, "*Aviditas*. . . *Gredynesse in askynge*, *Procacitas*. *Fadyr and modyr yn one worde*, *Parens*. *False and deceyvable and yvel menynge*, *Versutis*, *Versipellis*. *Golet or Throte*, *Guttar*, *Gluma*, *Gola*. *Clepyn or Callyn*, *Voco*." Its date is 1440, about; it was written by a Norfolk man (as the preface tells); Richard Francis, think some; Galfridus Grammaticus, as is conjectured by others; it was first printed in 1499, appeared three or four times again when 1500 was just turned, and has had a careful reprint recently by the Camden Society, under the capable editing of Mr. Albert Way. Immediately succeeded, this, by the *Catholicon Anglicum*, dated 1483, but never in print till the Early English Text Society was granted the privilege of publishing it a very few years ago; by the *Medulla Grammaticæ*; by the *Ortus Vocabulorum* based upon it, and printed in 1500 (these being Latin); by Palsgrave's *Lesclaircissement de la Langue Francoyse*, printed in 1530; by Wyllyam Salesbury's *Dictionary in Englysche and Welshe*, printed in 1547; there came the English dictionary proper of Richard Huloet, that first went to the press in 1552. The edition of this by John Higgins, printed a few years later, is a

volume that is beautiful even by the standard of to-day. It is folio; generously thick; perfect in its neatness; its double columns are regularly arranged, with the headings B ante A, B ante E (the fair forerunner of the present mode BAB, BAC, etc.); and, intended to give English and Latin and French, it puts the English in black letter, the Latin in Roman, the French in italics; unless, indeed, the French is evidently not in Richard Huloet's knowledge, when Huloet calmly omits it altogether. Here is his manner:—

Apple, called Apple John, or Saint John's Apple, or a sweting, or an apple of paradise. *Malum, musteum, Melinelum, quod minimum durat celeriter-que mitescit. Pomme de paradis.*

Here again:—

Pickers, or thieves that go by into chambers, making as though they sought something. *Diætarii. Ulpian. Larrons qui montent jusques aux chambres, faisant semblant de chercher quelque chose.*

"For the better attayning of the knowledge of words," says this good Richard Huloet, "I went not to the common dictionaries only, but also to the authors themselves. . . . and finally, I wrate not in the whole booke one quyre without perusing and conference of many authors. . . . Wherefore, gentle reader, accept my paynes as thou wouldest others should (in like case) accept thine."

The "*Manipulus Vocabulorum*," written by Peter Levens in 1570, printed then, by Henrie Bynneman, in 77 leaves quarto, and reprinted a few years since, under the careful supervision of Mr. H. B. Wheatley, appeals quite as prettily to have its claims considered. "Some will say," writes Peter Levens, "that it is a superfluous and unnecessarie labor 'to set forth this Dictionarie, for so much as Maister Huloet hath sette forthe so worthie a worke of the same kinde already. But . . . his is great and costly, this is little and of light price; his for greter students and them that are richable to have it, this for beginners and them that are pooreable to have no better; his is ful of phrases and sentences fit for

them that use oration and oratorie, this is onely stuffed full of words." And there the words are: in English first, in Latin after; in double columns; and the English to rhyme, "for Scholers as used to write in English Meetre," thus:—Bande, Brande, Hande, Lande, Sande, Strande, etc., with the Latin for each at the side. Over the errata at the end Peter Levins writes, "Gentle Reader, amende these fautes escaped"; and the only wish to the modern reader is that there was more matter to read, even if it enforced the amendment of fautes indeed.

Contemporary with this, was a "Shorte Dictionarie in Latin and English verie profitable for yong Beginners," by J. Withals. It is a charming-looking little book, octavo, only half an inch thick, light and supple as a pocket-book, with its matter in double columns, the English first, and the "catch-words" of this still in black letter. Wynkyn de Worde printed it in its early editions, and it was printed again and again by others, down to 1599. "A Little Dictionarie for Children," says J. Withals, as a running title all along the pages of it; but he gives the puzzled little Elizabethan children no alphabet to guide them, and only divides his articles into what appears to him to be subjects. "The Times," he says, as a promising heading to one of these; then under it he puts such odd times as "A meete tyme, To sit a sunning, A fiede beginning to spring, A fiede beginning to wax greene," and so forth. In "Certaine Phrases for Children to use in familiar speeche," J. Withals is as quaint to the very end. "Away and be hanged!" he puts ready for his little Tudor schoolboys, rendering it "Abi hinc in malam rem." And, "I am scarselye mine owne man," "Vix sum apud me." *Evans.* What is fair, William? *Will.* Pulcher. *Evans.* What is lapis, William? *Will.* A stone. *Evans.* That is good, William." So it is; and in J. Withals may be seen the very manner of the acquisition of it.

John Baret, in 1573, most fitly joins and ornaments this

group. The title of his Dictionary is "An Alvearie" (a beehive); and he, in a manner sets out the developement of the Gloss, even from the area of his own experience. "About eyghteen years agone," he writes, "having pupils at Cambridge studious of the Latin tongue," they "perceyving what great trouble it was to come running to mee for every word they missed I appoynted them . . . every day to write English before ye Latin, and likewise to gather a number of fine phrases out of Cicero, Terence, Cæsar, Livie, etc., and to set them under severall tytles, for the more ready finding them againe at their neede" when as "within a yeare or two they had gathered togihter a great volume," he called them his diligent bees, and their great volume an alvæarie. It is curious, this, as being plain, though not unexpected, witness. So, also, does John Baret throw other curious light, and mark some progress. "A Goast" shows his method. Thus—

A Ghoast, an image in man's imagination. Spectrum, tri, n. g., Cic. Phantasme, vision. La semblence des choses que nostre pensee ha conceue;

in the Latin part of which there will be noted the first appearance of a declension and an authority. This attractive work began by being a triple Dictionary—English, Latin, French; and in later editions grew to a quadruple Dictionary, with Greek added. The French, however, as with Richard Huloet, is omitted again and again; and "as for Greeke," says John Baret himself, "I coulde not ioyn it with every Latin word, for lacke of fit Greeke letters, the printer not having leasure to provide the same!" And it is a confession far too pretty not to have this small resuscitation.

By these examples, French, Latin, Greek are proved to have been imperative to the home-life of (educated) mediævals; and "neat Italy"—for all that Rome, the heart of it, was somewhat out of favor—was not to be unrepresented by the Dictionary-makers under Elizabeth. John Florio, who was English except by extraction, who was teacher of French and Italian at Oxford, and, on the accession of James the First, ap-

pointed tutor to the poor Prince Henry, his son, published an Italian and English Dictionary in 1598. Italian first, he put, and put no more; but within ten years, Giovanni Torriano, a fellow-teacher and an Italian, in London, seeing (it may be supposed) the value of Baret's Latin and French and Greek lists—cumbrous and inefficient as they were—provided Florio's book with a second and better half, viz., English words first and Italian after, in the present full manner; thus bringing bi-lingual Dictionaries up to a standard from which, to be complete, there could be no departing any more.

"Lettere di scatola," says John Florio; letting him speak for himself, "or Lettere di spetiale, great letters, text characters, such as in Apothecaries' shops are written on their boxes that every man may read them afar off, and know what they contain: Used by Metaphor for to speak plainly, without fear." Also, John Florio gives column after column of Italian proverbs, of which here are two, both touching his craft:—

Le parole non s'infilzano—Words do not thriddle themselves.

I fatti son maschi, le parole son femine—Deeds are masculine, words are women.

A splendid volume by Cotgrave, a French and English Dictionary, folio, clean, exact, of most accurate printing, advanced to the three index letters at the head of each column, in the perfect form of to-day, was published in 1611. "A Bundle of Words," Cotgrave calls it, in a fatherly, fondling way, when asking Lord Burleigh, in his preface, to look upon it with favor. And he puts his errata at the very beginning, before ever he opens his bundle, because "I (who am no God, or angel) have caused such overslips as have yet occurred to mine eye or understanding, to be placed neere the forehead of this Verball Creature." The novelty in this "Verball Creature," or the stride made by it, is the grammar appended, with the French verbs conjugated in the manner still used to-day. Aller, says Cotgrave, in a mode bald enough; but his English explanation of the word is a glory. It says, "To goe, to walke, wend, march, pace, tread, proceed, journey, travell, depart,"

with forty or fifty picturesque illustrations, such as "Aller à S. Bezet, To rest in no place, continually to trot, gad, wander up and down;" such as "Tout le monde s'en va à la moustarde -- 'Tis common vulgar, Divulged all the world over (said of a booke), waste paper is made of it, mustard pots are stopped with it (so much the world esteems it)." This is a small sample, but it shows, amply, that the "Verball Creature" it is pulled from is a "Bundle of Words" that would bear much more unpacking and much more close overhauling.

Another genuine English Dictionary must be taken from the shelf now. It could scarcely present itself in more enticing guise. It is smaller even than Withals's Latin and English Dictionary was; it is thinner, narrower, more supple, more suited still to be one number of a Portable Library, and the one never likely to be left behind. Being English explaining English, this diminutive size seems curious—until there is consideration. It is that "hard" English words even in this day of John Bullokar, the author, were still few; that John Bullokar's columns and pages were consequently few, to match. "I open the significations of such words to the capacitie of the ignorant," he writes, writing from "my house at Chichester in Sussex, this 17 day of October, 1616." "It is familiar among best writers to usurp strange words" now; yet "I suppose withall their desire is that they should also be understoode, which I . . . have endeavored by this Booke, though not exquisitely, . . . to perform." Yet it is exquisitely performed. "A Girl," says the performer—in proof of his exquisiteness—"a Roe Bucke of two yeares"—for he is far too earnest in his desire for consistency to put any explanation to Girl except that which is very "hard" indeed. "Have a care," he says, too, warningly (and warningly, without a suspicion of it), "to search every word according to the true Orthography thereof; as for Phœnix in the letter P, not F; for Hypostaticall in Hy, not Hi." And he gives a note of Natural History (amidst some scores) that must be

turned to before his pages are closed and he is laid aside. A Crocodile, he says (after a column and a half of description of it) "will weepe over a man's head when he hath devoured the body and then wil eate up the head two. . . I saw once one of these beasts in London, brought thither dead, but in perfect forme, of about two yards long;" in which detail of personal experience he shows what was tolerated, and even expected, in a Dictionary in his time; and he gives what is, in this time, a very enriching flavor.

John Minsheu, first publishing in 1599, but appearing in his better known form in 1617, only one year after Bullokar, must here have his greeting. "Some have affirmed," he says captivately, at the very onset, "that a Dictionarie in a yeere might be gathered compleet enough. I answer that in conceit it may be;" and, conceit being far away enough from his own composition, his answer carries with it every satisfaction. So does his Dictionary. It was, again, like Cotgrave's, and Florio's, and Baret's, and "Master Huloet's," an immense work; folio. It marked more progress, too. It was the first book ever published in England that appended a list of subscribers; and in matters appertaining solely (as the foregoing does not) to Dictionary-growth, it was the first that tried to fix the derivation of words: that aimed at regulating their sounds by putting accents; that gave some chapters of connected Familiar Conversations, or scenes, hoping them to be "profitable to the learned and not unpleasant to any other reader."

His Dictionary was, mainly, to teach Spanish; the edition of 1597 has Spanish first (for there had been reasons, for a good many years in that 16th century, why Spanish should want compassing by the English; and there were reasons under James the First, when Minsheu went to the press again, that Spanish should be still well in courtly memory); so Minsheu says: "I accent every word in the whole Dictionary to cause the learner to pronounce it right, otherwise when he

speakeeth he shall not be understoode of the naturall Spaniard." "Lunch, or great piece," is his arrangement in his latter half, where he has English first, "*vide Zouja*." "A mer-Maide, *vide Serena*." "A Taunting Verse, *vide Satyra*." "A Tippling Gossip, *vide Bevedora*." This *vide* occurring at every one of the thousands of English words, without the art of book-making having advanced sufficiently for it to be seen that a note at the beginning of the division would have made such trouble and cost unnecessary.

A vastly different Dictionary was published by Henry Cockeram, in 1623. He thought that "Ladies and Gentlewomen, young schollers, clarkes, merchants, as also strangers of any nation," desirous of "a refined and elegant speech," would like an "Alphabetically and English Expositor" of "vulgar words," "mocke words," "fustian termes," "ridiculously used in our language," so that they might look into such an Expositor "to receive the exact and ample word to expresse" what they required. Accordingly, he tells them that Rude is vulgar, and Agresticall the choice word they ought to use for it, or Rusticall, Immorigerous, Rurall; also, that To Weede is vulgar, and the choice word To Sarcutate, To Diruncinate, To Averuncate; further, that to speak of To knocke one's legs in going, is vulgar; it should be called choicely To Interfeere. He puts down a "Glosse, a short exposition of any darke speech;" he makes his Glosse in the shape his period had worked it into, an Exposition of very dark speech indeed. His Natural History is quite on a level with what he had seen in Dictionaries before. "The Barble," he says, as a specimen, "a Fish that will not meddle with the baite untill with her taile shee have unhooked it from the hooke."

But Thomas Blount, of the Inner Temple, barrister, in another little octavo published in 1656, elbows this Henry Cockeram aside, and has good reason for clamoring for attention. He wrote his Dictionary, he said ("*Glossographia*" in the title), "for all such as desire to understand what they read," and to

save others from being, what he was, "often gravell'd." He had "gained a reasonable knowledge in the Latin and French," he declares, "and had a smattering of Greek and other Tongues;" uselessly, evidently; for these are some of the words he says are those that "gravell'd" him:—Basha, Seraglio, Turbant, the Salique Law, Daulphin, Escurial, Infanta, Sanbenito, Consul, Tribune, Obelisk, Vatican, Dictator. "Nay," he breaks out, "to that pass have we now arrived, that in London many of the tradesmen have new dialects: the Vintner will furnish you with Alicant, Tent, Sherbet, Coffee, Chocolate; the Tayler is ready to make you a Capouch, Rochet, or a Cloke of Drap de Berry; the Barber will modify your Beard into A la Manchini; the Haberdasher is ready to furnish you with a Cassok; the Semptress with a Crabbat and a Toylet." England had no Protectorate in respect of its English words, then, clearly—however carefully Cromwell might have been guarding English rights; and Puritanism found itself without a moment to spare to set a purist at the head of language.

Thomas Blount, however, has another claim, in dictionary history, for distinct mention. When his "Glossographia" was only two years old, namely in 1658, he received deep offense. Edward Phillips, the son of Anne Milton, Milton's sister, publishing a folio dictionary, the "New World of Words," made Blount bring up his guns to try and shiver it to pieces, thereby ushering warfare into lexicography; and, giving such life to it, it has broken out, on one score or another, at the publication of almost every dictionary since. Phillips copied out of Blount's little octavo wholesale; copying blunders and all, even to blunders of type, so that he stood there (in sheets, but not penitent) convicted. Many errors he made without copying, too; and simply for want of understanding; and for these, as well as the others, Blount pounces down upon him vigorously—Blount with all his quills high. He says, quoting Phillips, "Gallon (Spanish), a measure con-

taining two quarts. Our author had better omitted this word, since every alewife can contradict him." He says, quoting Phillips still, "Quaver, a measure of time in musick, being the half of a crotchet, as a crotchet the half of a quaver, a semiquaver, etc. What fustian is here! Just so, two is the half of four, and four the half of two; and semiquaver is explicated by a dumb, etc!" This suffices; anger not being a pleasing spectacle; nor inefficiency either. Besides Phillips acquired wisdom enough to correct his errors—about forty years after he had made them, and when poor Blount was dead!—and, as he did do this, it is but mercy now to—shut him up, and put him by.

Echoing about still, however, are adverse criticisms of this unpleasing roundhead, as another volume is taken down. "Phillips had neither skill, tools, nor materials," said the anonymous author of the "*Glossographia Anglicana Nova*," publishing it in 1707. It is not his book, however, on which the fingers fall. Space is getting miserably short; there are nearly two centuries of dictionaries yet to be accounted for; in the throng, many a folio, a quarto, an octavo must be passed untouched, and even unnamed, by; and this is one of them. Here is the bulky folio, though, the valuable folio, of Dr. Stephen Skinner; published in 1671, before Phillips had put on his sackcloth, and when Skinner, too, was indorsing the verdict that he ought to wear it. This must be handled for a moment, and have a little open spreading. It is a laborious etymological dictionary; large as full, full as large; it contains elaborate explanations of English words in Latin; it contains the etymologies of these words from the Latin, Greek, French, Anglo-Saxon, Italian, Spanish, Teutonic; with Minshew's derivations, and Spelman's derivations (as far as they existed), to compare; and it forms a whole that is a wonder, especially when it is considered that the author was in full practice in London as a physician, and died at the early age of forty-four. His manner was this:—

Platter : à Fr. Plat ; Hisp. Plato ; It. Piatto, Piatta ; Teut. Platte ; à Lat. Patina ; Gr.

omitted here, say, "for lacke of fit Greek letters, the printer not having leasure," etc. ; and omitting, likewise a long definition of what a plate is in Latin—the real language of the book. It was quite concise ; quite unornamented and undescanted upon ; just brief and sheer, straight up to the point ; and it was precisely because it was this, that it had such value. Especial literary interest, moreover, will never fade away from it. It was with Johnson in that lodging in Holborn, in that "handsome house in Gough Square, Fleet Street," in that "upper room fitted up like a counting-house" where he and his six copyists spent those nine years engaged upon his dictionary ; and nothing, up to that date, was in existence so suited to the purpose. In company with the "*Etymologicon Anglicanum*" of Junius, it gave Johnson his etymologies ready to his hand, and saved him several years of unpalatable labor.

Nathan Bailey, appearing in 1721, was a fixed auxiliary to Skinner, and has claims to notice yet more pressing. Reaching him (and skipping Coles, and Cocker, and Kersey, to do it—the which skipping is done ruefully, because of the rich provender they almost beg to be cropped away from them)—there can be a glance at once at Bailey's title. The "*Universal Etymological English Dictionary*," it is ; and in that word "Universal" is the sign that distinguishes it. Nathan Bailey had the genius to see that an art is no art that does not take in all sides of it ; that in his art there ought to be a representation of all words—easy, as well as "hard" ; "fustian," as well as euphuistic ; current, as well as those out of date, and being the first lexicographer who saw this, he was the first lexicographer to try and carry it out. His success was immense, and immediate. There were five editions of him ; there were ten editions of him ; there were fifteen ; there were twenty ; there were twenty-four. There were varieties of him, and many editions of each. At first he was octavo (but as broad in the back as he

ought to be), with wood-cuts—in which idea, also, he was an innovator—to show matter, such as heraldic coats, difficult to explain; then he was without the cuts, at the lowered price of 6s.; then he was in folio, in which commodious size he was the best help Johnson had of any. Having a folio copy interleaved, Johnson's notes were made on the blank sheets; and it stood, a secure and acknowledged foundation. The manner of Bailey, as shown in his work, overruns with character. "A cat may look at a king," he says, in black letters: proverbs being a part of his scheme, and his heart full in it: "This is a saucy proverb, generally made use of by pragmatical persons, who must needs be censuring their superiors, take things by the worst handle, and carry them beyond their bounds; for though peasants may look at and honor great men, patriots, and potentates, yet they are not to spit in their faces." "Sea-Unicorn, Unicorn-Whale," he says, in delightful continuation of his predecessors' Natural History; he being a thriving schoolmaster, and teaching only 150 years ago, let it be hinted: "A Fish eighteen foot long, having a head like a horse, and scales as big as a crown-piece, six large fins like the end of a galley-oar, and a horn issuing out of the forehead nine foot long, so sharp as to pierce the hardest bodies." Can it not be seen how ignorance at home ought not to be surprising, and how, when the schoolmaster went abroad, there was plenty for him to put down in his note-book?

And now, is there to be anything of Johnson? What has been said, has been said with little skill, if there is not clear understanding by now that he was, glaringly, wanted. Bailey was the standard, there must be firm recollection, and remained standard for thirty years. There was Dyche trying to run level paces with him, and a B. N. Defoe, and Sparrow, and Martin, and two or three known only by the name of their publishers—to have nothing here but this short enumeration there was even John Wesley. John Wesley's ideas of a Dictionary were such that he had the modesty to place him-

self only in duodecimo ; only in a hundred pages ; only with one column to a page ; with which circumstances, John Wesley's modesty ended. "The author assures you," he brags, "he thinks this the best English Dictionary in the world" ; and the sleek conceit of him (lexicographically) would almost show cause why he should not have place in serious business at all. "Many are the mistakes in all the other English Dictionaries which I have yet seen," he adds, "whereas I can truly say I know of none of this" ; and as he has thus pointed his finger at "mistakes"—at ignorance, his pointing is his passport, even if there were nothing more in it than the delicious manner in which it is done. But there is far more in it. For science was awakening, when Wesley was preaching—and writing a Dictionary. Cook was circumnavigating the globe ; Banks was laboring at his botany ; Solander was with them ; philosophy, on every hand, was drawing her robes around her, and taking philosophic shaping. With specimens, human and brute, being brought home from voyages triumphantly achieved, with drawings and measurements to show other objects not so conveniently preserved, it would no longer do to have Dictionaries, or say, Verbal Creatures, stuffed full of fins like galley-oars, of crocodiles' tears. Ignorant men, consulting these, became more ignorant ; scientific men, consulting them, could only turn from the columns and give—according to their temper—a laugh or a sneer. So Johnson had to be set to work. He was a scholar ; he was an academic ; he was a man of letters. His pen could run—circuitously, it is true, with overmuch of pomp ; but the bound of it had vigor ; its stateliness had caught the public eye. And a little knot of publishers, acutely seeing the commercial side of this, had interviews with him, negotiated with him, let him know that he was the man. Poor Johnson ! He had, he says in his preface, "the dreams of a poet" ; he was "doomed at last to wake a lexicographer" ! He wrote, having "little assistance of the learned.

and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow." Yes. His "Tetty" died during the nine years his Dictionary occupied him; he was not able during the nine years to remain in one home. He had to leave that lodging in Holborn, where he had six copyists sat in an upper chamber fitted up like a counting-house; he had to get another lodging in Gough Square. Worse than all, he "soon discovered that the bulk of my volumes would fright away the student; thus to the weariness of copying I was condemned to add the vexation of expunging"; and "I have not always executed my own scheme, or satisfied my own expectations"; and he had to collect materials by "fortuitous and unguided excursions into books," out of "the boundless chaos of living speech"; and he knew that "among unhappy mortals is the writer of Dictionaries, the slave of science, doomed only to remove rubbish," and that, though "every other author may aspire to praise, the lexicographer can only hope to escape reproach"! Yes. And let the sigh come out again, Poor Johnson! "Lexicographer," he writes, when he has worked up to that word in his two giant volumes—that are half a yard high, that are nearly a foot wide, that are nearly a finger thick, that weigh pounds and pounds—"Lexicographer"; and he puts to it the celebrated definition, "A writer of dictionaries; a harmless drudge that busies himself in tracing the original, and detailing the significance of words." And can it cause wonder? Leaving that, however, which was personal to Johnson, let notice be taken solely to Johnson's work. Attention must be called to that spelling of "dictionaries." It is an error crept in. It is an earnest of a thousand errors—and weaknesses, and omissions, and false notions, and unnecessary verbiage, and failure to hit—that also crept in, in spite of all the learning of Johnson, and all his research, and all his exhausting care. Able as he was, concentrated as

he could make himself, he could only go as far as the knowledge of his day had gone; he could only see as far as his human eyes would let him see. So he omits predilection, respectable, bulky, minetic, isolated, mimical, decompose, etc., of accident; he shall not put in, he says of purpose, such words as Socinian, Calvinist, Mahometan; as greenish, and the family of ish; as vileness, or any ending in ness; as dully, or any ending in ly; such are not wanted. John Ash, a close successor of his, and a very blundering copyer, as Phillips was of Blount, is received as a lexicographical joke always, because, whilst writing such things as "bihovac, rather an incorrect spelling for biovac," and for not giving the right word, bivouac, at all, he puts down "esoteric (adj.), an incorrect spelling for exoteric, which see." But Johnson had not esoteric or exoteric, either. Science had not advanced sufficiently to make those words required for her vocabulary; or else he forgot them. Johnson thought, also, it was philology to write down "exciseman, from excise and man"; and "feather-bed, from feather and bed"; and "looking-glass, from look and glass," and so forth. It seemed expedient to him, too, as an example, to say of network (after philologizing it very helpfully, from net and work), "anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections." It never occurred to him that reticulate and decussate, and interstice and intersection, would each one require as much searching for as network, and, being four words for one, would give four times the trouble. Then there was that class of definitions he would never consent to have expunged, of which excise is a well-known illustration. "Excise," he wrote, "a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid." After remarking which, Johnson's immense work, laden to the margins with its glorious quotations, has also to be hoisted up on to the shelf—taking a heavy lurch to do it,—and Johnson's work has, very reluctantly, to be let go.

He had successors of all sorts, in shoals, they have counted 20, 40, 60, 80, 100, and more. There was Buchanan—to touch one or two of the most notable, here and there. There was Johnston, particular in his pronunciation, and getting (for one) Sirrah pronounced Serra, whilst his contemporaries insisted it should be Sarra. There was Kenrick, the originator of the London Review, and the libeller of Garrick. There was Entick. There was Perry. There was Nares. There was Sheridan, telling his public to say Wen'z-da, and Skee-i, and Skee-i-lark, and Ghee-arden, and Ghee-ide, and so on ; he being sure of his position because he had read three or four hours a day to Swift, had heard Chesterfield and the Duke of Dorset speak, and knew pronunciation had been uniform in the time of Queen Anne, and had only been defaced by "the advent of a foreign family," viz., of course, the Hanoverian line. There was Walker, saying (on Sheridan's report), how Swift used to jeer the people who called the wind winn'd, by "I have a great minn'd to finn'd why you pronounce it winn'd," and how he was met by the retort, "If I may be so boold, I should be glad to be toold why you pronounce it goold." There was Scott. There was George Mason, raving about Johnson's "uniform monotony of bombast ;" his "ridiculous blunders" exceeding 4,300; his "numberless literary transgressions" ; his "culpable omissions" ; with his own splendid renunciation, on his own part, of the wish to "plunder poor Johnson of his multifarious literary infamy" ; with his ugly little phrase that "the Rambler in an article I should be most ashamed to own the penning of." There was Jodrell. There was Richardson, proclaiming Johnson's Dictionary "a failure, his first conceptions not commensurate to his task, and his subsequent performance not even approaching the measure of his original design" ; proclaiming himself—no !—saying, "he may be arraigned for a vainglorious estimate of himself," whilst it is quite clear he thinks too glorious an estimate every way impossible. There was Todd. There were Web-

ster and Worcester; American, both; remarkable, in their early days, for so much quarreling, that a hillock of pamphlets carried on the strife for months, setting down testimonials, anti-testimonials, advertisements, amounts of sales, narratives, etc.; and give opportunity to Dr. Worcester to say of some of Dr. Webster's words, "it has been my intention scrupulously to avoid them. . . . You coined them, or stamped them anew, to enrich or embellish the language. . . . They are Ammony, Bridegroom, Canail, Leland, Naivty, Nightmar, Prosopopy" (and more). . . . "I am willing that you should for ever have the entire and exclusive possession of them."

This is enough. There is conception by now, perhaps, of the mass of Dictionaries there is for the student to roam amongst; and the giddy bewilderment likely to come from the consultation of column after column of them, of page after page, of author after author pressing into notice by the lively score. It shall be concluded that this is so. What, then, will be the giddiness of bewilderment when there is the announcement, now, by way of conclusion, that there is no Dictionary of the English language in existence as yet at all? It will sound prodigious; it will sound stupendous; it will sound of the sort that will entail a reference to a Dictionary at once (any one will do; that one nearest at hand) to try and select a word that shall fitly express absurdity or the wildest intrepidity. Yet this will only be—until there is consideration. What—as a beginning of such consideration—have all these Dictionaries, into which there has been a peep, amounted to? There has been ignorance, in many, when they are touched on the score of utility (their *raison d'être*), not charm of reading; there has been superfluosness, there has been folly; there have been errors and omissions, and plagiarisms, and personal warpings, and irrelevant detail, that make up as curious a chapter in literary history as is anywhere to be found. And what, on the other hand—to consider more—is it clear by now what a Dictionary ought to be?

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The Philological Society, at the instigation of Archbishop (then Dean) Trench, so long ago as 1857, essayed to answer this question. Its members decided to sound, and dig, to lay deep and sure foundations, for a Dictionary that should include all English words, in all centuries, in all meanings, with a quotation to support each of these in each and every stage—a quotation, moreover, with book, chapter, and verse appended, that it might, for all time, be open to verification. They called upon all lovers of the English language to aid them in collecting these quotations from all English books. They appealed to all who were competent, and who felt the impulse to be more than mere collectors, to aid them in arranging these countless quotations; in combining them into word groups, and special sense groups, and chronological series, ready for an editor's manipulation. Then they saw that an editor, like a master architect, could build upon this broad and enduring foundation; could combine and harmonize, and complete all these conspiring efforts; could rear aloft upon them at length the fair fabric of the Dictionary that ought to be. It was a proud scheme. It would result in a complete history of each word, it was seen—and intended. The birth should be shown, the growth, the death—where death had come. Clearly, up to the date of the publication of such a Dictionary, the English language, without bias, would have representation through and through; also, after the date of such a publication, the further additions of further centuries to the English language would only need interpolation, in edition after edition, to let the complete representation evermore go on. But adverse circumstances arose: the first nominated editor—enthusiastic, brilliant, lovable—Herbert Coleridge, died. The shock to the nascent Dictionary was sharp and severe; and though Mr. Furnivall, zealous in forming the Early English Text Society, the Chaucer and other societies—founding them chiefly that the welfare of the Dictionary might be promoted—did all that was in his power

to keep the work heartily in hand, there came a chill to the warm spread of it and it almost burnt down. Happily this depression is past. It was only momentary, to lead to better energy and better consolidation; it was only till there had been sufficient recovery to look at the undertaking anew; and now that the Philological Society has secured the acceptance of its plan by the University of Oxford—has secured its execution at the cost and with the typographical resources of the University press—now that, in its late president, Dr. Murray, it possesses once more a master-builder especially competent to the mighty task, and willing to give his life to its completion, there can be no possible fear felt as to the result. At his call 800 volunteers have united their efforts to complete the gleaning and garnering in of quotations; at his call twenty scholars are lending their aid to rough-hew these into preparatory form, twenty more have placed their special knowledge at his service, in case of special need. The right spirit is in this method of attacking the subject, clearly. As a result, as much as two-thirds of the preliminary labor is announced as done. Further, twelve months hence Dr. Murray is in full hope that he will be able to present the first-fruits of work the seed of which, as has been seen, was sown a quarter of a century ago. And though all this, possibly, is too well known in literary circles, is attracting too much literary interest, to have made any reference necessary to it here, yet whilst among the Dictionaries, it would have been gauche—it would have been ungrateful—to have left it out.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

A strange and difficult life, and the production of much artwork in poetry and painting of which the merit has been fiercely debated, give interest of a peculiar kind to the story of William Blake. *Pictor Ignotus* he was styled years ago.

and to a portion of the public an unknown painter he still remains. Probably the amount of uncouth design of which he must perforce be accused, and the volume of incomprehensible verse in which he expressed a part of his aspirations, have largely contributed to delay the universal admission of success to the designs which are not uncouth and the verse which is not incomprehensible. The debate about the merits of William Blake has never been of a satisfactory kind. Some people have been too enthusiastic, and many have been too ignorant. We owe much, however, to the late Mr. Gilchrist, to Mr. Rossetti, Mr. Swinburne, and one or two writers who have yet more lately expressed themselves. None of these gentlemen are to be charged with the worst exaggerations. All are patient and sympathetic students to whom Blake's genius has opened itself—Mr. Gilchrist undoubtedly foremost among them, and always the chief. And indeed there are few persons who can take up the study of Blake—his life and his poetry still more than his design—without submitting in some sort to a spell, a fascination, such as Blake personally exercised upon the best of those who came near to him in the flesh. Probably the strongest proof of Blake's genius—despite his many deficiencies and his occasional wildness—is to be found in the inevitableness of the charm he exercises over all minds that are not quite hopelessly commonplace. To know Blake is to be glad to be with him. To know a little of his designs and nothing of his life and of his poetry, may perhaps be to deride and undervalue him. But a more complete knowledge of him, and of the various ways in which his spirit was manifested, brings about the rare joy that it is proper to feel in presence of a sweet nature and of a high mind.

The essential unworldliness of Blake is one of the most interesting of his characteristics; he was unworldly, not in the sense of the theologian who is more occupied with points of doctrine than with the facts of life, but as one upon whom

the deepest facts of life have a strong hold—as one who is in love with Nature, and with beauty wherever it is seen, who values and delights in the simplicity of children, appreciates entirely the matters of sex, and because he is wiser than clever men is himself as simple as a child. His unworldliness was of the kind that sees toward the bottom of things, through the appearance of things. His long brooding meditation had deeper results than the surface observation with which many painters and writers must needs be content. He watched and considered, now with sweetness and now with indignation, men's chequered destiny. In his mind, in the end, it was the sweetness that triumphed. He lived obscure and died in indigence—was born over a shop in Broad Street, Golden Square, and died, an old man in a mean court out of the Strand. In his age, and in his poverty, and in his experience that the world had brought him few of its recognized goods, he could yet say to a child, as his blessing, "May God make this world as beautiful to you as it has been to me." So much was his own life, as has been well said, "instinctive and wholly interior"—so faithful was he to a conception of life untainted by the bitterness of evil chance.

The Broad Street, Golden Square, of Blake's childhood—the middle of the last century, for he was born in 1757—was not quite so dull a place in which first to see the light as it would be now. For the neighborhood has greatly fallen. Mr. Gilchrist—who must have had much of that rare love of imaginative men for cities and the associations of cities—has properly reminded us that the Golden Square neighborhood, the neighborhood immediately east of what is now the lower part of Regent Street, and yet immediately west of Soho proper, held social status at least equal to the Cavendish Square neighborhood of our own day. Wardour Street, the busy manufactory of new old furniture; Poland Street, with its small printing-offices, its coffee-houses, its dwellings apportioned in many tenements to the lodgings of theatrical

artists not yet celebrated and of dressmakers never to be in vogue; Golden Square, itself, with its one or two foreign hotels, its minor hospital, its mansion devoted to the book-binder or the fencing-master, all this was then fairly "fashionable," if not precisely "aristocratic." And Broad Street, like the Whigmore Street, or the Mount Street, or North Audley Street, of to-day, was a street chiefly of good shops, varied by a few private houses, instead of the decayed if spacious thoroughfare which we see at present, where a barber who occasionally sells a cheap violin to a member of the royalty or of the Princess's orchestra, has a shop next to that of a furniture dealer's at which you pick up brass fenders bought at country sales, and where next again comes the French washerwoman's—the blanchisseuse de fin—whose apprentices are ironing delicate linen in the open room as you pass by. Thus, though Blake's first associations were prosaic—since he was a draper's son—they were not sordid nor mean.

It is strange, however, to think of the wonderful artist and poet, the man of high imagination, brought up among even these surroundings. A poetic spirit of weaker quality would have found itself crushed by them. On Blake they had no effect, for it was in the main truly that in his maturest years, he was able to write, "I assert for myself that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance and not action." Where other people saw the sun rise—a round disk like a guinea—Blake saw "an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying holy! holy! holy!"—and praising God—not indeed for Broad Street, Golden Square—but for the wealth of Nature and beauty that were so much outside of it.

But Blake's pre-occupation with spiritual matters, with the lasting essentials of life, did not prevent him from observing keenly the people he met, and from judging their characters with a rapid correctness which belongs only to the man of the world, and to the deeper man of the world, a great poet. A story of his boyhood confirms us in this belief. He was four-

teen years old when it was finally decided that he should be educated as a professional engraver, and it was at first proposed that a quite noted engraver of the day, one Ryland, should become his master. Father and son went to Ryland's work-room, to see the engraver at work. "I do not like the man's face," said William Blake to his parent, on coming away; "it looks as if he will live to be hanged." Twelve years afterward, the then prosperous engraver fell into evil ways—committed a forgery—and was hung as the boy had predicted. Blake's dislike to Ryland's countenance had had the effect of causing his father to seek some other master. The one selected was James Basire, the most distinguished member of a family of engravers, a man whose sterling but necessarily uninspired work is worthy even nowadays of quite as much respect as it receives. It is amusing to remember how Blake, affectionate and ardent, earnestly upheld it long after he had ceased to be Basire's pupil. For him, Basire's name was the symbol of all that was good in recent engraving, and the more popular Wollett's the symbol of all that was bad. Of course Blake's zeal outstepped his judgment here; the real beauty of William Wollett's work, obtained by delicate observation and patient hand, no one who is removed from the controversies of the moment will care to gainsay. Masters of classic grace and of elegant pastoral—masters like Berghem, Claude, and Richard Wilson—he was born to interpret. But Blake said that Wollett did not know how to grind his graver; did not know how to put so much labor into a hand or foot as Basire did; did not know how to draw the leaf of a tree. "All his study was clean strokes and mossy tints."

At James Basire's, in Great Queen Street, nearly opposite Freemasons' Tavern, young William Blake's prentice-hand began to grow into the hand of a master. Also he was sent into Westminster Abbey and various old churches to make drawings from the monuments and buildings, which Basire was employed by Gough, the antiquary, to engrave, "a circum-

stance he always mentioned with gratitude to Basire," and one which, as Blake's best biographer has rightly discerned, was much adapted to foster the romantic turn of his imagination, and to strengthen his natural affinities for the spiritual in art. The character of Blake was fast developing: there were seen already those many-sided sympathies with art which made him engraver, painter and poet. The task of the engraver, however artistic an one, was too slow and too little spontaneous to content Blake wholly. A copyist, even of the most intelligent and learned kind, he was not satisfied always to remain. He would not only reproduce—he must directly create. And so we come upon the first of his inventions in design and upon the first of his poems. In both, with whatever faults of execution, he showed himself original; but at first, perhaps, more particularly in poetry. The poetry of Nature and of natural sentiment, that a generation or two later was too sweep all other poetical effort away, had then hardly begun in England. Blake composed his earlier verses years before Burns addressed the public of Cilmarnock; years before William Cowper, Esquire, of the Middle Temple, had issued his "Poems"—still longer before the "Lyrical Ballads" which, in 1798, Cottle, the Bristol bookseller, gave to but few readers, had proceeded from the close association and friendship of Wordsworth and Coleridge.

A freedom of natural sentiment was in these earliest poems of Blake's—a happy and inspired carelessness as to the way the thing was said, if only the feeling at the bottom of all did get itself expressed—very remarkable indeed in a generation which had for its models poetry quite obviously artificial, poetry in which thin thought and shallow feeling were wrought into fineness of phrase. But yet these earliest poems are not the poems by which Blake secures his immortality. They are not the poems which thoughtful and tasteful folk will most care about, nor are they the obscure if profound work which, as days went on, Blake himself, it may be, got to consider

his highest productions. A little time had yet to pass before Blake's poetic genius found full expression—before there came to him both the best theme and the artless art to treat it. He had to pass through this period of studentship at the newly formed Royal Academy, he had to be a lover and he had to be an independent artist, before his mind was ready with the "Songs of Innocence," or could be delivered later of the "Songs of Experience."

Blake's marriage was a marriage of consolation. He had thought himself in love—he had perhaps been actually in love—with that mysterious being whom the sentimental dramatist and the sentimental novel-writer described as "another." And "another" had been careless about the young painter and poet; "another" had been obdurate and unkind. Having suffered his addresses for a certain season—having talked and walked with him in unconventional ways which bred great hopefulness in his mind—she suddenly tired of it. And the young lover was left, not pining in silence, but somewhat loudly lamenting. A girl, who was more of a bystander than an acquaintance, said very frankly, that she "pitied him from the bottom of her heart," and William Blake began to love her for her pity, and she accepted his love. Catharine Sophia Boucher, born of humble parents in the then remote suburb of Battersea, was a good-looking brunette, with a fine figure, with industrious hands, an active mind, and little or no education. She could not sign her name in the parish register kept at Battersea church, where she and Blake were married; but she was capable of learning, and for many long years after he first met her—from his youth to the time of his old age, when she alone watched by him in his last moments—she was a pleasure and a help to Blake. A little of the spirit of the artist seems to have been in her. As time went on, she was found capable of making a very few designs in the Blake manner, and both during Blake's life, and, we suppose, after his death, she colored some of the prints which he published

—if almost private issue can be called publication—along with his poems. She did not, it is true, color them very well, and the Blake collector likes to have his copies colored by the more skilled hand of the original inventor; but still she seconded him to the best of her powers—had always a wise interest in her husband's work, and a full belief in him.

Employed to engrave designs after Stothard and others in the Wits' Magazine—which was by no means a wholly comic miscellany, but politely intended rather for people who had wits than for witty people—Blake fell into various employment. In 1784 he made his second appearance as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and in the following year he likewise exhibited. His father was now dead, but Blake was living in the street of his birth—Broad Street—in partnership for a time with one Parker, as it seemed necessary to be print-seller as well as artist. Parker and he disagreed—the partnership was dissolved—and Blake moved a short way from Broad Street, to Poland Street, near the top on the eastern side. He was very poorly off, and Mrs. Blake, in household matters, had to practice the severest economy. There had already long been evident much in Blake's character that was incompatible with the attainment of material success.

The man who on the death of his brother Robert, whom he had greatly loved, had been able to declare that that brother's spirit, loth at first to leave the earth, had at length clapped its hands for peaceful joy at departure, as it passed upwards through the ceiling, was a man whose imagination was not likely to be of the kind admired by the ordinary picture buyer. That indeed was the crazy side of Blake—a craziness absolutely harmless except as far as concerns the material prospects of the person who is a prey to it—but such occasional craziness in Blake was inseparably united to the fineness of his imagination. The force of his vision of spiritual things brought with it, almost as a necessity, these fancies, and both incapacitated him for popular work. Both would

have told against him perhaps at any time, but never more decidedly and surely than in the latter half of the eighteenth century, when intellect was constantly skeptical and hardly at all imaginative—when there was the least disposition and the least ability to make allowance for the vagaries of a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams.

Unencouraged then, and uncommissioned, by the public—thus far in the cold and dark of general neglect—the simple man set himself to the accomplishment of a congenial task, and the “Songs of Innocence” were gradually written and furnished with their appropriate designs. Of late years “Songs of Innocence” have been given to the public in the form of common print, like the work of every other poet, who has written and published, since printing was known. But it was not so that Blake sought to present his poems to that limited world for which alone he expected to cater. He laboriously engraved the verses, as he engraved the designs, and the ornamental borders, and having printed it all off—picture, verse, and ornamental border—he set himself, as copies were wanted for sale, to fill in the picture and the border with wash and stroke of color, and this plan, first conceived for the “Songs of Innocence,” he adhered to throughout his life. The pecuniary reward of such a plan was not necessarily so slight as in Blake’s experience it turned out to be. A painter-poet of our own day could make it yield a sufficient harvest of money, if he tried. Curiosity would be roused about it; there would be ecstatic brethren to sing its praises in society; it would be written about in the weekly newspapers—especially if it were not going to be exhibited. But with Blake, the presence of these beautiful designs—their outlines printed indeed, but their colors filled in by hand, so that no two copies could be alike—with Blake, the presence of these beautiful designs did not so greatly enhance the price of the verse. Whoever chose to buy the wonderful work could buy it at a price that was absolutely insignificant.

Moreover, the demand for it was always limited, though it never quite ceased. In each department of Art that Blake essayed in the "Songs of Innocence," he was without doubt triumphant. He made homely and beautiful designs, poems which in their order of merit are yet more unique than the drawings, and in the treatment of the ornamental borders he showed himself a fine decorative artist. There is present in the designs, as we know them by the necessarily uncolored examples in Gilchrist's "Life," something that is common to a group of eighteenth century artists, and much that is only Blake's. Fuseli said that Blake was good to steal from. Blake, later in his life, charged Stothard with stealing from him in "The Canterbury Pilgrims;" and with many of Blake's other designs Stothard's have much affinity. In both men's work there is apparent the easy and simple grace in movement and costume which belonged to the end of the eighteenth century, and which—often, however, with some touch of the masquerade—is with us again to-day. To those who do not know Blake himself, to say that the grouping of figures in the simple costume of the period very slightly idealized, very slightly classicized—as in the "Echoing Green" for instance—is Stothard-like, is to convey a first general idea. But in such a drawing as that of "The Lamb," wherein a naked child extends his arms, welcomingly, to creatures made and loved like himself by God (for that is the moral of the poem), it is a pure naturalist who conceives the situation and expresses it in line—his only reminiscences being, seemingly, of Florentine art. In the landscape, too, whether it be the thatched roof of the cattle shed, or the thick-spreading elm tree, or the bit of bending willow, there is more of naturalism than would have been quite acceptable to the orderly art of Stothard. And with all appreciation of Stothard's art—of its more constant suavity, its greater general correctness—we are bound to hold it, in its rendering of the gesture of the figure, less expressive than Blake's. It is more occupied with an ex-

ternal grace. There is less emotion in it. The designs for the "Songs of Experience," that after some lapse of years followed the earlier series, are—as fitting accompaniments to the poems themselves—at once bolder and more obscure, with figures of gesture more fearful or more enraptured, with a passionate abandonment, never sought for, and never wanted, in the "Songs of Innocence."

And now we have come to the brief consideration of these two collections of poems. The two collections of designs may be considered apart, but the poems must be considered together. The mood in each collection is so different, yet it is the same nature that is at bottom of the passing mood.

The "Songs of Innocence" were written when the young manhood of Blake, filled with the joy of his work, had hardly realized how much of failure there was in the world—still less how much of failure was coming to him. In the "Songs of Innocence" the spiritual man entered into the heart of a child, and sang, in joyous temper, of the life of children in country and town. The "Echoing Green" is a piece of delightful music made to celebrate the pleasures of the place where village children make holiday. "Holy Thursday" sings pleasantly and touchingly about the charity children at St. Paul's. The introduction to the series—the poem beginning "Piping down the valleys wild"—tells by an allegory how Blake was singing for children and for those who cared for them: a piper, he says, was piping to a child, and the child made him repeat his tune, and "sing his songs of happy cheer," and told him finally, in sign of satisfaction, that he must sit him down and write, "in a book that all may read." "So he vanished from my side," says William Blake, in the character of the piper,—

So he vanished from my side,
And I plucked a hollow reed,
And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

The "Songs of Experience" were written only a few years after, but in a temper widely different. It would be particularly interesting if some one of the few people who know Blake profoundly and minutely, and who have derived a part of their knowledge from old men still living who came into intimate contact with him—John Linnell is one of these—it would be interesting, we say, if some one so qualified would tell us what brought in so comparatively short a time a change of temper so complete. The problem is one which Mr. Gilchrist's admirable book does not absolutely solve. Blake himself must have been conscious of the thoroughness of the change—conscious too, as we have declared before, that the same nature lay behind the varying moods. For by a method particular to himself he may almost be said to have called attention to the change—to have emphasized the difference. To begin with, his very titles establish a sort of antithesis between "Innocence" and "Experience." Clearly the one is to be contrasted with the other. Again, at least two of the separate poems have their titles repeated; the title of something in the first publication is found again in the second. "The Chimney Sweeper" and "Holy Thursday" are the cases in point. Both are poems of the city, and naturally so; for, first, the country never suggested the contrasts which are here in question, and, secondly, the "Songs of Experience" are little occupied with the country at all. The "Chimney Sweeper," as we find it in the two volumes, presents the contrast most sharply; from the allegro of the first song we proceed suddenly to a depth "deeper than ever the andante dived." The first tells of a little boy—one Tom Dacre—who

cried when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved,

and to whom the speaker, a little boy sweep also, spoke reassuringly:

And so he was quiet, and that very night
As Tom was a-sleeping he had such a sight;
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel who had a bright key,
 And he opened the coffins and set them all free ;
 Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they run,
 And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

And the angel speaks very hopefully to the chimney sweeper, telling him chiefly that if he were a good boy he would have "God for his father, and never want joy." The two promises expressed Blake's conception of heaven; the sense of the reality of the first was constantly with him.

Now, "The Chimney Sweeper" in "Songs of Experience," breaks in upon this innocent peace. Even the little child, who speaks in the poem, catches the shadow of the writer's gloom. He says that his father and his mother are gone up to the church to pray, having taken him from the heath where he was happy, to make him the little black slave of his master. They clothed him in "the clothes of death," and by the hard fate to which they condemned him, they taught him to "sing the notes of woe." Somehow, as Blake so subtly saw, the youth of his spirit asserted itself. They could not quite crush out of him his childhood and its instinctive joy. But they had done their worst, and there was the bitterness of it.

And because I am happy and dance and sing,
 They think they have done me no injury,
 And are gone to praise God and his Priest and King,
 Who make up a heaven of our misery.

In the two "Holy Thursdays," again, two different views are taken of the lives of children. The one is the view suggested to an easily-satisfied man by the spectacle of the charity children under the dome of St. Paul's. He sees, complacently, "their innocent faces clean." They are to him "these flowers of London town." To him they have "a radiance all their own." But in the second "Holy Thursday" Blake wants to know whether it is "a holy thing" to see, in a rich and fruitful land, "babes reduced to misery"?

Is that trembling cry a song,
 Can it be a song of joy,
 And so many children poor
 It is a land of poverty.

And the moral, to the poet, still simple in his bitterness, is that things are very wrong :

For where'er the sun does shine
And where'er the rain does fall,
Babes should never hunger there,
Nor poverty the mind appal.

Having stated which truth, or truism, in his strongest poet's way, and so done his part, he ends—leaving the matter to the political economists, who, as it would appear, have not, during these hundred years, succeeded in settling it.

But the strongest and most passionate note uttered in "Songs of Experience" is one which is uttered only there, and there only once. It is in the poem which he calls simply "London"—in it, before his mental eye, the evils of the town are concentrated, are brought to a focus. It seems that as he walks in London the faces that he sees make him wretched. His view, however it may be morbid and exaggerated, shows at all events one side of a truth—he sees, in every face he meets, "marks of weakness, marks of woe." There is something sad to him in "the cry of every man"—the infant's, the chimney sweep's, the ill-fated soldier's. But most it is a woman's cry that strikes upon his spiritual ear.

Most through midnight streets I hear
How the youthful harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,
And blights with plagues the marriage hearse.

His feeling here has waxed too strong for his power of expression. He is so intense that he becomes obscure. But his obscurity with his volume of passion, is worth, many times over, the lucid mediocrity of less inspired bards.

Perhaps we have now succeeded—as far as brevity allowed—in making clear to some the order of beauty, both of design and of song, which is to be found, if it is properly sought, in the finest works of Blake—in the things by which he will certainly live. That is what we wanted to do. In other places it is easy and convenient to find accounts of his later and more voluminous writings, of his more ambitious designs;

such a great series as that, for instance, which he executed for the "Night Thoughts" of Young; such poems of his own as those included under the name of the "Prophetic Books," some of them strange visions and strange prophecies, which we take to be more curious than finally satisfactory.

To return, with however short a treatment, to the story of his outward life. He lived long in Lambeth after he was in Broad Street, Hercules Buildings, the abode, if we mistake not, of another neglected genius, the Triplet of "Masks and Faces." Hayley, the biographer of Romney, and himself quite a considerable poet in his own day—people estimated him, of course, a good deal by his riches and by the excellence of his country house. Hayley encouraged Blake for awhile, and induced him to remove to Felpham in Sussex, at the foot of that Sussex Down country which Copley Fielding afterwards painted, and which Mr. Hine, in our own day, is painting with even more wonderful subtlety. Hayley lived in that country-side—had the good house of the district—it was there that the too frequent painter of the "Divine Emma" came on his annual visit. And Hayley gave Blake commissions, during Blake's residence there. But at length the almost inevitable fussiness of a wealthy dilettante of absolute leisure began to annoy Blake very much—began to disturb and to thwart him. He wrote to London friends that he felt bound to return. He looked for the day of his deliverance, and at last it came. In London, at that period, Mr. Butts was his best patron: the friendly and always business-like purchaser of so many of Blake's designs. Interesting accounts between them are furnished in Mrs. Gilchrist's new edition of her husband's book.

Returning to town, and living long in South Molton Street, Blake was associated more or less with Flaxman and Stothard; he was considerably wronged, it seems, by Cromek; and he had the faithful friendship of John Linnell. Linnell lived then at a remote farmhouse on the far side of Hampstead, and there Blake used very often to visit him, unbending, giving

himself out in genial chat. It must have seemed pretty clear to the poet by that time that no wide popularity was coming to his verses—that no great prices, such as the most impudent of incapacity cheerfully asks in our own day, were ever to be got for his pictures. But he, and his wife with him, went contentedly on—she, believing altogether in her husband; he, believing altogether in the paramount importance of his spiritual world, the comparative insignificance of material things. Poverty closed round him. He had no studio rich with the spoils of the East and of Italy, and adroitly enhancing to the innocent purchaser the value of all work done in it. He had now a few bareish rooms in Fountain Court, out of the Strand. There ill health and enfeebled age fell upon him. He engraved what plates he could—realized what inventions he could—sometimes even when confined not only to his rooms, but to his bed. Getting out, now and again, he fetches his own beer from some public-house at the corner—meets, under those circumstances, an artist who is just sufficiently celebrated to be careful with whom he is seen, and not exalted enough to be indifferent to what may be thought of the company he chooses to keep. And the just sufficiently celebrated artist does not, under those circumstances, think it prudent to speak to him. Blake goes home, only a little amused by the incident, to the rooms in Fountain Court.

There he was known by, amongst other artists, an artist then quite young, and now venerable, Samuel Palmer. Mr. Gilchrist wanted Mr. Samuel Palmer's impression of Blake, and in a very graphic, touching, and significant letter, Mr. Palmer gave it. This is how he concludes:—

He was one of the few to be met with in our passage through life who are not in some way or other "double minded" and inconsistent with themselves; one of the very few who cannot be depressed by neglect, and to whose name rank and station could add no luster. Moving apart, in a sphere above the attraction of worldly honors, he did not accept greatness, but confer it. He ennobled poverty, and by his conversation and the influence of his genius, made two small rooms in Fountain Court more attractive than the threshold of princes.

Such is the testimony of one who knew him—of one who

was able to appreciate him—was William Blake. And so died on the 12th of August, 1827, watched chiefly by his wife, the great inventor, the seer of visions so powerfully and so terribly direct, engaged at the last in "composing and uttering songs to his Maker." His wife, Catherine, thought them so beautiful that the poor old man had need to tell her his belief, that they were not his songs; he was but the instrument that uttered them. A lowly neighbor who went away when the old man had finally sunk, declared that she had been at the death of an angel. Was there then, in that humble room, any vision to gladden him like to his own most beautiful and most impressive design, "the Morning Stars singing for joy"—the expression of an aspiration of his life, at last, after long years, to be realized?

FREDERICK WEDMORE, in Temple Bar.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

It is constantly said that frontiers have ceased to exist, that oceans are bridged over, that steam and electricity have annihilated distance, and that every throb of the great human machine reverberates in both hemispheres. If this is true in matters political, financial or commercial, how much more in the domain of imagination, science and art!—for we hail with fresh interest every new effort, triumph or discovery, irrespective of the accident of its birth. It is, therefore, no wonder that we Europeans instantly responded to the double attraction exercised by so gifted an author as Mr. Bret Harte, when in his writings he not only gratified our taste for the beautiful, but likewise that innate craving of every mind for new scenes, new characters, and new emotions.

Quite lately a new and complete edition of his works,* classified and revised by himself, has enabled the public to

* The Complete Works of Bret Harte, collected and revised by the author. 5 vols., Chatto & Windus.

appreciate the fertility of his talent both as an author and a poet, and to judge of his labors as a whole; while until now they had only drifted to us in the shape of contributions to magazines or isolated volumes.

When, about fourteen years ago, the name of Bret Harte first became known in Europe, his reputation was made, and we accepted it without protest, although it burst upon us as suddenly as we are told it blossomed full-grown in his native land, the United States. In his literary career he seems to have met none of the discouraging rebuffs which so often chill the efforts of beginners; he did not linger with wavering and timid footsteps on the uphill road where so many slowly and tardily achieve success. The young author grasped his pen with no hesitating fingers, and before it was generally known that a new aspirant to literary honors had entered the lists, these honors were his, and he was proclaimed a master without ever having been a pupil. We do not mean to say that the critics did not fasten their fangs on some of his contributions, but they only added to his popularity by creating around his name that notoriety which is like the baptism of fire to the untried soldier. Through the whole of America and Europe his "Tales of the Argonauts," "Eastern Sketches," "National Poems," "Spanish Idyls," were favorably received and promptly translated. They brought to the blase reader a fresh and racy element, impelling at the same time the conviction that truth lurked under those seemingly fantastic pictures of the Far West; of those Californian shores which have been the dream of so many, the goal of a few; the unknown land of golden hopes, of ardent ambitions, and too often, alas! of deadly disappointment.

Bret Harte wrote of things he had seen, of men he had known; wrote, as is so rarely done, of what he had felt or experienced. They cannot be all creatures of his imagination, those lawless miners, unscrupulous gamblers, hardy adventurers, or hungry emigrants, uniting the strongest pow-

ers of endurance, the most heroic fortitude, to the degrading passions of the brute, and the sanguinary vindictiveness of bandits, who acknowledge no master, no law, no God. With a keen eye, a searching scrutiny, he seizes and retains every feature, every salient tone of the story he relates; he paints the *mise en scene* in short but powerful and graphic sketches: a few words only and before our mind's eye pass the desolate Sierra, the rushing torrent, the snowy peak, the dilapidated shanty, the dark and lonely road. . . . When the actors appear they are living men and women, not puppets; their mirth is riotous, their manners are rough, their passions fierce, but the warm blood courses through their veins, and now and then leaps to their brow. Whatever their failings, their vices, or their crimes, they always remain faithful to their nature and individuality, and move in perfect harmony with the surroundings in which they are framed.

It has been said that, judging Bret Harte from the majority of his writings, it may be gathered that he has on the whole a poor opinion of humanity; that in his genius there is a satirical not to say cynical vein, which leads him ever to select for his subjects the seamy side, to dwell more on what is wrong than on what is right, and with disdainful impartiality to reserve alike his blame and his approval. We doubt it; but should it be true, and should it be a fault, it would lay perhaps less in the judgment which he withholds, than in the nature of the society which he portrays, and to which he owes his unparalleled originality. His artistic tact tells him that there is a wider field for his peculiarly happy and genuine mode of expression, when his models are chosen from a time when men were untrammelled by opinion, when might was right, when the local coloring was crude and vivid, rather than from those later days when undaunted perseverance and rare energy had achieved the miraculously rapid transformation of California into a civilized community instead of a lawless gathering of gold-seekers, the scum of other nations

united by the lust of the glittering dust, and ever divided by murderous thoughts of greed and rapine. Who would blame Bret Harte for preferring the picturesque ruffian, the Spanish colonist, the wild Irishman, to the refined commonplace successors of those first explorers of the young country? He does not pretend, and does not care, to introduce them otherwise than as they really are; but then he possesses the priceless gift of seeing the silver lining to the darkest cloud; he knows the "open sesame" to locked hearts; he can win a smile from sullen lips, a glance from proud, defiant eyes; he can strike the spark of feeling even in the most degraded of human beings. If he does select his heroines from among the least favored of their sex, plain to ugliness, uncouth, repellent, sinned against or sinning, crushed out of all semblance of what is lovable in women—what matter? Out of some hidden source of kindness in his own heart he with subtle touch suddenly elicits an unexpected burst of devotion, self-sacrifice, love, or passion, which at once places the poor lost wretch on as high a moral ground as her more immaculate sisters. It is the same with his male characters. He takes the rudest life, the most lowering associations; he places in their midst a man devoid of moral sense or common honor, committing crimes without hesitation or remorse, and lo! that man also places his foot on the road of Damascus; a light bursts upon him—the touch of baby fingers, a woman's tears, a comrade's dying words—and with the same dogged listlessness, heaven alone counting the cost, he gives away his hopes or his life, perchance as unconscious of being a martyr and a hero as he was of having been an outlaw.

Have you seen Edwin Booth, the admirable American tragedian, the intelligent interpreter of Shakespeare, act *King Lear*? On the storm-beaten heath, warring alike with the elements and his own growing madness, the actor has a gesture of unspeakable pathos when, with what appears unconscious tenderness, he draws his royal cloak around the s

ering form of the boy buffoon sobbing at his knee. It is the same spirit of innate, almost involuntary, kindness which seems to prompt Bret Harte to claim—nay, to compel—our pity and our interests for the outcasts of civilization, the bankrupts in happiness and virtue, disinherited from their cradle of all that makes life worth living.

In biographies of the American novelist it has been implied that he himself belonged to the wild race of adventurers he appears to know so well, and that, born on the lowest rungs of the social ladder, he rose by his own exertions to the position he now fills. It is, however, impossible to be acquainted with Mr. Bret Harte without being at once convinced of what is, indeed, the fact—that he comes from a good stock; that his early surroundings were both intellectual and refined; and that, whatever may have been the associates of his youth and manhood, he must as a child have learned at his mother's knee those lessons of tact, gentle breeding, and perfect manners which can never be forgotten.

He did not enrich his country with the labors of his pen alone. During the troubled times of the war of secession he served on the frontier, and later on was appointed secretary of the mint. His military career, though brief, was eminently successful. Among us he is deservedly liked and admired, and receives the same cordial reception in the circles where his literary and conversational powers are appreciated, as from those who in barrack or garrison hail him as a fellow soldier.

For a time he was consul for the United States at Crefeld, near Dusseldorf; he was not very long ago transferred in the same capacity to Glasgow, leaving many regrets and many friends behind him. There is little doubt, however, that he must soon be called to fill a more important post. In this short notice we do not dwell on facts so universally known as his busy editorship of the *Overland Monthly*, and Professorship of *Belles Lettres* at the University of California

It seems almost presumptuous to give pre-eminence to any particular selection from among Bret Harte's works; still, we own to a preference for some of the shorter sketches and minor poems. Among the latter there are a few lines called "What the Wolf really said to Little Red Riding Hood," which are unrivaled for grace, simplicity, and delicacy of intention. It seems barely credible that the pen which wrote "Relieving Guard," "What the Bullet Sang," "Fate," with their stern, forcible, dramatic depth, could change to such idyllic tenderness.

"The Luck of Roaring Camp" is commonly called the most perfect of all the Californian tales. It truly deserves its world-wide popularity, but we confess to a partiality for two others equally rich in pathos, feeling, and humor, and which possess a strangely captivating charm: "Tennessee's Partner," the story of a love passing the love of woman, true unto death and beyond death; and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," where two women who should never have met—one because so pure, the other because so lost—die in each other's arms, all unconscious of their great disparity, wrapped in the white icy mantle of snow which shrouds in its stainless embrace the innocence of the maiden and the shame of the fallen. Reading those tales, one cannot help wondering what the man who wrote them must have known himself of friendship and of pity. Next to these will it ever be possible to forget "Miss," "Miggles," "The Rose of Tuolumne," and many more which there is no space to mention?

Is it not the highest triumph of the poet and the novelist, after having in turn moved you to laughter or to tears, to retain an imperishable hold on your memory? This triumph is Bret Harte's, and will remain his as long as he writes with his keen perception of truth, his shrewd humor, and that loyalty and tenderness of feeling which are so exclusively his own. He has at various times been compared with other authors—Dickens in England, Merimee in France, etc. These parallels

drawn between literary men, if flattering to one or both, are rarely correct, and more especially in this instance. Bret Harte stands quite alone on the ground he has chosen; his greatest claims to popularity are his individuality, his originality, his avoidance of beaten tracks and conventional grooves. His works are stamped with a hall-mark that distinguishes his sterling qualities from any others, and he has no more chosen to imitate any particular style than it will be possible for others to appropriate his.

The public of both continents is now impatiently awaiting a new volume from the gifted pen that has already given the world so rich an intellectual feast. The golden vein cannot be exhausted, the muse must not be silent, for it is more especially to the aristocracy of talent and genius that the motto applies, "Noblesse oblige."

M. S. V. DE V., in Belgravia.

GOSSIP OF AN OLD BOOKWORM.

I agree with Charles Lamb: "Everybody should have a hobby," even though, like Lamb's friend John Tipp, that hobby should be only a fiddle. John Tipp of the old South Sea house, Elia tells us, "thought an accountant the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest accountant in it. And John was not without his hobby. The fiddle relieved his vacant hours"—as it has done those of wiser and greater men than John Tipp. I could point at this moment to one of the most valuable and hard-worked of public servants who found in his hobby, a fiddle, "refreshment and almost rest" during the sixty years of his busy and most useful official life, and now, at upwards of fourscore, finds in it a pleasant change from that "arrear of reading" which in his well-earned leisure he is trying to reduce.

More fortunate than John Tipp, I have had more than one hobby. How we get our hobbies is matter of curious specu-

lation. Some, I suspect, are born with us, and we are indoctrinated with others from accidental circumstances, while my chief hobby was, I think, the result of that beautiful system of compensation on the part of providence of which, as we pass through life, we see so many proofs.

I was always so extremely short-sighted that I was quite unfitted to take part in the majority of those athletic sports, such as cricket, in which boys delight. Indeed, there was only one branch of them in which I was at all an adept, and in these refined days I almost blush to refer to it: I was said to handle the gloves very nicely.

The consequence of my infirmity was, that almost as soon as I ceased to be one of the "spelling" public I became one of the reading public; and on our holidays at school, instead of investing my small weekly allowance at the "tuck shop," I used to borrow from the small circulating library in the neighborhood materials for an afternoon's reading. I suppose I began with the "Mysteries of Udolpho," the "Scottish Chiefs," etc.; but before I left school in 1819 I had read and re-read all Scott's novels that had then appeared.

When I left school, and, by the kindness of the late Lord Farnborough, received an appointment in the Civil Service, my wise and good father, disregarding Shakespeare's condemnation of "home-keeping youths," and believing that a youth who was released from his office and official restraints at four o'clock there was no place like home to keep him out of mischief, gave up to me the small room in which his, if limited, still well-selected library of the best English writers was shelved, and made it mine, the room of which I was henceforth to be lord and master, with full liberty to invite to me there and at all times such friends as I pleased. I can never be too grateful for this thoughtful kindness. Perhaps my tendency to very varied if not omnivorous reading may be attributed to the fact that my father, who was a diligent reader of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, had a complete set

of them ; and these, with the *Literary Gazette*, which I began to take in on my own account, became great favorites with me.

My father was an inveterate walker, and yet so punctual a man of business that I do not believe during the many years he held his then office he was ever five minutes after ten, or ever missed his 'hour's walk' before ten, or his hour's walk after four ; and he strongly enjoined me to keep up my health by regular daily pedestrian exercise.

Hence my two hobbies, my love of books, my love of walking, made up my great hobby which I venture to designate bookstalling, and to the pursuit of that hobby I owe not only much enjoyment, but in a great measure the rather curious collection of literary treasures which during fifty years of bookstalling I have gathered round me. I wonder how many hundred miles I walked during the fifty years from 1819 to 1869, during which I pursued, with greater or less activity, my gleanings from old bookstalls.

Fortunately for me catalogues are now showered upon us thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa ; though I agree with a late dear friend of mine who was the exception to Chaucer's dictum that the greatest clerks are not the wisest men, and was at once the greatest clerk and the wisest man I ever knew, and who, speaking to me once on the formation of a library, expressed his belief that the majority of his most valuable books had been picked by him from the shelves of the booksellers, and not ordered from their catalogues, since from a catalogue you only get the title of a book, often very imperfect and deceptive, while turning over the pages of the book itself for a few minutes shows its scope and object sufficiently to enable you to decide how far it is worth your buying.

After all, a bookstall is only an open shop where you can, without troubling the owner, turn over such volumes as may strike your fancy ; and with this additional advantage, that the books are not only generally priced, but the outdoor

prices are, as a rule, considerably lower than those penciled in mysterious symbols, known only to the bookseller, on the shelves of his shop. It is matter for curious speculation how many of the "rarissimi" in the famous Roxburghe Library, which sold in 1812 for upwards of £22,000, and would in these days have produced three times the amount, had been picked up by the noble duke from the bookstalls which he delighted to visit. For he did visit them, and, with the view of himself bringing home any rarities he might pick up, he had the hind pocket of his overcoat made large enough to contain a small folio. This I state on the authority of one who knew him well, the late Francis Douce.

A great portion of the library of the late Lord Macaulay had been collected by the same means. I remember meeting him many years since, very far east, and his then telling me that he had been looking over the bookstalls in the neighborhood of the City Road and Whitechapel.

I remember the great historian telling me the curious incident which put him in possession of some French memoirs of which he had long been endeavoring to secure a copy, but without success. He was strolling down Holywell Street when he saw in a bookseller's window a volume of Muggletonian tracts. Having gone in, examined the volume, and agreed to buy it, he tendered a sovereign in payment. The bookseller had not change, but said, if he (Mr. Macaulay) would just keep an eye on the shop, he would step out and get it. I remember the shop well and the civil fellow who kept it. His name, I think, was Hearle, and he had some relatives of the same name who had shops in the same street. This shop was at the west end of the street and backed on to Wych Street; and at the back was a small recess, lighted by a few panes of glass generally somewhat obscured by the dust of ages. While Macaulay was looking round the shop a ray of sunshine fell through this little window on four little duodecimo volumes bound in vellum. He pulled out one of them

to see what the work was, and great was his surprise and delight at finding these four volumes were the very French memoirs of which he had been in search for many years.

Macaulay spared no pains, no personal exertion to secure a book he wanted. I remember a bookseller who resided in Great Turnstile telling me, many years ago, that one morning, when he began to take down his shutters, he saw a stout-built gentleman stumping up and down with his umbrella, who, as soon as the shop was fairly opened, walked in and asked for a book which was in the catalogue which the bookseller had sent out the day before. He eventually found out that the purchaser was Mr. Macaulay, who had come all the way from Kensington, thus early, in order to secure the volume in question.

Let me go back for a moment to Holywell Street, and tell another story about Hearle's shop there, outside of which there was always a goodly array of books of all kinds. A dear and accomplished friend of mine, who took special interest in the political history of the closing half of the last century, had long been anxious to secure a copy of a certain collection of political tracts, published either by Almon or Debrett, the precise title of which I do not at this minute recollect. There was not a bookseller in the United Kingdom known to have a large stock who had not been applied to for a copy; and a literary friend of his who was traveling in the United States (to which so many books of this character are consigned), was commissioned to secure a copy at any price. But all was in vain. The anxious searcher after the book in question had given up all hopes of obtaining a copy when, strolling one afternoon through Holywell Street and casting his eyes on the volumes ranged outside Hearle's shop, he was startled and delighted to see the long-sought-for collection of tracts. I need scarcely add that he at once secured the precious volumes, and, although not provided with the capacious pockets of Roxburghe's Duke, carried them away with him in triumph.

It was perhaps two or three years after I was first attacked with bibliomania, and, adopting to a certain extent Chaucer's opinion—

That out of olde bookes in good faithe
Cometh all this new science that men lere—

had begun to turn my long walks to good account among the bookstalls, that I had the good fortune to meet Leigh Hunt several times at dinner at the house of a mutual friend. I shall never forget the delight with which I listened to his after-dinner talk, especially the first time I met him. Of course he monopolized the talk. On that occasion his discourse was nearly akin to Elia's quaint and charming essay "On Grace before Meat," and he discoursed on the propriety of "a grace before Milton, a grace before Shakespeare, and a devotional exercise proper to be said, before reading the 'Faery Queene.'" But I remember I was somewhat startled by a hint as to "grace," not only before such super-sensual enjoyments as those which I have named, but before others of less intellectual character and more allied to what I heard Crabbe Robinson describe as "the animality of our nature." When I read lately what his and my old friend Cowden Clarke said of his conversational powers, I felt that he had done Leigh Hunt no more than justice. "Melodious in tone, alluring in accent, eloquent in choice of words, Leigh Hunt's talk was as delicious to listen to as rarest music."

I remember on one of these memorable occasions being startled by what seemed to me "a parlous heresy" on the part of Leigh Hunt. The subject of his after-dinner oration on that occasion was books, and old books especially; and in the course of his varied criticisms and opinions he declared "no one had ever found anything worth having in the 'sixpenny box' at a bookstall."

When he had wound up, and there was a lull in the conversation which followed, I ventured to dissent from this ~~de~~ma; and though I am bound, in justice to the eloquent poet, to

he did not snub the short-sighted nervous stripling who had ventured to differ from him, the objection urged against his heterodoxy only confirmed him in it. I was recently reminded of this incident by coming across one of the very books which I had so picked up out of a "sixpenny box" and had quoted in support of my view—an early copy of Thomas Randolph's "Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher."

"Never find anything at a bookstall in the 'sixpenny box'!" A greater mistake was never made. Some years ago a very able critic was stopped in the preparation of an article on a very interesting historical question for want of a certain pamphlet on the subject which, when published some twenty or thirty years before, had excited great attention. All the booksellers had been canvassed without success. At last he advertised for it, naming, as the price he was willing to give, about as many shillings as it was worth pence. He had a copy within eight-and-forty hours, with a large "6d." penciled on the title-page, showing that it had been picked out of one of these despised receptacles for curiosities of literature.

Not find anything worth having in the "sixpenny box" at a bookstall! Psha! When the collected edition of Defoe's works was published some thirty years ago, it was determined that the various pieces inserted in it should be reprinted from the editions of them superintended by Defoe himself. There was one tract which the editor had failed to find at the British Museum or any other public library, and which he had sought for in vain in "the Row" or any bookseller's within the reach of ordinary West-end mortals. Somebody suggested that he should make a pilgrimage to Old Street, St. Luke's, and perhaps Brown might have a copy. Old Brown, as he was familiarly called, had great knowledge of books and book rarities, although perhaps he was more widely known for the extensive stock of manuscript sermons which he kept indexed according to texts, and which he was ready to lend or sell as his customers desired. I am afraid to say how many sermons on the

text "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" he is reported to have sold on the death of the Duke of Wellington, and it is said he might have disposed of hundreds more if he had had them in stock. But to go back to my story. The editor inquired of Brown whether he had a copy of Defoe's tract. "No," said Brown, "I have not, and I don't know where you are likely to find one. But if you do meet with one, you will have to pay pretty handsomely for it." "I am prepared to pay a fair price for it," said the would-be customer, and left the shop. Now old Brown had a "sixpenny box" outside the door, and he had such a keen eye to business, that I believe, if there was a box in London which would bear out Leigh Hunt's statement, it was that box in Old Street. But as the customer left the shop, his eye fell on the box, turned over the rubbish in it, and at last selected a volume which he found there. "I'll pay you for this out of the box!" "Thank you, sir," said Brown, taking the proffered sixpence; "but, by the bye, what is it?" "It is a tract by Defoe," was the answer, to old Brown's chagrin. For it was the very work of which the purchaser was in search. Who, after this, will back Leigh Hunt's unfounded dogma that you will never find anything worth having in a sixpenny box at a bookstall?

But there are other hiding-places than those of which I have just been speaking, where curious out-of-the-way books may be found. At small brokers' shops, one drawer of a chest is frequently left open to show that it contains books for sale. I have before me at this moment a curious little black-letter 16mo, containing early English translations of Erasmus, which a shilling rescued from such company as it was then in.

As the accounts of these curious English versions in Lowndes are very imperfect, I venture to give a short notice of them. They are four in number, the first and fourth being unfortunately imperfect.

No. 1 is the first part of the "Garden of Wisdom" selected by Richard Taverner. It wants the title and first four folios, and ends on verso of folio xlvi. with the words "Here endeth the fyrst booke" and "These bookes are to be sold at the west dore of Poules by Wylliam Telotson."

No. 2 is "The Seconde Booke of the Garden of Wysedome, wherein are conteyned wytty, pleasaunt and nette sayenges of renowned personages, collected by Rycharde Tauerner. Anno MDXXXIX. Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum," and ends on the verso of folio 48 "Prynted at London by Richard Bankes. Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum."

No. 3 is "Flores aliquot Sententiarum ex variis collecti scriptoribus. The Flovvers of Sentces [*sic*] gathered out of sundry wryters by Erasmus in Latine and Englished by Richard Tauerner. Huic libello non male conveniunt Mimi illi Publiani nuper ab eodem Richardo uersi. Londini ex ædibus Richardi Tauerner, anno MDXL," and ends on verso of B. iii., "Printed in Flete strete very diligently under the correction of the selfe Richard Tauerner by Richard Bankes."

No. 4, the last, is "Proverbes and Adagies gathered out of the Chiliades of Erasmus by Richarde Tauerner. With newe additions as well of Latyn proverbes as of Englysshe. Edwardus Whytchurche excudebat anno MDXLV." This is unfortunately imperfect, wanting all after folio lxx.

A quaint writer is Master Richard Taverner, and his Erasmus tracts repay the attention of students of early English.

My next prize from a similar source was one of greater curiosity and value. As I was hurrying to my office one morning, some forty years ago, I espied on the top of a chest of drawers outside a broker's shop, opposite the Royal Mews in Pimlico, a pile of books. I looked over them, but there was only one which interested me—a small thin folio, which on opening proved to be an early Latin manuscript. The worthy broker said it was "very old and very curious," and asked a larger sum for it than I was prepared to pay without

a fuller examination than I had then time to give to it. So I left it, but was vexed with myself for the rest of the day that I had done so, fearing it might have been sold when I returned homewards in the afternoon. Fortunately it was still on the top of the drawers when I returned; and although I had until then never indulged in the luxury of buying manuscripts, the result of my further examination was to show me that the broker was right, and that the manuscript was curious as well as old, and I risked a sovereign, or a sovereign and a half, which was the price asked for it, and secured it, as it contained a collection of Latin stories with moralizations; and I came to the conclusion that it was an early manuscript of the world-renowned "*Gesta Romanorum*." But my learned friend, Mr. Thomas Wright, a great authority upon all such matters, who saw it soon after I had bought it, pronounced the manuscript to be of the thirteenth century, and confirmed my opinion as to the interest and value of it, for it was obviously an English collection, the scene of many of the tales being laid in this country. At his suggestion I transcribed a number of the tales and sent them to that interesting German antiquarian journal, edited by Moriz Haupt and Heinrich Hoffman, entitled *Altdeutsche Blätter* (Leipzig, 1836-40), the precursor of Wright and Halliwell's curious collection, the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*. The tales so transcribed will be found at pp. 74-82 of the second volume. My impression is that when transferred to the British Museum, which it was at the earnest solicitation of Sir Frederic Madden, the manuscript was ascertained to be one of Odo de Cerington. But on this I cannot, after so many years, speak with certainty. But I must be pardoned if I make a short digression before I tell the story of my third prize from a broker's shop.

In the year 1846 I addressed a letter to the editor of a well-known periodical suggesting an article which I thought might be suitable to it, and in consequence of his invitation called upon him at his office to talk the matter over with him.

That was a day "lapidi candidiore" notare." It was the first time I met one who became one of my most dear and most honored friends. How often have I regretted that I had not known him before! At that interview I was charmed and struck by his strong common sense and thorough right-mindedness; but it was only when it was my privilege to know him intimately that I became aware that, great as were the good qualities in him which I had at once recognized, they were but as straw in the balance as compared with his kindly and affectionate nature. Advisedly I do not mention his name, that I may not be suspected of self-glorification. Those who know me, and who knew the excellent man to whom I refer, will easily recognize him, and will judge the emotion with which, after our friendship had extended over some twenty years, I read these touching lines from his excellent son: "My dear father loved you too well for me to let you learn from the newspapers that he died this morning." Peace to his memory. It is very dear to me.

At this our first interview our business matter was soon settled, and after a long gossip on books and men I left the office quite delighted with the acquaintance which I had made.

My next interview with him was at a bookstall in the neighborhood of Drury Lane, which, after a long and pleasant chat, ended with his inviting me to call upon him and renew our gossip at home, an invitation as cordially accepted as it was heartily given. As I soon found my old friend, for he was nearly twenty years my senior, interested in many points of literary history, on which I was curious and he learned, my visits became very frequent, and to me very instructive. Who was Junius? was one of these, and I shall not readily forget the pleasure with which he one day received a copy of an early Wheble edition of the letters, which he had long been looking for without success, and which I had a day or two before picked out of a "sixpenny box."

A few weeks later it was my good luck to pick up a Junius tract which my old friend had not got, and which he was delighted to see; but before I left him he said to me, with that characteristic frankness which was one of his charms: "I can't tell you the pleasure you give me by thinking of me in this way, and how pleased I am to get these additions to my collection. But you can double my obligation to you." I stared, and he explained. It would be by letting him pay for whatever I did so pick up for him. I saw it was his wish, so consented at once upon condition that if I bought him any book which he already possessed he would at once tell me so, and I would keep that for my own collection. The treaty was at once concluded, and from that time I gave him the choice of every Junius book I got hold of.

No, not every one. My "Vellum Junius," which came off a stall in Maiden Lane, and which Joseph Parkes persuaded himself was the veritable vellum copy bound for Junius, but which is more than doubtful. I must some day, but not now, tell the story of Lord Brougham showing that copy to the late Lord Lansdowne, and of the curious conversation that followed.

But to return to books and brokers. One summer's evening, strolling along the Blackfriars Road, after a fruitless search for literary treasures in the New Cut, I saw a few books at a broker's, and on turning them over I found a quarto volume containing five tracts connected with the charge made by Lord Sandwich against Wilkes of having written the "Essay on Woman," when there is, I fear, little doubt that he must then have known, as well as know now, that that infamous production was written by Potter, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Of course I purchased the volume, and a few days after took it to my old friend, who was a great admirer of John Wilkes and knew more about him, his real character, foibles, weaknesses, and strong religious feelings, than I believed at that time did any half-dozen men in England put together.

I had determined, as I went along, that on this occasion I would have the pleasure of giving him a book which would, I was sure, delight him. He was delighted at the sight of it, and as he turned over the leaves kept asking "Where did you pick it up? What did you give for it?" "You shall know all about it if you will let me give it to you," was my answer. He consented, and I don't know which of the two was the more pleased; and when I told him where I had found it and the price—eighteenpence!—he very irreverently hinted that I had the luck of the Prince of Darkness as well as my own.

But I was not always blessed with that "joint-stock luck" with which I was credited. More than once have I been interrupted in the course of my small literary efforts by my inability to act up to the wise suggestion of one of great experience who laid it down as a rule "not to take anything for granted," in consequence of failing to get sight of the particular book which would have settled some point at issue, and this not always a rare book. For instance, one evening wanting to see the original of a passage translated from one of the "Colloquies" of Erasmus, I was first annoyed at not being able to lay my hands on my own copy, and, secondly, still more annoyed when, as time was an object, I started off at once to Holywell Street, sure, as I thought, to find one at Poole's, or if he should fail, which is rarely the case, at one of his neighbors': but neither from Poole nor any of his brother booksellers there, nor Bumstead nor Baldock in Holborn, nor anywhere, could I get a copy of this comparatively common book, and I returned home *re infecta*. When I afterwards came across my own copy, my interest in the point had vanished.

In my early days of book-hunting there was no book more frequently to be met with, at prices varying from one shilling to half a crown, than Theobald's "Shakespeare Restored." But when, interested in the quarrel between Pope and Theobald and the merits of their respective editions of Shakespeare

both of which I had, I wanted, in order to investigate the matter thoroughly, to get a copy of "Shakespeare Restored," I hunted London through, I might almost say, in vain; for the only copy I found was in the possession of one who asked at least ten times as much as it was worth, and wanted to make a favor of parting with it at that price. I declined to accept his favor, and have now a nice copy at a tithe of what he asked me.

But a marked change in the character of the stock of every bookseller has taken place during the last half-century. No longer does

The folio Aldus load their bending shelves,
Though dapper Elzevirs, like fairy elves,
Show their light forms amidst the well-gilt twelves.

I do not believe that at the present day twenty-five per cent of the quartos, certainly not of the folios, are to be seen on their shelves compared with what there were formerly.

The explanation given to me by many dealers in old books some six or seven years since, when I was looking out for a certain folio, which I remember as by no means a rare book, was that these large books took up too much room in their shops, that now nobody liked large books, especially folios, and that what had not gone to America had been what is technically called "wasted," i. e. sold to the buttershops. The folio to which I have just referred is Nalson's "True Copy of the Journal of the High Court of Justice for the Tryal of King Charles I. as it was read in the House of Commons, and attested under the hand of Phelps, Clerk to that infamous Court."

Until 1872, when I published in *Notes and Queries* a little paper entitled "The Death Warrant of Charles the First: Another Historical Doubt," I do not know of a writer on the subject of the death of that monarch who was aware that the warrant for his execution—a strip of parchment measuring some eighteen inches wide by ten deep, on which there are about a dozen lines of writing and some threescore seals and signatures—a document familiar to everybody from the nu-

merous facsimiles which have been made of it—a document second to none in existence in interest and importance—brief as it is, abounds with erasures, some of them in passages of vital importance.

Having repeatedly seen this warrant, I had long been aware of this fact, and I cannot now say positively what it was that determined me to see if I could throw any light on the origin of these erasures. My impression is, that while pointing them out to somebody to whom I was showing the warrant, the thought suddenly occurred to me that seeing how short the document was, and looking at the erasures, I came to the conclusion in my own mind—which was afterwards confirmed by an experienced public writer—that it would have taken less time to write out another fair copy of it than to make the erasures and corrections which now appear upon it.

I knew, of course, that Nalson was the great authority to be consulted with respect to the proceedings of the so-called High Court of Justice; but although I have D'Israeli's Commentaries and many other works connected with Charles the first, I had not Nalson. Neither had the library of the House of Lords nor that of the House of Commons. I consoled myself with the thought I shall be sure to find it at the Athenæum. No, it is not even in that best of club libraries. Thence I turned to Burlington House—no Nalson in the library of the Society of Antiquaries. I next tried the Royal Institution, of which I am not a member, but by the courtesy of Mr. Vincent, the careful editor of Haydn's indispensable "Dictionary of Dates," I had an opportunity of running my eyes over the pages of Nalson in that library.

Now I am something like the boy who could only read out of his own book. I can only work comfortably in my own room and with my own books about, and what I had seen of Nalson showed me pretty clearly that if I were to go thoroughly into the inquiry which I had proposed to myself, I must secure a copy of that book. What efforts I made to procure

one, it were long to tell. But, alas! all were in vain; and probably this good intention would have been added to the number of proverbial paving-stones which I have laid down, but for the kindness of a gentleman, an entire stranger to me, who, happening to hear from Salkeld, the worthy and intelligent bookseller of Orange Street, Golden Square, that I was in search of a copy of Nalson, said he had one, wanting the portrait and plate of the trial, which was at my service. That gentleman was the late Mr. John Soper Streeter, a distinguished medical practitioner of Bloomsbury, editor of the *Icones Obstetricæ* of Moreau, and other valuable works; and I deeply regret that this public recognition of his thoughtful kindness comes too late. He died in 1875.

This act of courtesy is only one of many similar kindnesses which I have from time to time received; and I am convinced that what Chaucer said in his noble description of the Scholar of Oxenforde:—

And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche—

might be said, with a slight verbal alteration, of all true lovers of books:—

Full gladly would they give and gladly take.

I have several curious old German books given me some half century since by one of my earliest and most revered friends, Francis Douce; and my collection of books in connection with Mrs. Serres, soi-disant Princess Olive of Cumberland, owes much of its completeness to similar acts of considerate courtesy. I am indebted for more than one of these to the liberality of Mr. William Lee, the author of the interesting "*Life and Newly Discovered Writings of Daniel Defoe.*" My kind old friend, so long the distinguished heap of the British Museum, the late Sir Henry Ellis, took from a volume of pamphlets his copy of the "*Princess Olive's Proofs of her Legitimacy,*" inscribed on the title-page in her handwriting (I copy *literatim*) "with the Princesses' respects for

your acceptance," and to the last page, "Princess being an present at Crawford Street, No. 7, may be seen at one any morning." I am indebted for several others to gentlemen who were entire strangers to me, but who sympathized with my endeavors to discover whether there was any fragment of truth in the claim originated by Mrs. Serres and afterwards brought forward by Mrs. Ryves.

Oddly enough, I first took up that inquiry, which has resulted in what a noble and learned lord has good-naturedly characterized as "Serres on the brain," in consequence of the gift from Lord Brougham, when at a visit to him at Brougham in 1858, of Mrs. Ryves's "Appeal for Royalty," and was encouraged to pursue it by the late Lord Chief Baron Pollock telling me how much he envied my pointing out that the certificate of Mrs. Serres's birth, whose mother, it should be remembered, was the daughter of a Fellow of Trinity who was never married, by a Polish princess who never existed, on Tuesday, April 3, 1772, must clearly be a forgery, inasmuch as the 3rd of April, 1772, fell on a Friday and not on a Tuesday. The mistake of the writer was not knowing that the old style, under which the 12th of April would have been on Tuesday, was altered in 1752.

But asking forgiveness for this digression, and going back to the matter of books—though, for obvious reasons, I scarcely like to write it—I really believe it is almost more blessed to give than to receive. There is nothing more delightful than to put into the hands of a book-loving friend a volume one feels sure he will prize and enjoy.

When I had picked up, as I did occasionally, an old Carolinian tract, and added it to the remarkable collection of them which my almost brother John Bruce had gathered together, I am sure his satisfaction could not exceed mine; and great as were the pleasure and heartiness with which my frequent correspondent Professor De Morgan—whom it was my misfortune never to have known personally—expressed his thank-

and
for

for two or three early books on arithmetic which I had discovered in some sixpenny boxes, and added to his collection, I am sure I was as much pleased as he was.

It is undoubtedly a real source of satisfaction to feel that a volume which has any special interest connected with it is in proper keeping. When, on the evening of one of the soirees given by the President of the Royal Society, I had rescued from a miserable lot of dirty old books in a back slum near Clare Market a copy of Sprat's "*History of the Royal Society*," which contained unmistakable evidence that it had once belonged to Sir Isaac Newton, what was more natural than that on that evening I should place that copy in the hands of the noble lord who then held the office which Sir Isaac had formerly occupied, and that that volume should find a home in the Society's library?

Again, what more natural than that, having, as the result of an afternoon's bookstalling, brought home a copy of Bishop Burnet's "*Funeral Sermon on the death of Queen Anne*," as fresh as if it had just come from the press, I should place it in the hands of Mr. Macaulay, whom I was then seeing almost daily in my room at the House of Lords, where he was working up materials for his "*History of England*"; and I had the pleasant duty of bringing under his notice the records of the House, which had not then been calendared. About that time I should have given him another interesting book, a Dublin edition of a certain well-known English classic which I told him I had lately secured. He thought I was wrong in my impression about it. So in the course of a few days, being anxious to set myself right, when he had seen all the papers he was then prepared to go through, and near about to leave, I recalled his attention to the book. The result was that he poured forth an oration delicious to listen to, full of distinct proofs

That what's impossible can't be,
And never, never comes to pass;

that no such book containing what I had stated it did contain could exist; and when he had brought his brilliant discourse to an end shook hands and bade me good-bye, convinced, I have no doubt, in his own mind, that he had convinced me because, in the face of all he had said, I had not impudence sufficient, even if he had waited, to pull the book in question out of that pocket in which I had brought it with me for the purpose of giving it to him. I would have given much to have had present a shorthand writer who could have taken down that wonderful specimen of Macaulay's power of talk.

I never heard anything at all to be compared with it but once. That was during a stroll over Weybridge Common with that warm-hearted friend and profound scholar, the great Saxonist, John Mitchell Kemble; when he descanted upon his great theme, the Saxons in England, the nature of the "mark," and other cognate points, with such overpowering eloquence that I could scarcely tear myself away from him when the train came that was to bring me back to London. I remember two things he mentioned on that day. The first was that he never wrote down a single line of any paper or book—the "Saxons in England" for instance—until the paper or book was arranged and composed in his own mind. The second, that among other illustrations of ancient tenures, forest rights, etc., which he had picked up at Addlestone (where he was then living, and to which the old forest of Windsor had formerly extended), was the custom of deciding how far the rights of the owner of land extended into the stream, on which his property is situated, by a man standing on the brink with one foot on the land and the other in the water and throwing a tenpenny hatchet into the water; where the hatchet fell was the limit. This he had learned from an old man born and bred in the forest who remembered having once seen it done.

Such of my readers as know Jacob Grimm's "*Deutsche Rechts-Alterthümer*" will remember that a similar practice is

recorded in that vast monument of legal archæology. I often wonder that no young barrister has had the courage to translate this work. Probably it would not be remunerative in the shape of pounds, shillings, and pence, but it could not fail to give him a high position in his profession; or what would be unquestionably more popular, use the book as Michelet did in his "*Origines du Droit Francais*," make Grimm's work the basis of a clear and interesting history of the antiquities of English law.

But if books occasionally disappear like certain classes of insects, like them also they as suddenly reappear, of which I have myself experienced several curious proofs. Talking of books and insects, I should like to know why it is that so many bookmen and antiquaries, like Douce and Albert Way, have been entomologists. That inquiry has connected with it a good story about Francis Douce and Cobbett which must wait some more fitting time to tell.

Reverting to the curious reappearance of books, and to the manner in which, after having given up all hopes of obtaining some much-desired volume, no sooner is one copy found than a second one turns up, I had a curious experience with respect to one of my Junius volumes. I had long been looking out in vain for a copy of "*The Vices, a Poem in Three Cantos*, from the original MS. in the presumed handwriting of the author of '*The Letters of Junius*,' 1828," and which a well-known Junius collector had repeatedly advertised for without success, when taking up one of Wilson's catalogues, always worth going through, I saw in it, to my great delight, "*The Vices*." But my delight was somewhat diminished when I recollected I had had the catalogue some days, but had been too busy to read it. I started off at once to Great Russell Street (it was before he removed to King William Street), but, as I feared, the book was gone. On asking Wilson who was the lucky purchaser, he named a nobleman, then a member of the House of Commons, who, he said, he was sure would wil-

lingly lend it to me for a few days if I asked him. As I had not the advantages of being known to the fortunate purchaser, it was not till I had received reiterated assurances of his invariable kindness in such matters that I summoned up resolution to follow this advice. My application was most promptly and courteously granted. I at once went through the book, and came to the conclusion that it was not by Junius, but by the notorious William Combe, the author of "Doctor Syntax," of that precious repository of Georgian scandal in nine volumes, the "Royal Register," the "Diaboliad," etc. The book contains a facsimile of the original MS., with a facsimile of one of Junius's Letters; but as of the many Junius claimants there is not one whose claim is not based on identity of handwriting, I place no faith in such supposed identity. Of course I returned the book almost immediately, and had no sooner done so than I saw in a catalogue from some bookseller at Islington another copy marked at rather a high figure. This I secured, and it is now before me, and I see by a memorandum in it my attention was first called to "The Vices" by Lord Brougham, when he mentioned to me the "Verses addressed to Betty Giles" which form so important a feature in the magnificent volume on the "Handwriting of Junius" by M. Chabot, with preface and collateral evidence by the Hon. Edward Twisleton, of which I have a presentation copy from the editor, to whom I had lent for this book a letter from Lord Lyttelton dated "Maestricht, November 27, 1771," which, by showing, as it does, that Lord Lyttelton had been and was then traveling on the Continent, completely negatives his claim to be the writer of the Letters of Junius which were at that very time publishing in the Public Advertiser. That letter was one of several by him which I purchased at a second-hand book and print shop in the Blackfriar's Road.

But a second instance in my own experience of this turning up, about the same time, of a duplicate copy of a book which had been long and anxiously looked for, is the more

curious, inasmuch as the volume to which I am referring is of greater rarity and literary importance than "The Vices." I refer to the then very rare and most interesting collection of Neapolitan fairy tales, "*Il Pentamerone del Cavalier Giovan Battista Basile.*"

My interest in the "*Pentamerone*" was first excited by the references made to it in Edgar Taylor and Mrs. Austin's admirable selection from it in their "*German Popular Stories*" so admirably translated by them from the collection of the Brothers Grimm and so wonderfully illustrated by George Cruikshank, and of which my copy—*væ mihi!*—has been thumbed away by two generations of juvenile readers: that book stimulating the curiosity as to the history of fiction, and its cognate subject nursery literature, which had been awakened in me by the admirable articles so entitled in the *Quarterly* from the pen of the late Sir Francis Palgrave; and I mastered German enough to wade through the three little Almain quarto volumes of the original "*Kinder-und Haus-Märchen*," published at Gottingen in 1822. There I learned more about the "*Pentamerone*," and tried hard to secure a copy of it, but waited long before that most courteous and clever of caterers for such literary wants (of whom more anon), Tom Rodd, got me that which I now possess, which is of the edition printed at Naples in 1674.

But during the ten or fifteen years which elapsed before I got this copy of Basile, the idea which I had entertained of mastering the Neapolitan dialect and translating Basile's stories into English had passed away, and I had other work in hand; and I only secured the book in case, at some future time, I might take up again the idea of preparing an English version of it.

Within a month of getting this copy I was offered another—and, strangely enough, at a shop also in Newport Street, and within fifty yards of Tom Rodd's. I, of course, secured that, and had the pleasure of giving it to Crofton Croker, the

author of the "Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland," who, like myself, had long been on the look-out for one.

What a number of old friends and pleasant associations in connection with them will the sight of an old book sometimes recall to our minds! I have already mentioned the accomplished authors of the "Lays of the Minnesingers" and of "Maistre Wace his Chronicle of the Norman Conquest," Edgar Taylor and Crofton Croker. To these I must add the name of Felix Liebrecht, the learned translator and annotator of Dunlop's "History of Fiction," a book which I commend to the attention of any publisher or editor of a new edition of Dunlop. I owe my knowledge of this accomplished scholar to Sir George Lewis, who, when Liebrecht visited England some five-and-twenty years since, did me the kindness to give him a letter of introduction to me. Strangely enough, I did not then know that he had translated the "Pentamerone" into German. His translation in two volumes, with a preface by Jacob Grimm, was published at Breslau in 1846. English antiquaries are indebted to him also for a work of special interest to them, but which, I have reason to think, is not known so generally as it ought to be. I allude to "*Des Gervasius von Tilbury Otia Imperialia. In einer Auswahl neu herausgegeben und mit Anmerkungen begleitet*, 8vo, 1856." It is dedicated to Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, and the fifty or sixty pages of the original text of Gervase are accompanied by upwards of two hundred pages of most valuable notes. I had also the pleasure of numbering among my friends the late John Edward Taylor, the English translator of the "Pentamerone," published in 1848 with illustrations by George Cruikshank, and of rendering him some small service in connection with it. He had heard me say that my friend and near connection, the Rev. James Morton, Vicar of Holbeach, the learned editor of the "Ancren Riwe" and other semi-Saxon and early English poems, had a Neapolitan glossary

and Taylor asked me if I could borrow it for him. I wrote at once to the vicar, and the answer was one confirmatory of what I have already insisted upon. Mr. Morton presented me with Galiani's "*Del Dialetto Napolitano*" and the accompanying two volumes of the same author's "*Vocabolario Napolitano-Toscana*," in order that I "might have the pleasure of lending them" to John Edward Taylor.

But perhaps the most curious and valuable recovery of a book long sought for occurred to the late Mr. Grenville, whose most munificent bequest of his extraordinary library to the British Museum entitles him to the gratitude of all scholars. I mention the fact on the authority of my late honored friend, Mr. Amyot, the secretary, friend and biographer of Wyndham, and for so many years treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries and director of the Camden Society. Among the choicest books in his library, Mr. Grenville possessed one of two volumes of an excessively rare fifteener, I think, the "*Mazarine Bible*," printed on vellum and magnificently bound. Of course he was very anxious to get a copy of the missing volume also on vellum, but he hoped almost against hope. After many years, however, he had the unexpected and almost unexampled good fortune to get not only a copy on vellum, but the identical copy, as shown by the binding, which had been so long separated from the one in his possession. Mr. Grenville, when showing the books to Mr. Amyot and to Samuel Rogers, who was there at the same time, told the history of his good fortune.

Amyot said it was the most remarkable coincidence he had ever heard.

Rogers did not quite agree to this, and proceeded to mention the following, which he thought still more remarkable :

An officer who was ordered to India went, on the day before leaving England, to his lawyer's in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The day being wet, he took a hackney coach, and when he got out, as he was paying the driver, dropped a shilling. He looked

in the mud and slush for it in vain, and so did the coachman. On his return home after some years' service he had again occasion to go to his lawyer's in Lincoln's Inn Fields. When leaving, he recollected his lost shilling, and by some unaccountable impulse began to look for it, when, strange to say, just at the very spot where he had paid the coachman, and on the very edge of the curbstone, he found—

"The shilling!" was the hasty conclusion of my excellent friend.

"Not exactly," said Rogers, "but twelve-pennyworth of coppers wrapped up in brown paper!"

Samuel Rogers is said to have been great at what Arbuthnot called "The Art of Selling Bargains," of which curious tract, with its unquotable and Swiftian leading title (for which the curious reader is referred to Arbuthnot's works, vol. ii. p. 156), I once picked up an original copy which I presented to a worthy member of the Stock Exchange fully capable of enjoying the humor of it. But probably the reader may now be of the opinion that "now 'tis time that we shake hands and part," at least for the present. So be it!

W. J. THOMS, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

CUNEIFORM WRITING.

Cuneiform Writing was in use in Asia previous to the time of Alexander the Great, in those countries which the Euphrates and the Tigris drain, and also in the western and the south-western part of what is now called Persia. So remote is the civilization that flourished in these valleys that Xenophon describes the ruins where the ten thousand encamped as being those of an ancient city.

The name cuneiform (Latin *cuneus*, *wedge*) has been given to the writing on account of the shape of its characters, which

is that of a double wedge. The French employed the same term, but the Germans have formed a compound of their own, Keilschrift, which has the same meaning. Other terms proposed from time to time, but without finding much favor, are arrow-headed, nail-headed (French *tête-à-clou*), and Sphenogram (from Greek *σφήν*, wedge). This writing (the different kinds of which we shall mention hereafter) is found upon high rocks which have been smoothed, frequently accompanied by figures.

For example, the Persian inscriptions at Behistun have protraitures of Darius, four attendants and nine captives bound. A tenth captive is represented as lying upon his back with his hands raised suppliantly. This writing, with and without drawings, is also found on bricks, cylinders, and tablets of clay, on stones and alabaster; in a word, everything seems to have been called into service, that these marks, for ages afterwards inexplicable, might be cut or impressed thereupon. Excavations at Nineveh, Babylon and elsewhere have brought to light many such specimens. As with us printing and writing vary in size according to the end desired, so there is cuneiform writing, of which the wedges are several inches in length, and, on the other hand, it is sometimes so fine that the naked eye cannot discern the separate characters. The writer examined this second kind as found upon a cylinder brought from Babylon. This cylinder was made of black clay, and was one inch long and three-fourths of an inch in diameter. There was a hole through it lengthwise. Perhaps it had been suspended from the neck as a charm; and this seems to be indicated by the translation of the inscription which was, according to George Smith, as follows: "The seal (or amulet) of a man named Kizirtu, son of the woman Satumaui, belonging to the family of Ishtar and Nana." The characters on soft substances were made by pressing one corner of the stilus upon the material and drawing it along gradually towards the surface. In all probability cuneiform writing fell

into disuse before the Achæmenian kings ceased to reign, and it was not long after the end of this dynasty that it was a sealed letter to the world. At least one classical reference to it is found, namely, in Herodotus, 4th bk. 87 chap. It reads thus: "It is said that Darius surveyed the Bosphorus and erected upon its shores two pillars of white marble, whereupon he inscribed the names of all the nations which formed his army, on the one pillar in Greek and on the other in Assyrian." In the same chapter it also reads: "The Byzantines removed these pillars to their own city, one block remained behind; it lay near the temple of Bacchus at Byzantium, and was covered with Assyrian writing." Herodotus meant Persian writing, internally very different from Assyrian; both, however, are cuneiform. Pliny, in *Natural History*, bk. 7, chap. 57, says: "I always thought that letters were of Assyrian origin." This only means that they came from some place in Asia at a distance from the coast; for the name Assyria was used indefinitely, just as the name Ethiopia, in later times, was given to all the interior of Africa of which we had no knowledge.

The existence of the inscriptions and figures at Behistun must have been known to many. The rock on which they are engraved is on the highway from Babylonia to the East. This rock, almost perpendicular, rises to a height of 1,700 feet. At a height of 600 feet are these chronicles of the exploits of Darius. It is due to this that they are remaining to the present day, for if they had been easily accessible, the iconoclastic spirit of Mohammedanism would have quickly destroyed them.

In 1618 an ambassador of Philip III. of Spain copied, while at Persepolis, a line of cuneiform writing from one of its ruins, convinced that it was a lost language. From that time various accounts and also transcriptions were brought to Europe. Scholars who thought it worth their while to pay any attention to these peculiar marks began to guess, as one who would spend a few leisure moments in giving hap-hazard an-

swers to a riddle, never dreaming that this was a language. One thought they were talismans, and another astronomical signs ; a third was of the opinion that the architect had tried to see how many different kind of strokes he could make, and a fourth ascribed them to the action of worms upon the stones. All this failed to satisfy any one, and the conclusion was inevitable that here was a language that was jealously guarding its secrets from man.

Scholars now began to treat it with some degree of seriousness, though by no means commensurate with the task set before them. A few resemblances, real or fancied, were caught at by the too eager student, generalizations quickly followed and the results thereof heralded abroad. Fortunately scarcely two agreed, so that error was not strengthened by unanimity. Some of the widely divergent views called this language Grecian, Runic, Samaritan, Hebrew, Arabic. One went so far that he translated the inscriptions as passages from the Koran, and another read them as an account of the exploits of Tamerlane. We may smile at such a diversity of opinion among scholars, and put them down as mere pretenders to the name, but we had better first pause lest we condemn our own day and generation ; for even now the Etruscan language remains undeciphered, and like a lost child whose indistinct utterances each questioner interprets differently, and thinks that he has discovered therefrom where its home is, so philologists have in turn made the Etruscan akin to the Latin, the Grecian, the Irish, the Teutonic, and the Hebrew languages, and have even enrolled it as belonging to the Turanian family.

In the last century Karstenniebuhr, the father of the historian, did the first effective work towards reaching certain results, by making accurate copies of the inscriptions at Persepolis. He also ventured the assertion, afterwards proved to be correct, that there was not one, but three kinds of cuneiform writing, and, consequently, the inscriptions were trilin-

gual. Although he did not decipher a letter, yet of the first kind, the simplest, he distinguished 42 different signs. This first kind has received the name of "Persian Cuneiform Writing," and the following remarks, until the contrary is stated, will be applicable to it only. The next step taken was by Tychsen, who discovered that a diagonal wedge served to divide words. Munter, a Dane, followed, who proved that the language was to be read from left to right. It was in 1802, that Grotefend of Hannover, laid before the academy of that place his truly great discovery, which was the Rosetta stone of cuneiform writing. Grotefend, as he himself said, had no profound acquaintance with Oriental languages. He had devoted himself, heretofore, mostly to Latin and the early languages of Italy. What he accomplished in this other department was by means of a series of shrewd conjectures controlled by good judgment. His mode of procedure we shall briefly describe. Grotefend took two of the trilingual inscriptions as published by Niebuhr in his book of travels. He assumed that the conjectures of Niebuhr, Tychsen, and Munter were correct, and, furthermore, that inscriptions with figures of kings must tell of the deeds of kings, and that their titles must be found therein. Tychsen had already stated this as a probability. Grotefend was now wholly left to himself. After closely scrutinizing the two inscriptions he met with a certain combination of very frequent occurrence. It occupied the second place at the commencement of each inscription, and also of paragraphs, which were indicated by a vacant space intervening. He inferred that this combination meant king, and that the word preceding must be the name of the king. In the two inscriptions the combination preceding king was different, consequently the two inscriptions referred to different monarchs. Again this combination for king was in several places followed by itself, and again repeated with a change in the ending. What else could this be than the plural of king, thus giving a title common to eastern monarchs,

"king of kings"? The name of the king on the first inscription we shall designate as A, on the second as B, accordingly the first one read: "A king, king of kings," the second, "B king, king of kings." But after "A king, king of kings," followed the same words as those with which the second began, except that one combination of wedges intervened, which we shall call X. It then read "A. king, king of kings, X. B. king, king of kings." Now X. must indicate the relationship between A. and B., which would most probably be *son*. It was taken for granted then, that X. meant *son*. The first inscription read: "A. king, king of kings, son of B. king, king of kings," and this was again followed by the sign for *son*; of course the following word must be the name of the father whom we shall call C. C., however, was not followed by the title "king of kings" or even "king." Likewise the second inscription read: "B. king, king of kings, son of C.," not followed by a title; therefore C. did not occupy the throne. It was known that the buildings in Persepolis had been erected during the Achæmenides. Grotefend then went over the list of these kings as given by Greek historians, and applied the different pairs, where son succeeded father, to the characters of the inscription. The only pair that answered all the conditions was that of Xerxes, son of Darius, son of Hystaspes, a Persian noble but not a king. The opening of the first inscription was: "Xerxes, king, king of kings, son of Darius. king, king of kings, son of Hystaspes." Of the second, "Darius, king, king of kings, son of Hystaspes."

Grotefend next set himself to work to ascertain the Persian pronunciation of these three proper names. He succeeded chiefly by aid of the Zend, and thus established the phonetic value of nearly one-third of the forty-two letters of the Persian alphabet.

The principal kinds of cuneiform writing, with the families to which they belong, are as follows: Persian (Aryan); Median (Turanian); Assyrio-Babylonian (Shemetic). These are the

languages of the tri-lingual inscriptions. Under the Achæmænian rulers, it was necessary for the sovereign to issue his decrees in all these languages, as now the Turkish Pasha makes use of Persian (Aryan); Turkish (Turanian), and Arabic (Shemitic). Grammatically ancient Persian resembles Sanskrit most, and is connected with modern Persian. Its characteristics are (1) the alphabet of forty-two letters; (2) the oblique wedge to separate words. Rawlinson, an Englishman, has been the most successful investigator in this kind of cuneiform writing, for Grotefend achieved almost nothing after his first happy conjectures.

The Median (Turanian) is never found, with but one exception, save as a transcript of Persian. In inscriptions, it always has the second position, unless this happens to be the place of honor. Hence, those to whom this language belonged were inferior to the Persians and superior to the Shemites, whose language occupied the third position. This pointed to the Medes, who, although they were conquered, yet enjoyed certain political rights under the Persians, not granted to the Shemites.

In the Median, the characters represent not *letters* but *syllables*, consisting of a single vowel, of a consonant and a vowel, or of two consonants with a vowel intervening. Of these there are 111 groups, 100 of which are known to a certainty, the others are problematical. Assyrio-Babylonian (Shemitic) is the oldest of these. It, as well as all cuneiform writing, is read from left to right, contrary to that which one would expect in a Shemitic language; although it is not the only exception to the rule, that Shemitic languages are read from right to left.

Over 600 characters have been classified, varying from one to twenty wedges. The language is syllabic like the Median and also ideographic. By ideographic we do not mean like the hieroglyphics of Egypt. These are indeed ideographic, but symbolic or enigmatic. To illustrate: the figure of a

jackal means *cunning*, of a lamp *life*. The ideographs of Assyrio-Babylonian are literal, the outline of a hand means *hand*, of the sun, *sun*. The sign of to drink is made up of the sign for *mouth* and that for *water*. The resemblances of these mentioned can be traced, though that is not the case with very many. However, that which is the peculiar feature of their kind of cuneiform writing is polyphony. Hincks defines it thus: "Polyphony implies that a character may represent more than one sound, when employed as a phonetic ingredient in a word; but it implies also that those sounds have no phonetic resemblance to one another." This we supplement by adding that the same character may be used as ideographs for different ideas. In the majority of instances, it is only the connection that can decide whether a certain combination of three wedges represents the syllable *mat*, *kur*, *sat*, or *sad*, or means *land*, *mountain*, *property*, *to conquer*, *to take possession of*. A different combination of three has the phonetic values of *ud*, *ut*, *tam*, *tav*, *par*, *lak*, and the ideographic values of *day*, *sun*, *sun-rise*, *to rise* (of the sun) and *to see*.

Polyphony was first discovered by Rawlinson, but it seemed so improbable that the learned world looked askance at all translations of Assyrian or Babylonian writing. In 1857, the Royal Asiatic Society submitted a transcript of a long inscription of Tiglath Pileser to four Assyrian scholars, Rawlinson, Talbot, Hincks, and Oppert. These prepared independent translations and sent them to the society sealed. They were compared and found to be identical, with the exception of the proper names. If time permitted we could easily prove to an unbiased mind the existence of polyphony even to the extent mentioned above. Any one acquainted with phonography knows that a combination of signs may stand for half a dozen or more different words, and it is the connection that decides for which one of these it does stand.

The Assyrio-Babylonian literature seems to be exhaust-

less. The libraries found in the ruins of the old palaces, and especially in that of Assurbanipal, contain most valuable documents pertaining to chronology, history, mythology, and religion; legal and astronomical treatises, accounts of commercial transactions, copies of poems, royal proclamations; also disquisitions pertaining to grammar and lexicography. Of the last the syllabaries have been especially valuable in explaining the syllabic and ideographic values of signs. These are about half an inch thick and two or more inches in length, having from two to four parallel columns. In some cases both sides are written upon. A few historical remarks will explain the use of these:—

In Gen. x. 10, it is said of Nimrod (the son of Cush, the son of Ham), "The beginning of his kingdom was Babel and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar." In Gen. xi. 2, it is said of the descendants of Shem, "As they journeyed eastward (as in the margin) that they found a plain in the land of Shinar, and they dwelt there." The monarchs of this land, subdued by the Shemites, called themselves "Kings of Sumir and Accad," or "Kings of Accad." And this term Accad, or Accadian, is now used to designate the language and population of primitive Chaldæa. These Shemites adopted not only the arts, sciences, and literature of this conquered people, but also the characters in which they wrote, i. e., the cuneiform characters of an agglutinative language. The Accadian language soon afterwards became extinct. Assurbanipal (Sardanapalus) the "Grand Monarch of Assyria," was a friend of letters, and gathered into his library at Nineveh all the literary treasures of Babylonia and Assyria. The study of Accadian was, as a classical language, under him revived, and, in order to facilitate this by explaining the meaning and composition of unusual or antiquated combinations these syllabaries were made. This library of Sardanapalus at Nineveh, called the Mound of Kouyunjik, was discovered by Layard in 1850, who sent several boxes of fragments to England. Much has been

accomplished in cuneiform investigation, but enough is left to give occupation to scholars for decades.

W. O. SPROULL, PH. D.,

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ENGLISH.

Few of the subjects with which modern science has had, and still has, to deal, are more interesting than the inquiry into the changes which a language gradually and, as it were, unconsciously undergoes, even among a people occupying one and the same region, and apparently exposed to few and slight changes from without. No one who considers the variety of dialect within our own country at the present time, or the evidence of continual change in the English tongue, from the time when it was first known as a written language, can fail to perceive that, apart from external influences (though, of course, such influences have not been wanting in England), a language is in a state of continual flux—in pronunciation, in the use and meaning of words, in manner of expression, idiom, and in various other respects.

The characteristics which distinguish the dialects of the northern from those of the midland and southern counties of England, or even the dialects of adjacent counties (as Lancashire and Yorkshire, Somersetshire and Devonshire, or Dorsetshire and Hampshire) from each other, were manifestly not the growth of a few years, but of centuries. The progress of our language from the earliest Anglo-Saxon days to our own time is, of course, accorded in the literature of the nation, which, carefully studied, reveals not only the more obvious influences of such causes as the Norman conquest and the sequent intercourse with France, but also the subtler changes which belong to the inherent growth of our language.

It is easy to perceive also how the spread of education has had its influence—and a very powerful influence—in checking changes which otherwise would have been rapid. We

find, for instance, that in earlier times, books written in the English of the day, being read by few, had small influence in stereotyping, as it were, the use of words or phrases. But the writings of later times, and especially those of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (above all, the translation of the Bible in the reign of James I.), have had a most marked effect in preventing rapid changes in the language. The reason is obvious. Few read the earlier works, many read the later, and still more hear them read or quoted, and more still come into contact with those who have read them. So that the words and modes of expression in the later works remain current from generation to generation, while many of those in the earlier works have become obsolete.

Yet it is to be noticed that even this influence, potent though it unquestionably has been, has not prevented change altogether. In fact, it is clear that with the lapse of time its power must diminish. In the eighteenth century, for instance,—but still more in the latter half of the seventeenth century—modes of expression used in James's Bible and in the Book of Common Prayer (which, though older, may be regarded as belonging to the same era in our language) were still employed in ordinary life; and the fact that they were so often heard in church, chapel, and conventicle, helped to retain them in such usage. But when once an expression had fallen out of use—which would happen even in the case of some expressions once familiarly employed—Bible reading and the weekly use of prayers, collects, epistles, gospels, psalms, and so forth, could not restore it to general circulation. The number of words, modes of expression, idioms, etc., which have thus passed out of use necessarily increases with the lapse of time, and in time, of course, the book which had for a longer or shorter time prevented so many expressions from becoming obsolete, would become obsolete itself. A new translation would, in other words, become necessary—not, as in the case of the present revised translation, because of increased

knowledge of the original and increased facilities for interpreting it, but because the language of the Bible would have ceased to be the language of the people.*

It may be interesting to consider the various ways in which words, phrases, and expressions have fallen out of use since the time when the present English version of the Bible was prepared.

Some modes of expression seem to have died out without any very obvious cause. For instance, in the time of James I. the words "all to" were used where we now say "altogether." So completely has the former usage passed away, that most persons understand the words "and all to brake his skull" (when read aloud) as if they meant "and all to break his skull;" in reality, of course, the words mean "and utterly crushed his skull." Other words and phrases have lost their original meaning in consequence of the growth (usually in literature) of another significance. For instance, as the word "comprehend" gradually approximated in meaning to the word "understand," with which it is now almost synonymous, its old usage, shown in the Bible expression "the darkness comprehended it not" (that is, the darkness did not inclose and overmaster or absorb† the light), was gradually lost; at the present day, no one would think of using the word in its older and, in reality, more correct sense. In other cases, words have acquired a meaning almost opposite to that which they had when the Book of Common Prayer and the present English version of the Bible were prepared. Thus, we now use the word "prevent" as almost synonymous with "hinder"; but it is used in the opposite sense in the familiar prayer

* It appears to me a circumstance to be regretted that those who have been at so much pains to revise the Bible, should not have been bold enough to present their revised version in the English of our own time, instead of the old-fashioned English of the time of Elizabeth and James. This, perhaps, is the first occasion in the history of Bible translation when men have expressed Bible teachings in a language such as they do not themselves speak.

† *Con* intensive, and *prehendo* to grasp or seize.

beginning "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings." So the word "let," which formerly corresponded very nearly with "hinder" or "prevent" (as at present used), now implies the reverse; so that there was nothing strange originally in the prayer that we might not be "let or hindered," though now the expression is certainly contradictory and perplexing (especially to the younger church-goers). Some words and phrases, without having taken a new meaning, or even lost their old meaning, have fallen out of use in ordinary speech or in prose writing, but are still freely used in poetry. Other phrases or usages have come to be regarded as ungrammatical—such, for instance, as the use of the word "often" for "frequent." ("Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities.")*

As regards pronunciation, it would be difficult to follow and interpret all the changes which have taken place. Of some changes, indeed, we have no recorded evidence, while of others the evidence is but vague and doubtful. If the spelling, instead of being left free to individual fancy in former times, had been fixed as now, it would yet be (as it certainly is at present) no guide whatever to pronunciation. And, in passing, it may be noticed that the advocates of a phonetic system of spelling might find a strong argument in the circumstance that such a system would enable the philologist of the future to trace the various changes which pronunciation will hereafter undergo; while had such a system been adopted in the past, we could form now a fair idea of the way in which our ancestors during different centuries of our past history spoke the English language of their day.

There are, however, some indications which afford tolerably sure evidence as to particular changes which the pronunciation of certain words has undergone.

* Compare Jaques's words, "It is a melancholy of my own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness." In passing, note here the obsolete use of the words *sundry* and *humorous*.

For instance, remembering that many of our words have been derived directly from the French, but have been spelled almost from their introduction, in an English manner, we can infer what was the ordinary sound-value of particular letters, singly or together. Thus, since the French words "raison" and "saison" are represented in English by the words "reason" and "season," we may infer that the diphthong "ea" originally represented the sound which it still represents in the word "great." For we can be tolerably sure that the change has been in the English, not in the French, pronunciation of these words. There is no reason for supposing that in French the letters "ai" represent the sound "e," as do the letters "ea" in "reason" or "season." In fact, "ai" never could represent the sound "e." We infer then, that the change has been in the English, and that two or three centuries ago the words "reason" and "season" were pronounced "rayson" and "sayson," as they still are in Ireland (not, as is commonly supposed, because in Ireland the pronunciation has been corrupted, but because there the old-fashioned pronunciation has been retained). We find thus an explanation of certain words and passages in old writings that otherwise seem perplexing. For instance, Falstaff says in reply to the request of Hal and Poin for "a reason," "What, upon compulsion. . . . Give you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason on compulsion!" a meaningless rejoinder, at least compared with the same answer when the word "reason" is pronounced like the word "raisin."* So the "nipping and eager air," spoken of in

* There are reasons for thinking that in many cases the letters "ee," as well as "ea," had the sound "ai" in Shakespeare's time. Thus the two lines—

She was a wight if ever such wight were
To suckle fools and chronicle small beer—

probably forming a rhyming couplet. So also, probably the lines

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

As the word "indeed" is pronounced "indade" in Ireland, there is reason for regarding it as belonging to the same category as *saison*, *raison*, *mane*, *baste*, *tay*, etc.

Hamlet, becomes intelligible only when the word "eager" is pronounced "aygre," and so seems to be identical with the French "aigre," sharp or biting. If further evidence were required to show that formerly the letters "ea" represented the sound of "a" as in "fate," it would be found in the fact that in Pepys's Diary the word "skate" is spelled in one place "skeat," in another, "scate." It is clear, again, that the word "beast" was pronounced "bayst," though the play on the words "best" and "beast" in "Midsummer-Night's Dream" (see the comments on Pyramus and Thisbe as represented by Bottom, Quince, and Company) is not made much clearer by the change. Still "bayst" is nearer in sound than "beast" to the word "best," even as now pronounced, and probably best was formerly pronounced with a longer and more open "e" sound than now.

In passing, we may ask how the word "master" was originally pronounced, for this word was often spelled "mester," though oftener "maister" and "maystre." Derived from the French "maitre" (contracted from "maistre," as in the old French), we can have little if any doubt that the word was originally pronounced "mayster," which would as readily be corrupted in one direction into "mester" and "mister," as, in the other direction, into the modern pronunciation, "master" ("a" as in "father," not as in "fat"). It is probable that the Scottish pronunciation of the word is much nearer to that prevalent in England three centuries ago, and still nearer that prevalent in the time of Chaucer and Gower, than is our modern English pronunciation.

In a similar way other vowel sounds might be discussed, but this would take me too far from my subject—which, indeed I have not yet reached. Before passing to it let me note, however, that consonantal as well as vowel sounds have undergone alteration in England during the last few centuries. We have evidence of this in the familiar passage in "Love's Labour's Lost," where exception is taken by the pedant to the

pronunciation "nebour" for "neighbor," "cauf" for "calf," and so forth, showing that formerly the letters "gh" in "neighbor" and other such words were sounded (probably gutturally, as in the Scottish "lough," etc.), and that the letter "l" was sounded in many words in which it is now silent.* It may be noticed, however, that "l" had become silent in some words in past times to which it has now been restored. For instance, most persons now pronounce the letter "l" in the name Ralph, probably because the name is oftener seen than heard; formerly this name was always pronounced Rafe or Rahf. So, it is clear from a well-known passage in the play of Henry VI. (only in small part from Shakespeare's hand) that the name "Walter" was formerly pronounced "Water,"—as indeed might almost have been inferred from its former abbreviation into Wat—for, if it had been pronounced Walter, the natural abbreviation would have been Wally or Wal'r (as Captain Cuttle called Walter Gay). The prophecy that the Earl of Suffolk would "die by water" would certainly not have been regarded as fulfilled when he was beheaded by the order of Captain Walter, if the name had not been pronounced "Water" in those times.†

These considerations respecting the changes which our language has undergone—perhaps nowhere more than in the

* There are good reasons for believing that the letter "r" was formerly pronounced much more fully than at present. Certainly our modern "r" could not properly be called the "dog's letter," as the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet" tells us it was called ("r is for the dog," etc.). We may thus explain the play on words in the passage where Celia ridicules the affected pronunciation of Monsieur Le Beau. "Fair princess," he says, "you have lost much good sport" (not pronouncing the "r" rollingly, as was doubtless then the fashion, but "spo't": to which Celia replies, "Spot! of what color?" to the perplexity of Le Beau, as to that of many readers of Shakespeare. In passing, it may be noticed that many passages in Shakespeare are rendered obscure by changes of pronunciation. Thus where Beatrice says: "The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil Count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion," we are apt to overlook the play on the words "civil" and "seville."

† The passage runs thus:—

Suf. Look on my George, I am a gentleman;

Rate me at what thou wilt thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.

How now? Why start'st thou? What, doth death affright?

neighborhood of the metropolis—have been suggested to my mind by certain remarks made by an American writer—Mr. F. B. Wilkie, of the Chicago Times—respecting our English way of pronouncing the English language as compared with the American method, which he regards as on the whole more correct.

I must premise that Mr. Wilkie's work, "Sketches beyond the Sea," though it opens in a tone very unfavorable to the English people, shows considerable fairness, on the whole. English manners are not, perhaps, calculated to impress

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by *water* I should die.
Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded ;
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.
Whit. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not, etc.

This reference to the sound of the word leaves no doubt that it was formerly pronounced *Water*. (So *Gualtier* is sounded *Gautier*, and has come to be spelled *Gauthier*.)

And here it may be asked whether the word "halter" was not formerly pronounced *hauler* (rhyming with *daughter*, *water*, etc.). For *Lear's Fool* sings :

A fox when one has caught her,
And such a daughter
Should sure to the slaughter.
If my cap could buy a halter,
So the fool follows after.

"After," probably pronounced as by the vulgar in our own time, *a'ter*. That "f" before "t" was silent in common speaking, seems shown by *Wat* Whitmore's remark to *Suffolk* : "Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee (wa't thee) to thy death."

Nursery rhymes may perhaps seem an unlikely source of information respecting pronunciation, yet there are good reasons for believing that many old usages are preserved in those ancient rhymes. In particular, we may be sure that the rhyming if not perfect, would be such as to appeal readily to the ear. Now, in *Jack and Jill* we find "after" rhymed to "water."

In passing, it may be noticed that in Shakespeare's time the "l" in "would" and "should" was probably sounded. For if "would" were then pronounced as in our time, "wou'd," we should scarcely find "wouldest" abbreviated into "woul't," as in "*Hamlet*," act v. s. 1.:

Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?
Woul't drink up esil? eat a crocodile? etc.

In further illustration may be quoted the old lines on the vanity of human pride, inscribed on the ruined gate of *Melrose Abbey*, from which we learn that either the "l" was sounded in "would" or dropped in "gold":

The earth goes on the earth glittering with gold:
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it would, etc.

strangers favorably at a first view. It may not be generally true that, as Mr. Wilkie says, "one who visits a strange country encounters first its most repellent qualities,"—in fact, the contrary is sometimes the case; but this is certainly true of England and the English. Mr. Wilkie is justified in saying that his "fault-finding is confined to what may be termed the external character of the English," and in adding, "that there is no partisanship in his views, because he has nowhere failed to denounce the weaknesses and follies of his own countrymen whenever the opportunity to do so fairly presented itself." Of this the following humorous passage, which bears in some degree on the question of the American way of speaking English, may be cited in illustration:—

If there be any particular thing which is calculated to make an American homesick, to make him feel he is indeed in a foreign clime, it is the entire absence of profanity." (Would this were as true as it is complimentary!) "Except what I may have overheard in a few soliloquies, I have not heard an oath since my arrival in England. The cabman does not swear at you" (he does, though, when he has a mind?) "nor the policeman, nor the railway employe, nor anybody else. Nobody in an ordinary conversation on the weather, or in asking after some one's location, or inquiring after another's health, employs from three to five oaths to every sentence. It's rather distressing to an American to get used to this state of things; to talk to a man for three or four minutes, and never hear a single 'd—n'; to wander all day through the populous streets and not hear a solitary curse; to go anywhere and everywhere and not be stirred up once by so much as the weakest of blasphemies. What wonder that the average American becomes homesick under such a deprivation, and that he longs for the freedom and curses of his perrary home?"

Mr. Wilkie, finding that many words are pronounced otherwise in England than in America, and starting with the assumption that the American usage is correct where such differences exist, arrives at the conclusion that England "is rapidly losing its knowledge of English." "I have no less an authority than Earl Manville," he says, "for the statement that educated Americans speak the English language far better than educated Englishmen." I have yet to learn that Earl Manville is a very high authority on this particular question, whether from his exceptional knowledge of the English language, or from the opportunities he has had of comparing the way in which that language is spoken in England and in America.

Not for the present considering pronunciation, and taking the English of those who are recognized as the best writers in that language as the best, it is, I believe, incontestable that on the whole a thoroughly educated Englishman speaks the language more correctly than even the best educated Americans; only it is to be noticed under what reservation I make this assertion. There are usages which have become recognized in America, and are adopted by the best American writers, and which are thus correct in that country, though not in accordance with the rules which—tacitly or otherwise—English writers follow. They are correct in this sense, that they are in accordance with general custom, "*quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi*." And although it may be admitted that some few of these usages belong in reality to the English of two or three centuries ago, it cannot be denied that many, if not most of them, are recent. I am here speaking of the form and construction of the language, not of pronunciation. As to this, it must be admitted that there is room for doubt respecting many of those points in which the two countries differ. As regards a few doubtful words, it would be scarcely worth while to inquire, but there are whole classes of words which are differently pronounced in the two countries, and it is in many cases doubtful whether the older (which may be considered the true pronunciation) has been retained in the old country or in the new.

"I have no doubt whatever," says Mr. Wilkie, "that were a wall built between England and America, so that there could be no intercourse, in two or three hundred years a native of one country could not understand a word spoken by the other." Setting aside the manifest exaggeration here, and supposing for a moment that, contrary to all experience, so short a time as three centuries would suffice to render the English of America unintelligible to the people of England, and the English of England unintelligible to the people of America, it would be altogether absurd to infer, with Mr.

Wilkie, that "this would be because England is rapidly losing its knowledge of English." Nor is there the least reason for supposing, as Mr. Wilkie does, that it is because "England has no dictionary, or, what amounts to the same thing, has a dozen," that the language undergoes continual change. No dictionary, however excellent, can stereotype a language, either as to the usage of words or their pronunciation.* In America changes are taking place at least as fast as in England, probably faster. Mr. Wilkie found, he says (though one wonders where he can have obtained such experience), that there are in England about as many standards of pronunciation as there are people who have anything to say. He is referring all the time, be it understood, to educated Englishmen. Yet he can point only to a few words, most of which are seldom used; whereas any Englishman who has traveled much in America could cite dozens of words, all in ordinary use, which are diversely pronounced there by educated persons. Thus, I have heard the word "inquiry" pronounced "inquiry," "quandary" pronounced "quándary," "vagary" "vágary,"† "towards" and "afterwards" pronounced with the stress on the last syllable, "very" and "American" pronounced "vury" and "Amurican" (u as in "furry"), and so forth, by educated Americans; while other educated Americans pronounce these words as they are usually pronounced in England. "Gladstone says *issoo*," remarks Mr. Wilkie, "when other intelligent men say *isshu*." He might have added that Lord John Russell used to say "obleeged," as many old folks do still, and that the question was once raised in the House of Lords whether the word "wrapt" should be pronounced to rhyme with "apt" or with "propt." As a matter

* If Mr. Wilkie had been at the pains to look over the introductory matter in "Webster's Dictionary," he would have found that in quite a number of cases where he—Mr. Wilkie—finds fault with English pronunciation, Webster is against him.

† We see here the effects of the tendency in English speaking to throw back the accent. In England we have "cóntrary" now instead of "contrary" as in Shakespeare's time: compare also the nursery rhyme "Mary, Mary, quite contrary."

of fact, however, Mr. Gladstone does not say "issoo," but "issyoo," which is probably correct; at any rate, as much can be said in its favor as in favor of "ishyoo." Of course "issoo" and "isshu," the two pronunciations given by Mr. Wilkie, are both as utterly wrong as "Toosday" or "Dook," modes of pronunciation, by the way, which are very commonly heard in America.

As the point is considered next by Mr. Wilkie, though not next in logical sequence, I may consider here his reference to the pronunciation of certain proper names in England which are spelled (and he considers should be pronounced) very differently. Of words of this kind he cites:—

"Colquhoun—pronounced Calhoun—(really pronounced Cohoon); Cockburn, pronounced Coburn; Beauchamp, pronounced Beechem; Derby, Darby; Berkley, Barkley; Hertford, Hefford (where can he have heard this? Hartford, of course, is the accepted pronunciation); Cholmondeley, Chumley; Bouverie, Booberie (an unknown version); Greenwich, Grinnidge; Woolwich, Woolidge; Harwich, Harridge; Ludgate, Luggat; (by cabmen possibly); High Holborn, Eye Oburn (cabmen, certainly); Whitechapel, Witchipel (never); Mile End, Meelen (possibly by a Scotch cabman); Gloucester, Gloster; Leicester, Lester; Pall Mall, Pell Mell."

He might have added "Marjoribanks, Marchbanks; Cavendish, Candish; Salisbury, Salsbury," and a host of other names. But he mistakes greatly in supposing (as he appears to do) that these divergences between pronunciation and spelling have had their origin since America began—whether we regard America as beginning in the days of the Pilgrim fathers, or of the war of Independence. Some of them are at least five hundred years older than the States. But without expecting from every visitor the antiquarian knowledge necessary to establish the antiquity of the older of these modes of pronunciation, we might fairly expect that a literary man should be acquainted with the fact, that Shakespeare knew no

trisyllabic Gloucester or Salisbury, that with him, Warwick was Warriik, Abergavenny Abergany, and so forth.

If aught of blame is deserved for the continued use of old forms of spelling when the old modes of pronunciation have passed away, or for any divergence (no matter how caused) between pronunciation and spelling, we may meet the American with a *tu quoque*; we may say to him—

Mutato nomine, de te

Fabula narratur.

For either within the brief duration of our cousin's own history, the pronunciation of many proper names has diverged from their spelling, or else those names were originally most incorrectly spelled. How otherwise does it happen that the true-born American speaks of Connetticut instead of Connecticut, of Cincinnatah instead of Cincinnati of Mishigan, Miz-zouri (in the South and West, Missouri is called Miz-zoorah), Sheecahgo, Arkansaw, Terryhote, and Movey Star, instead of Michigan, Missouri, Chicago, Arkansas, Terre Haute, and Mauvais Terres (pronouncing the last two words as French.)

Taking other than proper names, Mr. Wilkie seems scarcely to have caught in many cases the true English pronunciation. For instance, one of the most marked differences between English pronunciation and that with which Mr. Wilkie would have become familiar at Chicago, is found in the sound of the vowel "a" in such words as "bath," "path," "class," etc. Now, although he mentions in one place that the "a" in the word "classes" is pronounced like the "a" in "father" (which is right), he adds even there that the sound of the word is almost like "closses," which is altogether wrong; while elsewhere he says that the "a" is pronounced like the "a" in "all," or as "aw." He gives "nawsty" as the English pronunciation of the word "nasty." He says, "an Englishman must inform some of his acquaintances during each day something about his bath, the *a* being sounded like *a* in *all*. Of course, no educated Englishman ever pronounces the "a" in

"bath," "path," etc., like the "a" in "all"; nor, indeed, have I ever heard an uneducated Englishman so speak, though it is likely enough there may be dialects having this pronunciation. In fact, the story of the clergyman who, when asked whether he would be bishop of Bath or of Wells, answered "Bawth, my Lord," and so became the first bishop of Bath and Wells, whether true or false as a story, serves to show that the word is sometimes pronounced "bawth." But certainly this is not the usual way of pronouncing it in this country. To American or rather to Western ears there must, it should seem, be some resemblance between the sound of "a" in "class," "path," etc., as Englishmen pronounce the vowel, and the sound of the vowel "o"; for I remember that when once in Illinois I asked where the "office clerk" was, the office *clock* was shown to me. It is, by the way, somewhat difficult to understand how the "e" in the words clerk, Derby, Hertford, etc., has come in England to have the sound of "a" in class, father, etc. So far as I know, this usage is nowhere followed in America.* But the pronunciation of "a" in bath, class, etc., like "a" in "father," though it seems to have sounded strange in Mr. Wilkie's Western ears, is common enough—is, indeed, the accepted usage—in the Eastern States. It is also the usage sanctioned by Webster.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Wilkie represents the omission and misuse of the aspirate as though they were as common amongst the educated as among the uneducated classes of this country. A hasty reader might, indeed, rashly infer from some passages in Mr. Wilkie's book that there is a difference between the ignorant and the decently educated in this respect. For instance, in a rather overdrawn scene in Westminster Hall, a policeman tells Mr. Wilkie and Mr. Hat-

* The fact that the proper name Clark (which is unquestionably the equivalent of clerk) has been for hundreds of years in use in England, shows that the pronunciation *Clark* is hundreds of years old. So also the existence of an American Hartford shows that the Pilgrim Fathers called Hertford Hartford. Probably the "a" in such words as Clark, farm, etc., had originally the sound of "a" in "care." Indeed, if we consider the French origin of these words we see that this must have been so.

ton to "pass into the 'all;" to which, not Mr. Wilkie, but the Englishman, Mr. Hatton, replies, "Pass into the 'all! I say, bobby, my boy, you dropped something. You dropped an *aitch*. But never mind! You just go into the House, and you'll find the floor covered with *aitches* dropped by the members. You can find there twice as many as you've lost here. Pass into the 'a—a—all!" But then it is only to be inferred from this, that by associating with his American friend, Mr. Wilkie, Mr. Hatton had learned to speak more correctly, than other Englishmen. It was in this way that Americans explained the fact that Mrs. Trollope used the aspirate correctly. And to this day it is the prevalent (and almost universal) opinion in America that all Englishmen, educated as well as uneducated, drop their *aitches*, and insert *aitches* where none should be. I have been gravely assured time and again by Americans, claiming at any rate to be decently well informed, that I have no trace *left* of the "English accent," which they explain as chiefly to be known by omitted and misused aspirates. They neither know, for the most part, that the omission or misuse of the aspirate is as offensive to the English as to the American ear (more so, indeed, for to the American it is simply laughable, while to the English ear it is painful), nor that the habit is to all intents and purposes incurable whenever it has once been formed. An Englishman who, owing to imperfect education or early association with the ignorant, has acquired what Americans regard as the English accent, may indeed learn to put in a sort of aspirate in words beginning with *aitch*, but it is an aspirate of an objectionable kind—fully as offensive as an aspirate in 'heir, 'hour, and 'honor. Thackeray touches on this in one of his shorter sketches. The habit of using aspirates in the wrong place may perhaps be more easily cured; but as this habit is only found among the very ignorant, while the habit of dropping the aspirate is much more widely spread, the opportunities of testing the matter by observation are few. Many who drop their *aitches*

know at least where the *aitches* should be; and by an effort put in unduly emphatic aspirations; but probably very few, and possibly none, of those who put in *aitches* where none should be, are able to spell. From a story told me by an American, it would even seem that those who thus wrongly insert *aitches** have ears too gross to recognize the difference between the correct and the incorrect pronunciation. He told me he offered an English boy in his employment ten cents to say "egg," "onion," "apple"; on which the boy said, "Hall right, hegg, honion, happple; 'and us hover the ten cents:" "No," he replied, "you are not to say hegg, honion, happple, but egg, onion, apple." "Well, so I did," was the cheerful response; "*you* say hegg, honion, happple, and *Hi* say hegg, honion, happple." But very likely my informant exaggerated.

It should be noticed that in one respect the English, even when well educated, are very careless, to say the least, in the use of the aspirate. I refer to their pronunciation of words beginning with "w" and "wh." We often hear *when, where, whale*, and so forth, pronounced like the words *wen, were, wail*, etc. In America this mistake is never made. They do not pronounce the words as educated Irishmen often, if not generally, do, *hwen, hwere, hwale*, that is, with an exaggerated aspirate, giving the words with a *whish*, as it were; but they make the distinction between "w" and "wh" very clear. I am inclined, by the way, to believe that the Irish mode of pronouncing words beginning with "wh" is in reality that which was in use in former times in England, probably at an earlier date than that of the Pilgrim Fathers; at any rate, *hwat, hwen*, etc., is the spelling in old English and Saxon books.

There are faults of pronunciation which, so far as I can judge, are about equally common in both countries. For

* In passing, I may remark that the word *ache* was formerly pronounced *aitch*, so that the word *aches* used to be a dissyllable. Thus Beatrice, in "Much Ado About Nothing," says she is exceeding ill—not for a hawk, a horse, or a husband, but for that which begins them all, "H," that is, through an *ache* or pain; just as two scenes earlier her fellow-victim, Benedict, says he has the toothache.

instance, "sech" for "such," "jest" for "just,"* "ketch" for "catch," "becos" for "because," "instid" for "instead," sometimes even "forgit" for "forget." But we certainly do not so often hear "doo" for "due," "soo" for "sue," and so forth, in England as in America. "Raound" for "round," "claoud" for "cloud" is very common in New England; but perhaps not more so than in certain districts in England. In the Southern States, peculiarities of pronunciation are often met with which had their origin in the association of white children with negroes. Among these, perhaps the most remarkable is the omission of the *r* in such words as door, floor, etc., pronounced by negroes, do', flo', etc.

Let us next consider the different use of certain words and phrases in the two countries.

Mr. Wilkie says, holding still by his calm and quite erroneous assumption, that the change is all on one side, "the difference between the spelling of words and their sound is not all there is to prove that the English are losing the English language, and substituting a jargon that is totally unlike that speech bequeathed to us by our Saxon and Norman ancestors. What, for instance, is to be done by a man understanding and recognizing the English of Macaulay, Longfellow, Byron, Lamb, Whittier, Grant White, and the expurgated vernacular of the venerable Bryant, who finds that a street sprinkler in England's English is a 'hydrostatic van'; that rails on a railroad are 'metals'; a railroad track is a 'line'; a store a 'shop'; a hardware-man an 'ironmonger'? He finds no policemen here but 'constables.' If he go into a store and ask for 'boots' he will be shown a pair of shoes that lace or button about the ankle. There are no groceries

* It is worthy of notice that the pronunciation of certain vowels depends in great part on the consonant which precedes, and in part also on that which follows the vowel. Thus the *u* in *such* is often mispronounced, the *u* in *much* never, the *u* in *just* often, the *u* in *must*, *lust*, and *rust* never, and the *u* in *judge* seldom. In America "jedger" for "judge" is often heard, however. So no one ever says *las* for *laws*, but many say *becos* for *because*, and *'cos* for *'cause*.

or dry-goods stores. Baggage is 'luggage'; a traveling-bag is a 'grip-sack'" (a word which I have never heard out of America, and which I believe to be quite unknown in England); "there are no trunks, but always 'boxes.' A freight-car is a 'goods-van'; a conductor on a 'bus or railway is a 'guard'; a street railway is a 'tramway'; a baggage-car, a 'luggage-van'; a pitcher is a 'jug'; and two and a half pence is 'tuppence 'apenny.' A sovereign is a 'squid'" ('quid' or 'couter' would be nearer the mark if we must consider slang to be part of a language); "a shilling, a 'bob'; a sixpence, a 'tanner.'" He might conveniently have added for the information of Americans who wish to understand English English, and of Englishmen who wish to understand American English, that in England a biscuit is a "roll," and a cracker is a "biscuit."

Now, all this, unless it is intended for an elaborate (and exceedingly feeble) joke, is absurd on the face of it. To begin with, it would be difficult to find any authority in the works of Macaulay, or the other writers named, for street sprinkler, hardware-man, groceries and dry-goods stores, traveling bags, freight-cars, and street-railways. But, apart from this, nearly all the words to which Mr. Wilkie objects are much older and better English than those which Americans have substituted. For instance, the word "shop" is found in English writings as far back as the fourteenth century; whereas "store" has never been used in the American sense by any English writer of repute. Manifestly, too, the word store, which has a wider meaning, and has had that meaning for centuries, is not suitably applied to a shop, which is but one particular kind of store. There can be very little doubt that originally Americans substituted the word "store" for "shop," for much the same reason that many shopkeepers in England choose to call their shop a warehouse, or an emporium, or a mart, or by some equally inappropriate name. Again, baggage and luggage are both good English; but on the whole the

word luggage is more suitable than baggage, for goods which have to be conveyed by train or carriage (one may say that baggage is the statical, luggage the dynamical, name for the traveler's impedimenta). Unquestionably there is good authority, and that too in old authors, for the use of both terms. Of course we have trunks in England, despite Mr. Wilkie's assertion to the contrary; we have boxes also; very few Americans can tell offhand, and many do not know, the real distinction between a trunk and a box; just as few, either in England or America, know the distinction between a house and a mansion. Freight-car is a good word enough,—the freight half of it being better than the other, for the word car is not properly applied to a van; but goods-van is in all respects better: "freight" is a technical term, "goods" every one understands, and "van" is a better word than "car." The word "boot," again, is properly applied to any foot-covering (outside the sock or stocking) which comes above the instep and ankle.

Turning from trivialities such as these, let us now note some points in which English and American speakers and writers of culture differ from each other,—first as to the use of certain words, and, secondly, as to certain modes of expression.

In America the word "clever" is commonly understood to mean pleasant and of good disposition, not (as in England) ingenious and skillful. Thus, though an American may speak of a person as a clever workman, using the word as we do, yet when he speaks of another as a clever man he means in nine cases out of ten that the man is good company and well natured. Sometimes, I am told, the word is used to signify generous or liberal. I cannot recall any passages from early English literature in which the word is thus used, but I should not be surprised to learn that the usage is an old one.* In

* I have been told by an American literary man that twenty years ago the word "clever" in America always meant pleasant and bright, whereas it is now generally used as in England. But in the West it generally bears the former sense.

like manner the words "cunning" and "cute" are often used in America for "pretty (German *niedlich*). As I write, an American lady, who has just played a very sweet passage from one of Mozart's symphonies, turns from the piano to ask whether that passage is not cute, meaning pretty.

The word "mad" in America seems nearly always to mean "angry"; at least, I have seldom heard it used in our English sense. For "mad," as we use the word, Americans say "crazy." Herein they manifestly impaired the language. The words "mad" and "crazy" are quite distinct in their significance as used in England, and both meanings require to be expressed in ordinary parlance. It is obviously a mistake to make one word do duty for both, and to use the word "mad" to imply what is already expressed by other and more appropriate words.

I have just used the word "ordinary" in the English sense. In America the word is commonly used to imply inferiority. An "ordinary actor," for instance, is a bad actor; a "very ordinary man" is a man very much below par. There is no authority for this usage in any English writer of repute, and the usage is manifestly inconsistent with the derivation of the word. On the other hand, the use of the word "homely" to imply ugliness, as is usual in America, is familiar at this day in parts of England, and could be justified by passages in some of the older English writers. That the word in Shakespeare's time implied inferiority is shown by the line—

Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits.

In like manner, some authority may be found for the American use of the word "ugly" to signify bad-tempered.

Words are used in America which have ceased to be commonly used in England, and are, indeed, no longer regarded as admissible. Thus, the word "unbeknown," which no educated Englishman ever uses, either in speaking or in writing, is still used in America in common speech and by writers of repute. Thus, in *Harper's Monthly* for May, 1881

(whose editors are well-known literary men), I find, at page 884, the following sentence in a story called "The Unexpected Parting of the Beazley Twins,"—"While baiting Lottie's hook, as they sat together on a log on the water's bank, he told her, almost unbeknown to himself, the state of his feelings."

Occasionally, writers from whom one would expect at least correct grammar make mistakes which in England would be regarded as very bad—mistakes which are not, indeed, passed over in America, but still attract less notice than in England. Thus, Mr. Wilkie, who is so severe on English English in "Sketches beyond the Seas," describes himself as saying (in reply to the question, Whether Chicago policemen have to use their pistols much), "I don't know *as* they have to *as* a matter of law or necessity, but I know that they do *as* a matter of fact," and I have repeatedly heard this incorrect use of "as" for "that" in American conversation. I have also noted in works by educated Americans the use of the "that" as an adverb, "that excitable," "that headstrong," and so forth. So the use of "lay" for "lie" seems to me to be much commoner in America than in England, though it is too frequently heard here also. In a well-written novelette called "The Man who was not a Colonel," the words—"You was" and "Was you?" are repeatedly used, apparently without any idea that they are ungrammatical. They are much more frequently heard in America than in England (I refer, of course, to the conversation of the middle and better classes, not of the uneducated). In this respect it is noteworthy that the writers of the last century resemble Americans of to-day; for we often meet in their works the incorrect usage in question.

And here it may be well to consider the American expression "I guess," which is often made the subject of ridicule by Englishmen, unaware of the fact that the expression is good old English. It is found in a few works written during the last century, and in many written during the seventeenth cen-

ture. So careful a writer as Locke used the expression more than once in his treatise "On the Human Understanding." In fact, the disuse of the expression in later times seems to have been due to a change in the meaning of the word "guess." An Englishman who should say "I guess" now, would not mean what Locke did when he used the expression in former times, or what an American means when he uses it in our own day. We say, "I guess that riddle," or "I guess what you mean," signifying that we think the answer to the riddle or the meaning of what we may have heard may be such and such. But when an American says, "I guess so," he does not mean "I think it may be so," but more nearly "I know it to be so." The expression is closely akin to the old English saying, "I wis." Indeed, the words "guess" and "wis" are simply different forms of the same word. Just as we have "guard" and "ward," "guardian" and "warden," "Guillaume" and "William," "guichet" and "wicket," etc., so have we the verbs to "guess" and to "wis:" (in the Bible we have not "I wis" but we have "he wist"). "I wis" means nearly the same as "I know," and that this is the root meaning of the word is shown by such words as "wit," "witness," "wisdom," the legal phrase "to wit," and so forth. "Guess" was originally used in the same sense; and Americans retain that meaning, whereas in our modern English the word has change in significance.

It may be added, that in many parts of America we find the expression "I guess" replaced by "I reckon" and "I calculate" (the "I cal'late" of the Biglow Papers). In the South, "I reckon" is generally used,* and in parts of New England "I calculate," though (I am told) less commonly than of yore. It is obvious from the use of such words as "reckon" and "calculate" as equivalents for "guess" that the expression

* The first time I heard this expression it was used in a short sentence singularly full of Southern (or perhaps rather negro) phraseology. I asked a negro driver at the Louisville station or depot (pronounced *depoe*) how far it was to the Galt House, to which he replied, "*A right smart piece, I reckon.*"

"I guess" is not, as many seem to imagine, equivalent to the English "I suppose" and "I fancy." An American friend of mine, in response to the question by an Englishman (an exceedingly positive and dogmatic person, as it chanced), "Why do Englishmen never say 'I guess?'" replied (more wittily than justly), "Because they are always so positive about everything." But it is noteworthy that whereas the American says frequently, "I guess," meaning "I know," the Englishman as freely lards his discourse with the expression, "You know," which is, perhaps, more modest. Yet, on the other side, it may be noted, that the "down-east" American often uses the expression "I want to know," in the same sense as our English expression of attentive interest, "Indeed!"

Among other familiar Americanisms may be mentioned the following:—

An American who is interested in a narrative or statement will say "Is that so?" or simply "So!" The expression "Possible!" is sometimes, but not often, heard. Dickens misunderstood this exclamation as equivalent to "It is possible, but does not concern me;" whereas in reality it is equivalent to the expression "Is it possible?" I have occasionally heard the exclamation "Do tell!" but it is less frequently heard now than of yore.

The word "right" is more frequently used than in England, and is used also in senses different from those understood in our English usage of the word. Thus, the American will say "right here" and "right there," where an Englishman would say "just here" or "just there," or simply "here" or "there." Americans say "right away" where we say "directly." On the other hand, I am inclined to think that the English expression "right well" for "very well" is not commonly used in America.

Americans say "yes, sir," and "no, sir," with a sense different from that with which the words are used in England; but

they mark the difference of sense by a difference of intonation. Thus, if a question is asked to which the reply in England would be simply "yes" or "no" (or, according to the rank or station of the querist, "yes, sir," or "no, sir"), the American reply would be "yes, sir," or "no, sir," intonated as with us in England. But if the reply is intended to be emphatic, then the intonation is such as to throw the emphasis on the word "sir,"—the reply is "yes, *sir*," or "no, *sir*." In passing, I may note that I have never heard an American waiter reply "yessir," as our English waiters do.

The American use of the word "quit" is peculiar. They do not limit the word, as we do, to the signification "take leave"—in fact, I have never heard an American use the word in that sense. They generally use it as equivalent to "leave off" or "stop." (In passing, one may notice as rather strange the circumstance that the word "quit," which properly means "to go away from," and the word "stop," which means to "stay," should both have come to be used as signifying to "leave off.") Thus Americans say "quit fooling" for "leave off playing the fool," "quit singing," "quit laughing," and so forth.

To English ears an American use of the word "some" sounds strange—viz., as an adverb. An American will say, "I think some of buying a new house," or the like, for "I have some idea of buying," etc. I have indeed heard the usage defended as perfectly correct, though assuredly there is not an instance in all the wide range of English literature which will justify it.

So, also, many Americans defend as good English the use of the word "good" in such phrases as the following: "I have written that note good," for "well"; "that will make you feel good," for "that will do you good"; and in other ways, all equally incorrect. Of course, there are instances in which adjectives are allowed by custom to be used as adverbs, as, for instance, "right" for "rightly," etc.; but there can be

no reason for substituting the adjective "good" in place of the adverb "well," which is as short a word, and at least equally euphonious. The use of "real" for "really," as "real angry," "real nice," is, of course, grammatically indefensible.

The word "sure" is often used for "surely" in a somewhat singular way, as in the following sentence from "Sketches beyond the Sea," in which Mr. Wilkie is supposed to be quoting a remark made by an English policeman: "If policemen went to shooting in this country, there would be some hanging, sure; and not wholly among the classes that would be shot at, either." (In passing, note that the word "either" is never pronounced *eyether* in America, but always *eether*, whereas in England we seem to use either pronunciation indifferently.)

An American seldom uses the word "stout" to signify "fat," saying generally "fleshy." Again, for our English word "hearty," signifying "in very good health," an American will sometimes employ the singularly inappropriate word "rugged." (It corresponds pretty nearly with our word "rude"—equally inappropriate in the expression "rude health.")

The use of the word "elegant" for "fine" strikes English ears as strange. For instance, if you say to an American, "This is a fine morning," he is likely to reply, "It is an elegant morning," or perhaps oftener by using simply the word "Elegant." It is not a pleasing use of the word.

There are some Americanisms which seem more than defensible—in fact, grammatically more correct than our English usage. Thus, we seldom hear in America the redundant word "got" in such expressions as "I have got," etc. Where the word would not be redundant, it is yet generally replaced by the more euphonious word "gotten," now scarcely ever heard in England. Yet, again, we often hear in America such expressions as "I shall get me a new book," "I have gotten me a dress," "I must buy me that," and the like. This use of "me" for "myself" is good old English, at any rate.

I have been struck by the circumstance that neither the conventional, but generally very absurd, American of our English novelists, nor the conventional, but at least equally absurd, Englishman of American novelists, is made to employ the more delicate Americanisms or Anglicisms. We generally find the American "guessing" or "calculating," if not even more coarsely Yankee, like Reade's "Joshua Fullalove"; while the Englishman of American novels is almost always very coarsely British, even if he is not represented as using what Americans persist in regarding as the true "Henglish haccent." Where an American is less coarsely drawn, as Trollope's "American Senator," he uses expressions which no American ever uses, and none of those Americanisms which, while more delicate, are in reality more characteristic, because they are common, all Americans using them. And in like manner, when an American writer introduces an Englishman of the more natural sort, he never makes him speak as an Englishman would speak; before half-a-dozen sentences have been uttered, he uses some expression which is purely American. Thus, no Englishman ever uses, and an American may be recognized at once by using, such expressions as "I know it," or "That's so," for "It is true"; by saying "Why, certainly," for "Certainly," and so forth. There are a great number of these, slight but characteristic peculiarities of American and English English.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR, in the Gentleman's Magazine.

DOGS OF LITERATUR.

Ci-git qui fut toujours sensible, doux, fidele.
Et, jusques au tombeau, des amis le modele.
Il ne me quitte pas quand je perdis mon bien.
—C'était un homme unique!—Helas! c'était mon chien.

Epitaphe d'un Ami, par EDMOND DALLIER.

"Epitaph on a pet, in a pet!" and "Cynical!" are the exclamations which, in spite of the unpardonable punning, rise

unbidden to our lips as we reach the concluding word of our Byronic quotation. And the sentiment embraces just as much truth as is commonly wrapped up in sentiments that are cynical. Like our own pessimist Crabbe, when with similar poetic license he pictures the dog—

The only creature faithful to the end—

Dallier is using the teeth of the "friend of man" for the purpose of snapping at humanity; making capital out of canine fidelity at the expense of those who had doubtless found it hard enough to be true to him in spite of his poetic irritability; and allowing his real grief for the death of his favorite to rise to fictitious mountains which fall on and cover all remembrance of past faithfulness and truth. But perhaps we are too hard on the peculiar poet nature, "Man is the god of the dog," says Bacon, and it may be that the dog responds, with less variableness than any other living being, to that craving for worship which is not least innate in "nature's worshiper." The poet is no Actæon; his darling thoughts are not torn in pieces by the carping criticism of his own hounds; he himself is not "done to death by" their "slandrous tongues." Is he sensitive, choleric, revengeful? Then, as says Dr. John Brown, he may "kick his dog instead of some one else who would not take it so meekly, and, moreover, would certainly not, as he does, ask your pardon for being kicked." He may read the "Scotch Reviewers" and thank heaven for his dog. But such deductions from the poetic and literary nature must not be pressed; these unhinged intervals, when choler smothers affection, and the man is not master of his actions, must, even in poets, be rare; for, to judge from the investigations which I have made into the history of the subject, the record of literary men and women who have experienced and reciprocated the devotion of their dogs, would furnish a material contribution to the "many books" of the making of which "there is no end:" nor,

Had I e'en a hundred tongues,
A hundred mouths, and iron lungs,

could I venture to recite the innumerable passages in which well-known writers have used their pen to the glory of

The joy, the solace, and the aid of man.

Seldom, indeed, do we light upon any revelation of antipathy. Macaulay, however, seems to have been bored as much by a dog as by a bad listener, or by any person or thing that aided and abetted bad listening. His definition of a dog as "an animal that only spoiled conversation" is quite characteristic of that eminent and, withal, monopolizing talker, who would most unreservedly have indorsed the parody, "One man's pet is another man's nuisance." But Goethe's feelings had passed the bounds of boredom; dogs were an abhorrence to him; their barking drove him to distraction. Mr. Lewes tells us of the poet's troubles as theatrical manager at Weimar, when the cabal against him had craftily persuaded the Duke Carl August, whose fondness for dogs was as remarkable as Goethe's aversion to them, to invite to his capital the comedian Karsten and his poodle, which had been performing, amid the enthusiastic acclamations of Paris and Germany, the leading part in the melodrama of "The Dog of Montargis." Goethe, being apprised of this project, haughtily replied: "One of our theater regulations stands, 'No dogs admitted on the stage';" and thus dismissed the subject. But the invitation had already gone, and the dog arrived. After the first rehearsal Goethe gave His Highness the choice between the dog and His Highness's then stage manager; and the Duke, angry at his opposition, severed a long friendship by a most offensive letter of dismissal. He quickly, however, came to his senses, and, repenting of his unworthy petulance, wrote to the poet in a most conciliatory tone; but, though the cloud passed away, no entreaty could ever induce Goethe to resume his post. Alfred de Musset's dislike of dogs was intensified by unfortunate experience, for twice in his life a dog had gone

near to wreck his prospects: once, when, at a royal hunting party, he blunderingly shot Louis Philippe's favorite pointer; and again, when, as a candidate for the Academy, he was paying the customary visit of ceremony to an influential Immortal. Just as he rang at the chateau gate, an ugly, muddy welp rushed joyously and noisily to greet him, fawning upon the poet's new and dainty costume. Reluctant to draw any distinction of courtesy, at such a time, between the Academician and his dog, he had no alternative but to accept the slimy caresses, and the escort of the animal into the salon. The embarrassment of his host he accounted for by the barely defensible behavior of his pet, but when the dog, having followed them into the dining-room, placed two muddy paws upon the cloth and seized the wing of a cold chicken, De Musset's suppressed wrath found relief in the reserved suggestion—"You are fond of dogs, I see." "Fond of dogs!" echoed the Academician, "I hate dogs." "But this animal here!" ventured De Musset. "I have borne with the beast," was the reply, "only because it is yours." "Mine?" cried the poet, "I thought it was yours, which was all that prevented me from killing him!" The two men shouted with laughter; De Musset gained a friend; but the dog and his kind an enemy more bitter than before.

Mr. Tennyson, again, is one of the few national poets whose writings exhibit a striking absence of any tribute to the dog, or indeed of any reference that is not merely passing. Take, for instance, the brief allusion to Cavall, in his "Enid," when Queen Guinevere is listening for the baying of "King Arthur's hound of deepest mouth." But the argument from silence goes for nothing save to remind us that Mr. Tennyson is essentially the poet of the deeper thoughts and intents of the human heart.

Such exceptions, however, only bring into prominence the rule that the majority of our masters in literature, and our poets almost to a man, have made dogs their personal friends

in real life, in fiction, or in both. Facile princeps, among such true dog-fanciers reigns Sir Walter Scott. So great a fascination did he exercise over dumb creatures, that even strange dogs in the Edinburgh streets used to pay him homage. Mr. Carlyle relates how a "little Blenheim Cocker," "one of the smallest, beautifullest, and tiniest of dogs," with which he was well acquainted—a dog so shy that it would "crouch towards its mistress, and draw back with angry timidity if any one did but look at him admiringly"—once met in the street "a tall, singular, busy-looking man," who was halting by, and running towards him began "fawning, frisking, licking at his feet, and every time he saw Sir Walter afterwards in Edinburgh, he repeated his demonstration of delight.* The genius of him that set a catalogue of ships to music would be needful in order to give, in attractive detail, the names, description, and history of Scott's canine associates, since

Many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And "dandies" of degree.

Washington Irving tells us of the "whole garrison of dogs, all open-mouthed and vociferous," that rushed out to salute him when first the wheels of his chaise disturbed the quiet of Abbotsford. The "very perfect, gentle knight" is a standing refutation of Karr's aphorism: "On n'a dans la vie qu'un chien, comme on n'a qu'un amour." The death of a dog, it is true, brought keen sorrow to him. "The misery of keeping a dog," says he, "is his dying so soon; but, to be sure, if he lived for fifty years, and then died—what would become of me?"† When, however, a dog did die, he vowed no perpetual widowhood, but, after a decent interval, the vacancy was usually and often completely filled. Of all the dogs that live, and always will live, side by side in his memory, Camp

* See Mr. Hutton's "Scott," in the series, "English Men of Letters."

† Lockhart's "Life of Scott," has, of course, been freely consulted.

and Maida bear the palm. Camp, a large and handsome bull-terrier, fierce as any of his race, but with children gentle as a lamb, Scott speaks of as "the wisest dog" he ever had : so marvelously did he understand spoken language, that his master used to make him an argument for the higher education of canine potentialities. Camp once bit the baker, was beaten accordingly, and had the enormity of the offense explained to him ; after which he never heard the slightest allusion to the story, whatever the voice or tone, without retiring into the darkest corner of the room, with a look of the direst distress. Even amid the decay of advancing age, his affection and sagacity never abated ; and whenever the servant at Ashteil, while laying the cloth for dinner, happened to say to the dog as he lay on the mat before the fire, "Camp, my guid fellow, the sheriff's just coming hame by the ford," or "by the hill," the sick animal would immediately bestir himself, going to the back or the front door, according to the direction given, and dragging himself as far as he was able, to welcome his master. During the whole of his career he was Scott's inseparable companion in his study and in his protracted rambles by the banks of the Yarrow ; and his deportment, when the rest of the kennel added numbers but not dignity to the company, plainly showed that he held himself to be his master's "sensible and steady friend," in favorable contrast to the more freakish and locomotive members of the "following." At his funeral the whole family stood in tears round the grave, and Mrs. Lockhart recalls how her father smoothed down the turf above Camp with the saddest expression she had ever seen on his face. On the evening of the dog's death Scott excused himself from a dinner engagement, alleging as his apology, "The death of a dear old friend."

But it was Maida that gave rise to the almost proverbial saying of that generation, "Walter Scott and his dog." This, "the grandest dog ever seen on the border since the days of

Johnnie Armstrong," was a cross between the wolf and the deer hound, and so huge that a Yankee, who had invaded Abbotsford to interview its owner, declared that Maida was "pro-di-gi-ous!" With such a creature, dignity, one would think, "went without saying;" yet that Maida's dignity had a suspicion of cant about it, and was partly aimed at the gallery is a fact suggested by his lack of that calm restfulness which goes far to complete a dignified demeanor. He had a rooted objection to remaining for long in any one place or position; he would lie stretched at the feet of his master as he sat writing or reading in his study chair, but would move whenever his master moved, and lay his head across his master's knees to be caressed or fondled. Sir Adam Ferguson tells a characteristic story of Maida's spirit of unrest. He was sitting with Scott and Maida, on one occasion, in the rough, smoking study, when Abbotsford was still in building; outside a heavy mist shrouded the whole landscape of Tweedside, and distilled in a cold, persistent drizzle. But in spite of external gloom and discomfort, Maida kept fidgeting in and out of the room, Scott exclaiming every five minutes, "Eh, Adam! the puir brute's just wearying to get out"; or, "Eh, Adam! the puir creature's just crying to come in"; when Sir Adam would open the door to the raw, chilly air for the wet, muddy hound's exit or entrance, while Scott, his "face swollen with a grievous toothache, and one hand pressed to his cheek, was writing with the other the humorous opening chapters of the "Anti-quary."**

In the Castle Street "den," Hinse of Hinsfeldt, a venerable tomcat, fat and sleek, would generally, when Maida was in the room, pose himself on the top of the library ladder, looking on with a sedate interest; but, when Maida chose to leave the party, and his master apprised of his desire by his thumping the door with a huge paw, "as violently as ever fashionable footman handled a knocker in Belgravia, rose and opened it for him

* See Fanny Kemble's "Reminiscences of my Girlhood."

with courteous alacrity, Hinse came down purring from his perch and mounted guard by the footstool, vice Maida absent upon furlough." But to write a life of Maida would be almost to write a life of Scott while Maida lived—"so pleasant were they in their lives," so intimate and tender and unbroken was their intercourse. Often were they companions on the same canvas, till Scott grew "as tired of the operation as old Maida, who had been so often sketched that he got up and walked off with signs of loathing whenever he saw an artist unfurl his paper and handle his brushes." Maida's likeness became so cosmopolitan, that once upon a time a friend of Scott's picked up, as he passed through Munich, a common snuff-box, price one franc, with Maida for a frontispiece, and the superscription, "Der lieblich Hund von Walter Scott"; "in mentioning which," adds Scott, "I cannot suppress the avowal of some personal vanity." While the dog was still alive, though failing, and only now and then raising a majestic bark from behind the house at Abbotsford, a statue of him was erected at the door. Those were the days when Scott used to stroll out in the morning to visit his "aged friend," who would "drag his gaunt limbs forward painfully, yet with some remains of dignity, to meet the hand and loving tone of his master," as he consoled with him on his being "so frail." But the end came at last, and Maida died quietly one evening in his straw bed, of sheer old age and natural decay. The epitaph Lockhart suggested over toddy and a cigar—necessarily in Latin, because, as Scott said, Maida seemed ordained to end a hexameter—

*Maidæ marmorea dormis sub imagine, Maida,
Ad januam domini sit tibi terra levis,*

and which Scott at once Englished—

Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,
Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door,—

has been made famous not only by its subject and its authors, but also by its false quantity. Before many hours it became

permanent in stone, and having been likewise printed, but not accurately, by the admiring Ballantyne in his newspaper, gave rise to attack and even to defense—a defense including moreover Ballantyne's gratuitous blunder of *jaces* for *dormis*. Scott persisted in pleading guilty himself to *janua*, adopting Johnson's apology for a veterinary mistake—"Ignorance, pure ignorance, sir;" and, though according all admiration to the accurate knowledge of prosody which he had either never acquired or had forgotten, he playfully wrote to Lockhart (whom he begged not "to move an inch in this contemptible rumpus")—

A fig for all dactyls, a fig for all spondees,
A fig for all dunces and Dominic Grundys.

So much for Maida; and if I have seemed to linger unduly upon this particular companion, let my excuse be given in the words of Scott's biographer: "So died his faithful friend and servant, Maida, the noblest and most celebrated of all his dogs—might I not safely say, of all dogs that ever shared the fellowship of man?"

Perhaps one or two of Scott's less conspicuous canine favorites should not be altogether passed by; for example, Spice, whose history demands a short prologue. An eccentric Scotch farmer, named Jamie Davidson—the genuine Dandie Dinmont, and, after the issue of "Guy Mannering," known by that name alone to all his neighbors—was the proprietor of what Scott terms, "all the Pepper and Mustard family." In order to balk the Inland Revenue, or for some other reason not assigned, Dandie had but two names for his score of dogs—"auld Pepper and auld Mustard, young Pepper and young Mustard, little Pepper and little Mustard," and so on—and when on one occasion the whole pack rushed out, incontinently bewraying to a passing surveyor of taxes their excess over Dandie's return, Dandie hurriedly brought up the rear, with the exclamation—"The tae hauf o' them is but whalps, man!" Dandie far out-Scotted Scott in submissive-

ness and self-abnegation; for "he b'lieves it's only the dogs in the bink, and no himsel'." Scott imitated his nomenclature only so far as to "stick to the cruets"; and Spice remains to us as the most prominent member of a 'cruet' of contemporaneous dandies, denominated Pepper, Mustard, Spice, Ginger, Catchup, and Soy.

So intimately were Scott's dogs bound up with his life that, when his last financial difficulties crowded upon him, and it was for a time in his mind whether it would not be best to sell Abbotsford, the thought of parting from "these dumb creatures," moved him more than any other painful reflections; and he could only hope "there may yet be those who loving me will love my dog because it has been mine." Before he started as an invalid for Naples, one of his written instructions referred to the management of his dogs; and again and again, during his foreign sojourn, he gave strict, tender, and minute injunctions to Laidlaw, his steward, to be "very careful of the poor people and the dogs." He was always thinking of them. It was during this last hopeless journey that he spoke to the large Danish hound which, stranger though he was, fawned upon him at the Castle of Bracciano, of his "fitness as an accompaniment to such a castle"; but that he himself had "larger dogs at home, though, may be, not so good-natured to strangers." It was in Naples, too, where Sir William Gell's huge dog used to be fondled by Scott, and talked to, and informed of the "dogs he had at home"; while he would confide to Sir William how he had "two very fine favorite dogs, Nimrod and Bran"—"so large that I am always afraid they look too large and too feudal for my diminished income." And it was his dogs who, as the last days drew near, came round his chair and began to fondle him and lick his hands, while their dying master smiled or sobbed over them. "*L'ami des chiens*," par excellence, was Sir Walter Scott in the world of letters.

The ruling passion transferred the portraits of Scott's favor-

tes to the pages of romance and poetry. There is not a novel or a poem, among his chief compositions, where "the inevitable dog," in the best sense, is not instinctively allotted a place sometimes as almost the central figure of the story; always touched in with the loving and admiring hand of one to whom the thought of a dog was second nature. As Adolphus remarked in his "Letters on the Authorship of Waverley," wherever it is possible for a dog to contribute to the effect of a scene, we find there the very dog that is required, in his proper place and attitude. "Woodstock" would be shorn of half its glory if it were robbed of Bevis, the favorite hound of the cavalier, Sir Henry Lee, and the protector, tractable as bold, of his fair daughter Alice; always present to help when help was most required. In the large wolf-dog, a mastiff in strength, almost a greyhound in form and fleetness," when the story begins—when the story ends "his eyes dim, his joints stiff, his head slouched down, and his gallant carriage and graceful motions exchanged for a stiff rheumatic hobbling gait," living still, as it seemed, only to lie at his master's feet and raise his head now and again to look on him—Scott has reproduced our old friend Maida. Sir Kenneth's title to be hero of the "Talisman" may be fairly disputed by his stag-hound, Roswalgardian, almost to the death, of the English standard, when Sir Kenneth had been beguiled by the dwarf from his post on St. George's Mount; and the detector of the treacherous Conrade when all the Christian princes swept in long review and unconscious ordeal before Richard and Roswal in his master's leash: a dog which Scott has borrowed last, but not least "nobly," from the stock of primitive Aryan tradition, and which has found its counterpart in the dog of Montargis, the dog of the old knight Sir Roger, in the story of Sir Triamour; and in other heroic dogs of earlier and later romance. Gurth, the faithful herdsman of "Ivanhoe," would seem only half himself without the inseparable Fangs, the ragged and wolfish-looking lurcher, half mastiff, half greyhound, who is presented

to us at one time in the midst of his ludicrously misdirected efforts to second Gurth in collecting his refractory grunTERS; and, at another time, as he lies wounded and howling from the presence of the wrathful Cedric, leaving Gurth more in sorrow for the injury done to his faithful adherent than for the unmerited gyves on his own limbs, while in moody helplessness he appeals surreptitiously to Wamba to "wipe his eyes with the skirt of his mantle, for the dust offended him." And who but a student of dogs could have told us how Juno—though usually holding her master the Antiquary much in awe—on one occasion, while the Antiquary was in full declamation of "Weave the warp, and weave the woof," peeped several times into the room, and, encountering nothing forbidding in his aspect, at length presumed to introduce her whole person; and, finally becoming bold by impunity, actually ate up Mr. Oldbuck's toast; subsequently, to the accompaniment of a shake of Mr. Oldbuck's fist, and the gibe, "Thou type of womankind!" scouring out of the parlor? But a whole paper would hardly suffice to give a worthy account of all these friends of Sir Walter's imagination. The jealous Wolf, the staghound of Avenel Castle, so resentful of the love of his childless mistress for the little Roland whom he had saved from drowning; Wasp, the rough terrier, the plucky, watchful alter ego of Harry Bertram in his perilous wanderings and imprisonment; Yarrow, the sheep dog, whom Dinmont was "hounding in his dreams"—"Hoy, Yarrow, man—far yaud—far yaud"—when Warp's ominous barking was waking the echoes of Bertram's cell, and compelling the angry challenge of the jailer's deep-mouthed Tear'em in the courtyard below; Plato, whose howling provoked Colonel Mannering's somewhat testy reminder that an Academic was not a Stoic, when the bungling ecstasy of Dominie Sampson had spilt the scalding tea upon the favorite spaniel; Hobbie Elliot's Kilbuck, the deer greyhound that erroneously fixed his fangs in the throat of the dwarf's

she-goat, and thereby put himself and Hobbie in bodily fear from the dwarf's dagger; Captain Clutterbuck's dog that quizzed him when he missed a bird; Fitz-James's hounds returning "sulky" from a bootless chase, or swimming "with whimpering cry" behind their master's boat; the English deerhound that flew right "furiously" at the young Buccleuch; Lord Ronald's deerhounds, "with shivering limbs and stifled growl" in the haunted forest of Glenfinlas; Cedric's "greyhounds and slowhounds and terriers, impatient for their supper, but, with the sagacious knowledge of physiognomy peculiar to their race, forbearing to intrude upon the moody silence of their master"—Balder, the grisly wolf-dog, alone venturing to presume upon his privileged intimacy, but being repelled with a "Down, Balder, down! I am not in a humor for foolery"; the Branksome staghounds "urging in dreams the forest race"; Ban and Bauscar, the deerhounds so pathetically inspired to the chase by the sweet singing of Daft Davie Gellatley; Stumah, "poor Stumah"! the chief mourner at the bier when his master Duncan is laid out for burial at Duncraggan; "Brave Lufra,"

whom from Douglas's side
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,
The fleetest hound in all the North;

—all these and many more give Scott scope for some of his happiest and most natural touches, but must be passed by with a mere allusion.

The name of Byron suggests to us at once his dog Boatswain. But Boatswain was not alone; the Newfoundland had one or two smaller satellites, which through his master and himself have become historical. A finely formed and ferocious bull-mastiff, Nelson by name, was his contemporary and his relentless foe, being jealous of the precedence which Boatswain enjoyed. When the muzzle, with which it was usually deemed advisable to "fence" Nelson's teeth, was exceptionally remitted, dog met dog without a moment's delay; and we

are told how, more than once during the stay of Byron and Moore at a Harrogate hotel, the two friends, the valet (Frank) and all the waiters that could be found, were vigorously engaged in parting them; a consummation only attained as a rule by thrusting poker and tongues into the mouth of each. But one day Nelson slipped his guard, and, escaping from Byron's room unmuzzled, fastened upon the throat of a horse with a grip that would not be gainsayed. Away went the stable-boys for Frank, who, seizing one of his lordship's pistols, always kept in his room ready loaded, solved the knot with a bullet through poor Nelson's brain, to the deep sorrow of his bereaved master. But Byron's devotion to dogs was centered mainly in Boatswain, a dog whom he has immortalized in verse, and by whose side it was his solemn purpose, expressed in his will of 1811, as Moore tells us, to be buried. Byron appears to have been won, not merely by Boatswain's unusual intelligence, but by his noble generosity of spirit, both of which endowments come out in the story recorded of his relations to Gilpin, Mrs. Byron's fox-terrier. Lest Boatswain's unceasing assaults and worryings should finally make Gilpin's existence impossible, the terrier was transferred to a tenant at Newstead; and, on the departure of Byron for Cambridge, Boatswain, with two other dogs, was intrusted to a servant till his master's return. One morning, to the dismay of the servant, Boatswain disappeared, and a whole day's anxious search did not avail to find him; at length, however, as evening came on, in walked the stray dog, with Gilpin at his side, whom he forthwith "led to the kitchen fire, licking him and lavishing upon him every demonstration of joy. He had been all the way to Newstead to fetch him, and, having now established his former foe under the roof once more, agreed so perfectly well with him ever after, that he even protected him from the insults of other dogs, a task which the quarrelsomeness of the little terrier rendered no sinecure; and if he but heard Gilpin's voice in distress, would fly instantly to the res-

cue." At Newstead Abbey Byron would often fall out of his boat, as if by accident, into the water, whereupon Boatswain would immediately plunge in, seize him and drag him ashore. Boatswain's tomb is a conspicuous object at the Abbey, and the inscription in verse is well-known, with the misanthropical bitterness of its opening couplets, and with its pathetic and characteristic conclusion :

Ye who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on, it honors none you wish to mourn ;
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise
I never knew but one—and here he lies.

The prose epitaph, not so widely known, may perhaps be quoted more fully : "Near this spot are deposited the remains of one who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices. This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes, is but a just tribute to the memory of—Boatswain, a dog."

No man who went not "in and out" with his dog could have written "The Twa Dogs." The poem is, first of all, a tribute to Luath, Burns's favorite collie, who had been wantonly killed on the night when the poet's father died ; but even the imaginary Cæsar—"name of Scotland's dogs," and "keep it for his honor's pleasure,"—is drawn with the hand of a lover ; for though, as "the gentleman and scholar," he "was o' high degree."

The fient a pride—nae pride had he ;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin'
Ev'n with a tinkler-gipsy's messin'.*
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted* tyke, though e'er sae duddie,†
But he wad stan't as glad to see him.

Luath, on the other hand,

was a plowman's collie.
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,‡
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
An' in his freaks had Luath ca'd him

* Small dog.

* Matted.

† Ragged, dowdy.

‡ Companion.

and has bequeathed to us. He belonged to Roderick, the last king of the Visigoths, who, having escaped in the guise of a peasant from the battlefield where he had been defeated by Count Julian and his Moorish allies, returned to his shattered kingdom after a hermit life of twenty years. Theron alone knew him, yet not even he at once, but only after eying him long and wistfully did he recognize at length,

Changed as he was, and in those sordid weeds,
His royal master. And he rose and licked
His withered hand, and earnestly looked up
With eyes whose human meaning did not need
The aid of speech; and moaned as if at once
To court and chide the long withheld caress.

The unrecognized king, withdrawing from the painful and ineffectual interview with Florinda and Russilla his mother, retired, followed by the dog,

Into the thickest grove; there yielding way
To his o'erburthened nature, from all eyes
Apart, he cast himself upon the ground
And threw his arms around the dog, and cried,
While tears streamed down: "Thou, Theron, thou hast known
Thy poor lost master—Theron, none but thou!"

Consciously or unconsciously Southey must have reproduced in some degree Argus, the friend of Ulysses, and of Homer too. But with Argus there was no delay: straightway, after a like separation of twenty years,

He knew his lord—he knew, and strove to meet;
In vain he strove to crawl, and kiss his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master and confess his joys.
Soft pity touched the mighty master's soul;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole.

And the tenderness of the poet is nowhere more contagious than when he goes on to tell how Argus, taking this last look at his master, there and then let life ebb quietly away.

The nervous melancholy of Cowper found in dumb companions a constant source of relief, and the debt he owed to his sprightly spaniel Beau was no trifling one. The graceful poem which has given Beau a lasting fame, though of no great intrinsic merit, serves to bring Cowper within our

favoured pale. The poet and his spaniel walking by the side of the Ouse on a soft, shady summer's day—the spaniel, now “wantoning among the flags and reeds,” now almost keeping pace with the swallows “o’er the meads,” now marking “with fixt considerate face” the unsuccessful pains of his master to reach a water-lily that “he wished his own,” and setting his “puppy brains to comprehend the case”; and, at last, on their return from the ramble, spying the lily once more, and, after a plunge into the stream, dropping “the treasure” at the poet’s feet—all makes a very pretty picture, and gives us an unerring insight into the love of Cowper for his dog.

Pope, too, was a man of dogs. Every one will recall the inscription on the collar of the dog presented by him to Frederick, Prince of Wales—

I am his Highness’s dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

The feeling thrown into the translation from Homer which we have quoted above, would almost stand sponsor for his appreciation of canine faithfulness and affection; but we have a real friend of Pope always with us. His dog Bounce survives, associated, it is true, chiefly with an epitaph, yet the epitaph speaks volumes. “O rare Bounce,” first proposed by Pope as a *multum in parvo* eulogium on his departed favorite, was afterwards abandoned as too obviously disrespectful in its allusion to “O rare Ben Jonson”—the words of Shakespeare, which an eccentric Oxfordshire squire, Jack Young, so called, on passing one day through Westminster Abbey, gave a mason eighteenpence to cut on Ben Jonson’s tomb—still virgin stone on account of the tardiness of the public subscription. Belinda’s Shock, on the other hand, kindles no enthusiasm; but the true feeling of Pope can hardly be looked for in a mock heroic poem like the “Rape of the Lock,” where the by-play of a grand lady’s lap-dog merely sets off the company of

Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billets-doux.

To assert that Shakespeare drew from dogs that he possessed and loved, simply because he describes the sportsman's comrades and pastime with such technical accuracy, would be a perilous conclusion, considering the number of pursuits to which his apparent omniscience has consigned him; but, unless tradition belies him, he has a Charlcote reputation which tends to cumulate the evidence; and we may therefore, without much apprehension, rest satisfied in our instinctive conviction that none but a friend of dogs could have lingered about them as he does in the "Taming of the Shrew," where the sporting lord charges his huntsman to "tender well his hounds," while master and man discuss fatigues of Merriman and of Clowder, and the exploits of Silver and Belman and Echo, as sympathetically as if these fatigues and exploits had been their own. Equally defensible is it to persuade ourselves that Shakespeare is harking back to happy memories when Theseus promises—

My love shall hear the music of my hounds,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

And when Hippolyta recalls the "gallant chiding" of the hounds of Sparta, baying the bear in a wood of Crete, and making the groves,

The skies, the fountains, every region near,
Seem all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Again, it is Shakespeare, so to say, who, in Theseus's reply, revels in the beauty of his hounds:—

Their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to nor cheer'd with horn
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.

In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Launce supplies an instance of dog-love run wild. "To this silly semi-brute fellow," says Gervinus, "who sympathises with his beast almost more

than with men, his dog is his best friend." Their communion and fellowship is so human that Launce is seriously hurt, and indites Crab as "the sourest dog that lives," as "a stone, a very pebble stone," and "with no more pity than a dog," because (he adds) "my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed a tear; but see how I lay the dust with my tears!" And all this in spite of the fact that many a time and oft Launce had sacrificed everything to Crab—had even taken his faults upon him and submitted to stripes in his stead. Can we doubt that a real feeling lay at the foundation of this extravaganza, in which the force of dog-love could no further go?

Smollett must have had many a merry chuckle as he developed the biography of Chowder in "Humphry Clinker." Chowder, "a filthy cur from Newfoundland" (according to the unsympathetic description of Jeremiah Melford), was the treasure of Miss Tabitha Bramble, who having, in the opinion of the same correspondent, "distinguished this beast with her favor on account of his ugliness and ill-nature, if it was not indeed an instinctive sympathy between his disposition and her own caressed him without ceasing, and even harassed the family in his service." Most whimsical is the status of profound importance which Chowder holds in the letters of Tabitha and her Malapropian servants—with their detailed instructions concerning Chowder's ailments, his medicines, and his treatment—their deep distress when he is ill, their devout thankfulness on his recovery. For example, Jenkins, in attendance upon the Brambles at the Bath waters, writes to Molly Jones, the housekeeper at Brambleton Hall, in this strain: "As for house news, the worst is Chowder has fallen off greatly from his stomick: he eats nothing but white
neats, and not much of that, and wheezes, and seems to be
much bloated. The doctor thinks he is threatened with a

dropsy. Parson Marrofat, who has got the same disorder, finds great benefit from the waters; but Chowder seems to like them no better than the squire; and mistress says, if his case don't take a favorable turn, she will certainly carry him to Abergan'nny, to drink of goats'-whey." Elsewhere Mrs. Jones is informed by the same writer:—"We have been all in a sad taking here in Glostar. Miss Liddy had like to have run away with a player-man, and young master and he would adone themselves a mischief; but the squire applied to the mare, and they were bound over. . . . But what was worse than all this, Chowder has had the misfortune to be worried by a butcher's dog, and came home in a terrible pickle. Mistress was taken with the asterisks; but they soon went off. The doctor was sent for to Chowder, and he subscribed a repository, which did him great service. Thank God, he's now in a fair way to do well." Whenever the dog appears—whether as sitting gigantic in Jenkins's lap in a coach and four; or as tearing Matthew Bramble's leg and biting the venturesome footman's fingers to the bone when the carriage was overturned; or as the cause of Matthew's transport of passion and sudden ebullition of peremptoriness with Tabitha, which resulted in Tabitha's presentation of Chowder to Lady Griskin ("who proposes to bring the breed of him into fashion"), and in his former mistress's permanent conversion from chronic spleen to perpetual smiling—we feel that, under cover of farce and satire, Chowder is a real friend of Smollett's, and his hearty ally in scourging the frivolities of the age.

The humor of Dickens has sometimes been compared to that of Smollett; and though there may be many points of difference—perhaps to the advantage of the former—their keen appreciation of a "funny" dog is certainly one point of union, and may be allowed to serve as a bridge over which we may now pass to writers of our own time. Dickens's interest in dogs, Mr. Forster tells us, was inexhaustible, and he welcomed with delight any newly discovered trait in ~~their~~

character. The society of his own dogs he ardently enjoyed. He invariably kept two or more mastiffs to guard his house against the undesirable wayfarers who haunted the high road hard by. Of all these his special favorite was Turk, "a noble animal full of affection and intelligence," who had as his co-mate Linda, a "superbly beautiful creature," the scion of a St. Bernard, brought over by Albert Smith. These two dogs happened to be with him in the walk when he fell lame, and, boisterous companions, as they always were, the sudden change in their master's gait brought them at once to a standstill. As he limped home, three miles through the snow, they crept at his side at the same slow pace, and never once turned away from him. Dickens was greatly moved at the time by their solicitous behavior, and often afterwards spoke of Turk's upturned face as full of sympathy mingled with fear, and of Linda's inconsolable dejection. A railway accident brought death to Turk and sorrow to his master; and then came Sultan, a cross between a St. Bernard and a bloodhound, built like a lioness, but of such indomitably aggressive propensities that, after breaking loose and well nigh devouring a small sister of one of the servants, he was first flogged and then sentenced to be shot at seven the next morning. "He went out," says Dickens, "very cheerfully with the half-dozen men told off for the purpose, evidently thinking they were going to be the death of somebody unknown. But observing in the procession an empty wheelbarrow and a double-barreled gun, he became meditative and fixed the bearer of the gun with his eyes. A stone deftly thrown across him by the village blackguard (the chief mourner) caused him to look round for an instant, and he then fell dead, shot through the heart. Two posthumous children are at this moment rolling on the lawn; one will evidently inherit his ferocity, and will probably inherit the gun." The description of Dickens's welcome by his dogs on his return from America—how they lifted their heads to have their ears pulled, an attention received from

him alone; how Linda, weeping profusely, threw herself on her back that she might caress his foot with her large fore paws; and how the terrier, Mrs. Bouncer, barking furiously, "tore round him like the dog in the Faust outlines"—will show at once the tender relations that existed between the great novelist and his canine friends. But we must not omit little Snittle Timbery, a present from Mitchell, the comedian, during Dickens's first visit to America. Timber Doodle was the original name of the small shaggy white terrier; but Snittle Timbery was deemed by his new owner to be more sonorous and expressive. When Dickens and Snittle both suffered at Albaro, in Italy, the one from swarms of musquitoes, the other from flees, the dog came off worst: there was no choice but to shave off every hair of his body. "It is very awful," writes Dickens, "to see him slide into a room. He knows the change upon him, and is always turning round and round to look for himself. I think he'll die of grief." Dickens's sympathy with dogs, and especially with their humor, might be further illustrated by his story of the very comical dog that caught his eye in the middle of a reading, and, after intently looking at him for some time, bounced out into the center aisle and tried the effect of a bark upon the proceedings, when Dickens burst into such a paroxysm of laughter that the audience roared again and again with him. The dog came the next night also but met with a very different reception; for, having given warning of his presence to an attendant near the door by a suppressed bark and a touch on the leg, he was caught in flagrante delicto, when with his eye upon Dickens he was just about to give louder tongue, and was whirled with both hands over the attendant's head into the entrance behind, whence he was promptly kicked by the check-takers into the street. Next night he came again, and with another dog, whom "he had evidently promised to pass in free"; but the check-takers were prepared.

To turn now from Dickens's real life to his fiction, the

ways of an excitable and irascible English terrier are nowhere, I should say, more vividly depicted than in his portrait of Diogenes; he must surely have known some such dog intimately. Take the absurd scene of the dog's arrival at the Dombey residence under the care of Florence's admirer, Mr. Toots, in a hackney cab, into which Diogenes had been lured under pretense of rats in the straw; and the description of his frantic and ludicrous gestures in the vehicle while his presence was being formally announced to Florence in the drawing-room. Diogenes was not "a lady's dog, you know" (to use Mr. Toot's phrase): he was as ridiculous a dog as one would meet in a day's march—"a blundering, ill-favored, clumsy, bullet-headed dog, continually acting on a wrong idea that there was an enemy in the neighborhood whom it was meritorious to bark at; far from good-tempered, and certainly not clever; with hair all over his eyes, and a comic nose, and an inconsistent tail, and a gruff voice"; yet he was dearer to Florence, because of Paul, than the most beautiful of his kind. None but an affectionate observer of dogs could have so graphically described the manners of Diogenes after his release from the cab: how he dived under all the furniture; how he wound his long iron chain around the legs of the chairs and tables at the risk of accidental death by suffocation; how the new idea struck him of baying Mr. Totts till he had effected that gentleman's summary expulsion; how, on another occasion, he viewed Mr. Toots as a foreigner, and seized him by his expensive pantaloons when he was leaving one of the daily cards; how he would lie with his head upon the window-ledge all through a summer's day, placidly opening and shutting his eyes upon the street, till some noisy dog in a cart roused his ire, calling for a wild rush to the door, and a deafening disturbance, succeeded by the complacent return of Diogenes with the air of one who had done a public service. Even Florence Dombey could not have excelled Dickens in the appreciation of Diogenes. Jip, Dora's black-

and-tan pet, is, at the first blush, as unwelcome as Dora ; but all through the acquaintance, engagement, and married life of Dora and David we feel that Jip is as much an individual as either of them. At first, indeed, Dickens uses him to set off Dora's exasperating childishness. She perpetually interposes him to prevent any serious talk or "reasoning"; so that, even when David presents himself to her as a "penniless beggar," she cannot avoid reminding him that "Jip must have a chop every day at twelve, or he will die." Not less characteristic and annoying is it when Dora uses the cookery book (with which, in its new gay binding, David hopes to interest and enlighten her ignorance) as a corner-stool for Jip to "stand up" on, or as an unresisting prey which Jip may worry. But as time goes on and Dora comes to see her own unfitness, and touchingly begs to be called the "child-wife," and tries to be useful to her "Doady" by at least, if she can do no more, holding his pens for him as he writes into the late hours of the night—then Jip serves to set off the pathos of her childish love, till that affecting scene when Jip and Dora leave the world together; and then we see that Dickens has loved Jip after all. Bull's-eye, Sykes's dog, in "Oliver Twist," likewise sets off his owner's character; but in the treatment of a character so dark there is no room for humor save of the grimmest order. That is a master-stroke, however, when the Dodger, describing Bull's-eye as the "downiest of the lot" in Fagin's establishment, adds: "He would not so much as bark in a witness-box for fear of committing himself; no, not if you tied him up in one and left him there without wittles for a fortnight." Bull's-eye is a miracle of immovable canine faithfulness. This white dog, first introduced to us as he skulked into Sykes's room with his face scratched and torn in twenty different places, should have had as his badge the "badge of sufferance." Growls, curses, kicks, flying pewter, and other visitations of Sykes's savagery whenever it looked round for a butt, never provoked reprisal, broke his spirit.

stunted his devotion ; even when he was so cruelly assaulted with poker and clasp-knife, the anger of his snapping and barking, which preceded his flight by the opening door, meant no harm to his master, but was only the safety-valve which at other times let off the steam by crushing through an occupied boot or biting like a wild beast at the end of a poker. In spite of all that he endured, one word or even a look from Sykes, and he was "ready, aye, ready" to serve him. When, after the murder of Nancy, Sykes sought to put one risk out of the way by drowning him, Bull's-eye showed no malice—he only slunk reproachfully away ; and the pathetic and fatal endeavor of the returned and forgiving dog to leap from the parapet to the shoulders of his hanging master,—so that, however unpleasant to Bull's-eye had been their lives, in death they were not divided,—is the crown and consummation of the dog's unwavering and unrewarded loyalty.

It would be like an amputation to regard Lytton's "What will he do with it?" apart from Sir Isaac; the accomplished French poodle which "Gentleman Waife," after a long period of unfulfilled desire, was at last enabled to purchase with the three pounds obtained by his supposed grand-daughter, Sophie, for a sitting to Vance the painter. The original name, Mop, had been instantly discarded by Waife as too trivial ; and the various experiments to discover what more appropriate title would be agreeable to Mop, and the successive failures betokened by successive lugubrious howls, till Isaac, the name of his first master, was unwittingly hit upon, with the expletive *Sir* prefixed, because Waife had intended to draw upon the name of an equally intelligent calculator—form one of the best scenes in the book. To the name *Newton* alone Mop declined to respond, but *Isaac* was a joyful memory to him ; and for the sake of the *Isaac* he let the *Sir* pass. Sir Isaac and Waife are one throughout the story : the fortunes of the one rise and fall with those of the other ; and, when "Gentleman Waife" is restored to his true position at last, Sir Isaac is "there to see."

Washington Irving has left us a possession, perhaps for ever, in Rip van Winkle and his dog Wolf, a possession increased in value by the impersonation of Mr. Jefferson, with his pathetic, half-humorous, half-despairing inquiry, "Did you know Schneider? 'Cos he was my dog." This Wolf (or Schneider) "was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-enduring, all besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs; he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame van Winkle; and, at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation." The pity which Rip and Wolf felt for the "dog's life" led by both—the vow of friendship which with mutual expressiveness they swore—the climax of loneliness that burst upon the exile, returning after his twenty years' absence, when a half-starved cur, prowling near Rip's roofless dwelling, snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on, wringing from him the cry "My very dog has forgotten me!"—are all graphic touches which reveal to us that Wolf had another friend besides Rip, and that was Washington Irving.

Tartar, in "Shirley," is the Keeper that occupies so prominent a position in the life at Haworth Parsonage, and is Charlotte Brontë's tribute to her dead sister Emily's favorite, as "Shirley" is to Emily, herself; and all the scenes in which they figure are taken from real life. This huge animal, half mastiff, half bull-dog, was faithful to the depths of his nature. Mr. Gaskell tells us, so long as he was with friends, but he who struck him with a stick or a whip roused the relentless nature of the brute in him, and brought him to his assailant's throat.

forthwith, where he held fast till one or other was at the point of death. This trait in Tartar's character gives scope to a most ludicrous scene in "Shirley," in course of which Mr. Malone and Mr. Donne seek ignominious refuge in various illegal, though fortunately unoccupied, rooms, while Shirley, coming to the rescue, "exhibits that provoking coolness which the owners of formidable-looking dogs are apt to show when their animals are all bustle and fury," begging Mr. Malone, as he re-appears over the banister, to release his friend Mr. Donne and inform him that she prefers to receive him in a lower room. Emily Brontë's fearless bravery cannot be more vividly realized than from the account Mr. Gaskell gives, how, in fulfillment of a resolution taken in spite of all warning and a full knowledge of Keeper's ferocity, she dragged him from his favorite and forbidden place of voluptuous repose—a delicate white counterpane—and met his spring at the foot of the dark staircase with her clenched fist, till "his eyes were swelled up, and the half-blind, half-stupefied beast was led to his accustomed lair, to have his swollen head fomented and cared for by Emily herself." Yet Keeper owed her no grudge, In "Shirley" we see the "tawny lionlike bulk of Tartar ever stretched beside his mistress, one of her hands generally resting on the loving serf's rude head, because if she took it away he groaned and was discontented." Keeper walked side by side with old Mr. Brontë at Emily's funeral; and thereafter, to the day of his death, slept at her room door, snuffling under it, and whining every morning, till he in his turn was mourned over by "Currer Bell."

Mary Russell Mitford approaches Scott in the number and unbroken succession of her dogs, but not, as a rule, in their individuality or in the attractiveness of their history. In writing of her canine companions she is rather pleasant than striking, and is not altogether free from the gushing and the commonplace. But her devotion to them is undeniable: she never failed to make some dog or dogs (almost always of the

greyhound type) an integral element of her life, and there is scarcely a letter of hers in which she does not refer to them. Perhaps the most distinctive are—Toney, the little greyhound that in the absence of his mistress, then aged thirteen, had a finger, or rather a paw, in laying the foundation-stone of Bertram House; Marmion, whose death is the subject of a farewell poem; Tray, who was stolen from her, and after whom she dispatches verses of anxious inquiry, and of exhortation to "Revolt, resist, rebel!"; Mayflower, a beautiful and symmetrical greyhound, with "the hue of may-blossom, like marble with the sun on it"; Dash, a stray dog originally, of whom we are told in "Our Village" that, in spite of his ugliness, he was taken up and forced upon the family by Mayflower, and that his head revealed to Dr. Dowton, the phrenologist, greater combativeness than he had ever found in any other spaniel—his victory in twenty pitched battles (including contests with two bulldogs, a Dane, and a Newfoundland) acquiring him the undisputed kingdom of the street, and justifying Dr. Dowton's reading of his characteristics; and lastly, Flush, a pretty little brown spaniel, first of all a servant's property, whose broken leg led on Miss Mitford through the successive stages of pity, nursing, and love, and who in the end took a place in the hearts of the household never afterwards filled by any canine successor.

Mrs. Barrett Browning's Flush was a puppy son of the elder Flush, and was bestowed by Miss Mitford on his mistress. In the footnote to Mrs. Browning's poem on this her faithful friend, she tells us that Flush belonged to a beautiful race of dogs rendered famous by Miss Mitford in England and America. "The Flushes," she adds, "have their laurels as well as the Cæsars—the chief difference (at least the very head and front of it) consisting, perhaps, in the bald head of the latter under the crown." The verses of Flush's mistress give us a perfect word picture of what Flush must have been, with his "startling eyes of hazel bland," his "silken ears" and "silver-suited breast," his body "darkly brown."

Till the sunshine, striking this,
 Alchemise its dullness,
 When the sleek curls manifold
 Flash all over into gold
 With a burnished fulness.

But Flush had better service to fulfill than the mere pleasing of the eye :—

Other dogs may be thy peers
 Haply in those drooping ears
 And this glossy fairness.

But of thee it shall be said,
 This dog watched beside a bed
 Day and night unwearied ;
 Watched within a curtained room,
 Where no sunbeam brake the gloom
 Round the sick and dreary.

Other dogs in thymy dew
 Tracked the hare, and followed through
 Sunny moor or meadow ;
 This dog only crept and crept
 Next a languid cheek that slept,
 Sharing in the shadow.

And this dog was satisfied
 If a pale thin hand would glide
 Down his dew-laps sloping,—
 Which he pushed his nose within,
 After platforming his chin
 On the palm left open.

Flush, Mr. Browning tells me, “lies in the vaults under Casa Guidi, dying as he did at Florence in extreme old age.” Of such a dog, the subject of such a poem, we may confidently say, “His body is buried in peace, but his fame shall live for evermore.”

The picture of Charles Kingsley at home would show a serious gap if his dogs were not in the foreground. His love for them, and for animals generally, was strengthened, it appears, by his belief in their future state, a belief he shared with John Wesley and other historical names. Kingsley had a wonderful power of attracting the affection of dumb creatures, and likewise of quelling their fury. He was known to have more than once driven large savage dogs, quite strange to him, back into their kennel by nothing beyond eye, voice

and gesture, cowing them still with his look as they growled and moved uneasily from side to side; and on one occasion, after having thus forced an infuriated brute to retreat into his lair, he even pulled him out again by his chain. Muzzie was his dog at Magdalen, a clever, sedate-looking gray Scotch terrier: Kingsley was devoted to him. We hear of Dandie, Sweep, and Victor at the Eversley Rectory. Mr. John Martineau, who spent eighteen months at Eversley as Kingsley's pupil, thus concludes his description of the study:—"On the mat perhaps, with brown eyes set in thick yellow hair, and with gently agitated tail, asking indulgence for the intrusion—a long-bodied, short-legged Dandie Dinmont, wisest, handsomest, most-faithful, most memorable of his race." How well established was the position of Dandie in the Kingsley household may be gathered from the reminiscence of an American visitor:—"Still I see Dandie lying lazy, smiling and winking in the sun." He was Kingsley's companion in his parish walks, attended all the cottage lectures and school lessons, and was his and his children's friend for thirteen years. Victor, a favorite Teckel, given him by the Queen, had Kingsley for an unsleeping nurse during the last two suffering nights of the little creature's existence. Sweep, a magnificent black retriever, finds a niche instinctively in the surroundings which young Mr. Kingsley recalls after his father's death:—"I can see him now, on one of those many summer evenings, as he strode out of the back garden-gate with a sorrowful "no, go home, Sweep" to the retriever that had followed us stealthily down the garden walk, and who now stood with an ear cocked and one paw up, hoping against hope that he might be allowed to come on." And there lie the dogs, buried side by side under the great fir-trees on the rectory lawn—Dandie, Sweep, and Victor—with the brief but telling inscription on the head-stone, "Fideli Fideles."

Thus have I endeavored to renew the acquaintance of my readers and myself with dogs that have shared the fame of

their literary friends; in some cases I may venture to hope. I have perhaps aided in swelling the number of the friendships these dogs have hitherto been able to claim. For in a sense, they are all ours—Maida, Luath, Boatswain, Diogenes—even as those are ours whose possessions or creations they were. But it goes to my heart that so many dogs of worth are perforce passed over in my chronicle. Time and space would fail me to tell of Skovmark, the comrade of Sintram in his wild wanderings—of the dog that for sixteen years soothed the solitude of Robinson Crusoe—of Bras, the Princess of Thule's deerhound, the only reminder in unkindly London of Sheila's Highland home—of George Eliot's Mumps in the "Mill on the Floss"—of Faust in "Lewis Arundel"—of Bustle in the "Heir of Redclyffe"—of Snarleyow in Captain Marryatt's "Dog Fiend"—of Royal in "Blair Castle," a book which Mr. Ruskin has summarized as "the best picture of a perfect child and of the next best thing in creation, a perfect dog;" over whose cruel death I have known listening children shed floods of tears—of Isla, Puck, the dog of Flanders, and the many dogs, real and fictitious, associated with the name of Ouida—of the Druid of "Barbara's History," the Vic of Rhoda Broughton's "Nancy," the Huz and Buz of Mr. Bouncer in "Verdant Green," of Punch's immemorial Toby, and that cherished childish memory the 'poor dog' of Mother Hubbard—of the "Matthew Arnold" that intensifies the comicality of the "Old Maid's Paradise"—of Cartouche, the title and the hero of as charming and pathetic a dog story, "Cartouche, or only a Dog," as I have ever read; a dog alike of humor, of tenderness, and of courage: ludicrous, as he dashes suddenly into the thick of a "proposal"; gentle, as he watches at the bed of his dying mistress; brave, as he rescues a cottager's cradled child from the flooded Tiber; self-forgetful, as he turns back to save his struggling master's life, and to lose his own. "And a peasant woman, so ends the tale, in a southern country, has taught her children to love animals and be good to

them; for one of them was saved by a dog. The children listen, thrilled by the familiar story. 'Eccolo!' cries a little girl, pointing; and they all turn to look up where, over the door, is a carved figure of a dog with a date." And no article on the dogs of literature would in this generation be complete without some passing reference, at least, to "Rab and his Friends." "*Horæ Subsecivæ*" with its Rab, Toby, and their compeers, is however so well known that Dr. John Brown's perfect story, which has so often been read with laughter and with tears, needs no fresh telling. "Lives there a man with soul so dead," who having once made Rab his own, is content not to know and to love him more and more? As for all to whom Rab is as yet undiscovered, let them search for him as for hid treasure.

Dogs of myth and of legend—dogs of history, such as the dog of William the Silent—dogs of art, such as Hogarth's Pompey and Crab, the dogs of Landseer and Ansdell, or the Chang with whom Du Maurier has made us so familiar—and all those dogs whose mere instinct, intelligence, or courage has constituted them the heroes of so many books and anecdotes—would be altogether beyond the scope of the present article. My aim has been to re-awake the associations, not of dog and hero, dog and gun, dog and horse, or dog and dog lover generally, but of dog and pen; and to put on record how widespread, in the range of English literature at any rate, has been the friendship of the writer and his dog.

From Temple Bar.

THE BRITISH CENSUS OF 1881.

The Census of 1881 has been taken, and the result of the labors of the Registrar-General and his vast army of enumerators has been embodied in a preliminary report, which has been presented to Parliament.

The census, as taken nowadays, is a very elaborate and, so

far as human ingenuity and patience can make it, a very accurate numbering of the people. The Domesday Book of William the Conqueror was perhaps the first crude attempt in these islands of keeping a record of the numbers and conditions of their inhabitants, and, at best, it was but an imperfect undertaking. It was not until the year 1753 that a formal proposal to take a census was made in the House of Commons, and it was then opposed as a project which had for its object the violation of an Englishman's rights and liberty. It was considered by many that the knowledge thus obtained would lead to acts of oppression, such as compulsory service in the army and navy, the exaction of unjust taxes, and many other things of a like arbitrary nature; and one minister was actually indiscreet enough to hint that the census would be used for conscription purposes in the case of a long war. The bill passed the House of Commons by large majorities, but was rejected by the House of Lords. Fifty years later there came a scare of another kind, in consequence of many people thinking that the population was increasing beyond the means of subsistence, and a bill was passed in 1801 for the taking of a census; which was duly effected.

The census of 1881, which is the ninth decennial enumeration of the population of the United Kingdom, was taken on 4th of April last; and so vast are the figures involved in this great national roll-call, that, even with the assistance of a large staff of clerks, it took the Registrar-General three months to ascertain the result. The report embodying the result, and from the pages of which we derive our statistics, is only a preliminary one, dealing with the actual numbers of the people. In addition to the work of abstracting the totals from the enumeration books and arranging the tables for publication, the whole of the superintendent-registrars', registrars', and enumerators' claims had to be examined and checked, and the payments made; and when we mention that there were six hundred and thirty superintendent-registrars

of districts, about two thousand seven hundred registrars of sub-districts, besides thirty-five thousand enumerators, our readers will scarcely be surprised to learn that the time absorbed in this work alone was six weeks. The sum of money paid away for this part of the census was over eighty thousand pounds.

This portion of the work was performed by the Accounts' Branch of the Registrar-General's Department, with such accuracy of detail, that not a single mistake of any magnitude occurred in the payments in question. For the taking of the census Parliament last year voted the sum of one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds. And by way of comparison it may be interesting to note here that the cost of the American census is seven hundred thousand pounds.

The grand total of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom living at midnight on the 3d of April last, including the army and navy and the Channel Islands, was thirty-five millions two hundred and forty-six thousand five hundred and sixty-two; the preponderance of females over males being no less than seven hundred and thirty-eight thousand six hundred and sixty-eight. The corresponding total for the whole kingdom in 1871 was thirty-one millions eight hundred and forty-five thousand three hundred and seventy-nine: which, when subtracted from the other—allowing, of course, for the decrease in Ireland and in the Channel Islands, and the Isle of Man—shows an increase of three millions four hundred and one thousand one hundred and eighty-three. This is equivalent to an average daily addition of nine hundred and thirty-one persons to the population throughout the ten years; the daily increase in the preceding decade having been seven hundred and five.

The population of England and Wales on the night of April 3d was twenty-five millions nine hundred and sixty-eight thousand two hundred and eighty-six; being an increase of three millions two hundred and fifty-six thousand and twenty

over the number of 1871; and showing further an excess of females over males of seven hundred and eighteen thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight. To each one hundred males enumerated there were thus 105.7 females; and the proportion of females to males has, it appears, been steadily increasing at each census since 1851. England alone has a population of twenty-four millions six hundred and eight thousand three hundred and ninety-one; exhibiting an increase of three millions three hundred and thirteen thousand two hundred and sixty over the figures of 1871.

By manipulation of these figures, we find that the density of the population of England and Wales is now about four hundred and forty persons to the square mile, or nearly six times as many as in the days of "Good Queen Bess." In 1871 there were 390 persons to the square mile in England and Wales; so that there is an increase of fifty to this small area in the past ten years. There is, however, plenty of breathing-room left yet to each inhabitant; for it is calculated that an area of six thousand nine hundred and fifty-five square yards could be allotted to each person in England and Wales.

The great improvements in sanitary science during the past decade are shown by the fact that the annual death-rate has decreased to such an extent, that no less than two hundred and ninety-nine thousand three hundred and eighty-five persons are now living, who, with the previous rate of mortality, would have died.

Scotland contributes to the grand total three millions seven hundred and thirty-four thousand three hundred and seventy, or nearly one hundred thousand less than the population of London! There is an increase for Scotland over the census of 1871 of three hundred and seventy-four thousand three hundred and fifty-two. This is, however, not the case with the sister isle; for Ireland exhibits a decrease of two hundred and fifty-two thousand five hundred and thirty-eight; the present total being five millions one hundred and fifty-nine thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine.

The population of the Isle of Man is fifty-three thousand four hundred and ninety-two; being a decrease of five hundred and fifty under the figures of 1871; and the Channel Islands eighty-seven thousand seven hundred and thirty-one, with a decrease of two thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

The army, navy, and merchant service give an aggregate return of two hundred and forty-two thousand eight hundred and forty-four; being an increase of twenty-six thousand seven hundred and sixty-four.

Eight English counties have fallen off in their numbers since 1871—Cornwall showing the large decrease of thirty-two thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine. Cambridge, Rutland, and Westmoreland have also decreased to the extent of over one thousand each; and Dorset, Hereford, and Huntingdon by over four thousand. Shropshire has been nearly stationary, with a slight decrease of one hundred and eighteen.

Lancashire stands first on the list of the counties whose numbers have increased, with a difference in her favor of six hundred and thirty-four thousand seven hundred and thirty. Yorkshire comes next, with an increase of four hundred and forty-nine thousand nine hundred and fifty-four; Middlesex next, with a difference of three hundred and seventy-nine thousand and forty-nine; and Surrey with three hundred and forty-four thousand two hundred and seven. Five other counties—Durham, Essex, Kent, Stafford, and Warwick—exhibit an additional force of over one hundred thousand; while Buckingham, Devon, Norfolk, Oxford, Somerset, Suffolk, and Wilts have an increase in each case of less than ten thousand—the first-named being only about four hundred.

Wales shows a total population of one million three hundred and fifty-nine thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, of which, like England, the majority are of the fair sex. Of the Welsh counties, six show an aggregate increase of one hundred and fifty-two thousand one hundred and twenty-three. These are: Carmarthen, Carnarvon, Denbigh, Flint, Glamorgan, and Mer

ioneth ; the last-named but one taking the lion's share, namely-one hundred and thirteen thousand eight hundred and thirteen. The other six counties show an aggregate decline of nine thousand three hundred and sixty-three.

Wherever we find the county areas densely populated, it may be taken for granted that the industries connected therewith are in a thriving state ; while those counties which fall below a certain maximum have generally either small manufacturing agencies in operation, or are for the most part, if not entirely, agricultural. For instance, we may take it that a density of two hundred to the square mile would be fair evidence of the presence in such counties of large manufactures or mines ; whilst a scarcity of population would denote the absence of such works. Lancashire and Middlesex show a density respectively of one thousand seven hundred, and one thousand three hundred, to the square mile, these counties being those in which the greatest industrial activity is developed ; while six other counties exhibit a density of over five hundred to the same limited area.

Amidst all these totals, however, the most remarkable is that of London, which now stands at the astounding figure of three millions eight hundred and fourteen thousand five hundred and seventy-one ; thus heading the other towns in the kingdom with the enormous increase of five hundred and sixty thousand three hundred and eleven ; which in itself is more than the population of Liverpool, and is equal to the aggregate increase in thirteen of the largest towns in England during the same period. Of this immense total of nearly four millions of human souls, the fair sex predominates to the extent of two hundred and twenty-six thousand three hundred and fifty-nine ; there being thus in the Great Metropolis nearly a quarter of a million more women than men. The population of London exceeds that of Scotland by eighty thousand two hundred and one. Its increase alone is a little less than the whole population of Hampshire, and about the

same as of extra-Metropolitan Middlesex and Hertfordshire taken together, more than half as much as Staffordshire, and four times as much as Herefordshire and Radnorshire combined.

The necessity of having public parks and open spaces in London for the benefit of the health of its inhabitants, is clearly shown by the astonishing fact, that there are no fewer than thirty-two thousand three hundred and twenty-six persons to the square mile, or about fifty to the statute acre; the three portions of the Metropolis situated in Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent having respectively eighty, forty-four, and thirteen to the acre.

The City of London, according to what, for the sake of comparison only, we will term the Imperial Census, contained on the night of Sunday, April 3d, fifty thousand five hundred and twenty-six souls; but, dissatisfied with this manner of reckoning the inhabitants of the world's mart, the Corporation determined upon having a Day Census taken; and this was actually done about three weeks after the government enumeration. The result, which took the city officers three months to arrive at, shows that the commercial and mercantile population of the city on the day in question was two hundred and sixty thousand six hundred and seventy. This is an increase over the total of 1866, when a Day Census was also taken, of forty thousand and eleven. The Imperial Census shows the *resident* population of the city to have decreased by twenty-four thousand six hundred and seventy-seven. This is, of course, accounted for by its merchants and others now preferring suburban residences to those situated among factories and warehouses.

The metropolis is divided into twenty-nine districts; and of these, Islington, Kensington, Lambeth, and Pancras stood highest as regards numbers in 1871; and now exhibit an increase of thirty-two, twenty-four, seventeen, and seven per cent respectively, each having, more or less, a population of

about a quarter of a million. Eight metropolitan districts show a decrease during the past ten years; while Fulham, which was not regarded as a distinct district until 1879, has the remarkable growth of seventy-four per cent.

The population of London has nearly doubled itself in forty years, and now displays the extraordinary fact, that out of the entire population of England and Wales, a proportion of one person in every seven resides in the "Great City."

London contains four hundred and eighty-six thousand two hundred and eighty-six inhabited houses, with an average of about eight persons to each; while there are thirty-seven thousand uninhabited dwellings, and eight thousand in course of erection. The area which may be apportioned to the inhabitants of London gives about ninety-five square yards to each person; but each inhabitant has in the Surrey portion of the metropolis twice as much room as in the Middlesex part, and in the Kent portion nearly nine times as much as in Middlesex.

Liverpool, the next largest city in England, has a population of five hundred and fifty-two thousand four hundred and twenty-five, and shows an increase in the ten years of fifty-nine thousand and twenty. Birmingham comes next with over four hundred thousand, and an increase almost as large as Liverpool; and Leeds with three hundred and nine thousand one hundred and twenty-six, and an increase of about fifty thousand. Sheffield and Bristol have an aggregate increase of seventy thousand; and Nottingham shows the enormous growth of one hundred and fifteen per cent on the return for 1871. Manchester, strange to say, shows a falling-off in her population of nearly ten thousand during the decade.

For the convenience of enumeration, England and Wales was divided into eleven divisions, the metropolis being one of them, the divisions into counties, the counties into districts, and these again into sub-districts; and amongst the

interesting and valuable results to be derived from the census we may mention : (1) The age and sex of the people, the differences in which regulate the strength and development of the nation. (2) The mean age of the population. (3) The actual increase in numbers. (4) The successive numbers in a generation, or those born between two consecutive censuses whose gradual growth as a body can be accurately judged. (5) The conjugal condition of the people. (6) The various occupations, etc., in which the population is engaged, and the number to be ascribed to each.

It is the actual numbers of the population, showing the proportion of each sex to the whole, and the increase or decrease of the population, which is the subject-matter of the Registrar-General's recent report; and the totals were abstracted from the census papers as quickly as possible, for the information of Parliament and the country.

The Registrar-General's second and more voluminous report will not be made until the close of the census, which takes nearly three years to complete, although about one hundred and twenty clerks are daily employed on the work. The magnitude of the task may be imagined when it is stated that there were upwards of seven millions of schedules issued, and that each schedule contains eight columns of information, all of which must be examined, checked, corrected, abstracted, compared, and tabulated with the utmost care and precision, in order that the statistics to be deduced therefrom may be rendered valuable by being absolutely reliable. It must also be remembered that each of these schedules contains a different style of writing, much of it being so bad as to be scarcely readable, while in many instances the most astonishing blunders have been made; such, for instances, as a wife appearing as head of the household, and described as a "male;" while the husband occupies the second place and is described as a "female."

Many hitherto unheard-of occupations have also been dis-

covered by the clerks engaged on the revision, and the strangest possible misconceptions of what was required in the geographical and infirmity columns have been to them a source of considerable amusement.

The secretary and the gentlemen who superintend the work at the Census Office are clerks of the General Register Office, or Registrar-General's Department at Somerset House—a department which has become famous for the reliable and therefore valuable nature of its health statistics and sanitary observations—records that have made the title of “Registrar-General of England” known wherever the English language is spoken.

It is a noteworthy fact, though it is not mentioned in the report which we have had under review, that not a single case of prosecution for refusing information has occurred in connection with the taking of the census of 1881 ; and, as far as can be ascertained, very little vestiges remain of the old prejudices which existed in connection with the subject, and especially with that section of it which dealt with the ages of the fair sex. On the contrary, the work of the enumerators was everywhere lightened by the fact, that the lapse of a hundred years has created a radical change in the minds and manners, in the feelings and prejudices of the English people ; while the spread of education has enabled the nation to measure its own strength, and to fling aside any childish fears of invasion or oppression, knowing full well, as the humblest workingman does, what would be the fate of any minister, or ministry, who ever attempted, by means of the census, to violate the first principles of the Great Charter.

We have thus far, then, given our readers an epitome of the results of the recent numbering of the people in these islands, and the nation may be fairly congratulated on the fact that it is still making a steady advance in the path of prosperity ; for growing numbers must mean, to a certain extent, increase of wealth, and of that natural and physical strength upon

which the happiness and material progress of a great empire mainly depend.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE GREAT DISCOVERY IN EGYPT.

It would not be easy to exaggerate the importance of the discovery, announced a fortnight ago, of thirty royal mummies in the "Gate of the Kings," near Thebes. Some details have since been published in the daily papers, and it is now possible to judge what revelations in Egyptian history are about to be made. Unfortunately, the apathy which is shown to all things Egyptian by English scholars, and the rarity among us of people able to read hieroglyphics, will throw upon other countries the duty and honor of making known to the world the historical facts which these newly-found remains may be expected to give us. Our overworked officials at the British Museum are taken up with "Assyriology" rather than "Egyptology," these departments of knowledge being united, to the great detriment of both, in the only national institution in which such subjects are studied. Our universities are content to leave such uninteresting and unimportant branches of learning to self-taught men, whose time should be devoted to arrangement rather than reading. The Egyptian collections in the British Museum are but half catalogued, and cannot be said to have any intelligible arrangement. The recent move to the old geological galleries has not led to any improvement in a condition of things to which we have already more than once called attention. But no improvement can be expected until the double labor indicated above is removed from the shoulders of the officials. It is unreasonable to expect of Dr. Birch and his very few assistants that they should at once perform the work of a Unit-

versity and of a Museum, and that, too, in subjects so widely apart and in themselves so recondite. To expect the same man to be equally well acquainted with cuneiform inscriptions, Egyptian art, early metal work, and the detection of forged carvings, to say nothing of a general knowledge of the Coptic, Hittite, Accadian, and Hebrew languages and their cognates is manifestly absurd. We expect the guardians of our public collections to do not only the practical and partially mechanical work of their departments, but also to fulfill the duties of professors in a kind of unchartered university. It would not be easy to point to many of the learned teachers of our great academical bodies who have done work so generally interesting and important as that performed by the comparatively unlearned officials of our museums. A single name will serve to illustrate this point. We purposely avoid mention of living scholars in this direction; but the example of the late Mr. George Smith is only one among many which could be adduced to prove that it is not to the universities that we must look for original research and useful as opposed to merely ornamental learning. There are, however, certain indications that one of the Universities, at least, in the person of an eminent professor, is about to show some interest in Egypt, though few of us will, in all probability, live to see chairs founded in England, as in all Continental countries, for the study of the arts and learning of the cradle of civilization.

Rumors have been current for some years as to the existence of a vast storehouse of antiquities amongst the rocks and caves of the Theban Mountains. Every one who has ascended the Nile as far as Luxor will remember the long narrow defile at the end of which the tombs of the kings are situated. Most people who have threaded the Bab el Malook will remember how short the distance seemed between its innermost recess and the Dier el Bahari on the other side of the mountain and facing towards the open plain. We climb

over the summit of a narrow ridge, and have on our left the Valley of the Shadow of Death, with its yawning tombs, and on our right, almost under our feet, the rock-cut temple of Queen Hatasoo. It has long been suspected that within this ridge there was probably some great excavation—nay, among the travelers' tales of the last few years were to be heard stories of an untold treasure, which might be revealed to any one who was armed first with a firman permitting him to search and with a very heavy sum for *backsheesh* in addition. It may be asked why, if this cavern was known to exist, the natives did not penetrate to it and bring forth something more valuable than the few strings of beads and such-like objects which have been offered to travelers for sale; but it must be remembered both that the Arab is extremely superstitious, and also that, even if he dared to penetrate into a cavern so full of afreetes as this must have been, his mechanical appliances for removing great weights from a gallery 200 feet long, and a secret passage leading to a pit thirty-five feet deep, would be utterly insufficient. Nevertheless, some one bolder than the rest seems last June to have made the venture. By this time the hordes of tourists had ceased to infest the Nile valley. The discovery was made too late for much profit to be got out of it; and Daoood Pasha, the Governor of the district, had his attention called to the abundance and cheapness of the objects with which the antika market was suddenly flooded. On inquiry the pit was pointed out to him; and, with commendable promptitude, he telegraphed for Herr Emil Brugsch, the assistant curator of the Boulak Museum. Every Egyptologist must envy Herr Brugsch for the good fortune which awaited him when he arrived in the Bab el Malook. The thirty mummies which he found were, as he could read at a glance, although he must have felt it difficult to believe his eyes, those of all the most illustrious monarchs of the most glorious epoch of Egyptian history. There lay, side by side, Queen Hatasoo, King Thothmes III.

and King Rameses II., the great Sesostris himself. Of kings of minor note were nearly all those of the Eighteenth Dynasty, together with the father and grandfather of Rameses, and his daughter, whose name, Mautnejem, is new to us. But here the reports may be in error, and the name be an unusual form of Maut-notem, the grandmother of Pinotem. The earliest mummy found is that of Raskenen, a king of that obscure dynasty which preceded the Eighteenth, and which is sometimes reckoned as the Thirteenth and sometimes as the Seventeenth. The latest body is that of Pinotem, the third king of the Twenty-first Dynasty, who reigned as nearly as possible a millennium B. C. In addition to the royal mummies, a multitude of objects bearing cartouches will throw great light upon the succession of these kings; and the tent of Pinotem, of leather, embroidered and colored, and covered with hieroglyphics, cannot fail to clear up some historical difficulties as to the priest-kings of Thebes. It has been suggested that the mummy reported to be that of Thothmes III. is in reality that of the son of Pinotem, whose name, Ramen Keper, is the throne name or title of the great Eighteenth Dynasty monarch; but until all the inscriptions are read this must remain matter of doubt.

The significance of this remarkable discovery will be of a double character. We shall perhaps have our knowledge of a brilliant period greatly increased by the direct evidence of inscriptions and papyrus rolls. Moreover, there may be found some record of the circumstances which led to the concealment in one place of so many of the illustrious dead whose tombs had already been prepared for them in the Valley of the Kings. The coffin, for example, of King Seti I. is, as everybody knows, in the Sloane Museum, his tomb having been opened and explored by Belzoni. But his mummy is among those which Herr Brugsch has taken to Boulak. Of nearly all the other kings the sepulchers are also well known. How came they, then, to have been placed in this cavern?

It is evident that it must have been soon after the close of the reign of Pinotem, and it is more than probable that some great and terrible disaster was impending, when the priests of each deceased king—for every king was reckoned as a god—hurriedly took the precious bodies from their graves, where they lay too much exposed, and placed them in the secret cavern where they have now been found. If we consult Dr. Brugsch and Canon Rawlinson as to the history of the time of Pinotem, we find a serious discrepancy between the two latest authorities. Dr. Brugsch's view seems to accord best with the circumstances revealed by his brother's discovery. He describes a great Assyrian attack upon Egypt, which Canon Rawlinson cannot accept. Such an attack, coupled with the fact that we find Pinotem's successor on the throne soon after its supposed occurrence, might account for the concealment of these, the most precious of the royal remains of old Egypt. Reverting to the name of Raskenen, it cannot be but that the discovery of his body will throw some light upon that most interesting, but most obscure, period when the petty kings of the South commenced their struggles with the shepherd kings of the North, and when the first of a line of Pharaohs who knew not Joseph arose to drive out the foreigners. Perhaps we may even recover the full text of that precious fragment of papyrus which describes the beginning of the war between Raskenen of Thebes and Apophis the Hyksos king. We must not, however, be too sanguine as to the contents of the newly discovered rolls, as it is probable that they are all funereal, as no others were ordinarily buried with mummies. Still, a storehouse which contained a tent may well have contained some portions of a library—apart from mere "Books of the Dead." The reign of Queen Hatasoo will receive fresh attention, and the recovery of her body—if indeed it is her body, and not that of one of the numerous princesses of her line who bore the same name—may enable us to form some conclusion as to the events which

placed her brother Thothmes III. upon the throne. In short, there is hardly any question respecting the great middle period of Egyptian history, including the Captivity and the Exodus of the Israelites, which may not receive its answer through this amazing discovery. It is, indeed, sad to think that we have in England no school of young hieroglyphical students whom we might send out to take part in the long and anxious labors of decipherment. There is much yet to be done in the translation and publication of the earlier records. The number of words of the Pyramid period still remaining unread is very great. But every discovery like the present increases our vocabulary; and though, so far, our adoption of an absurd system of transliteration, borrowed from the French, stands in the way, we must hope that before long English teachers may be found who can train a competent class of students in what is the most fascinating of all Oriental languages, and in some respects the easiest.

From The Saturday Review.

ANOTHER WORLD DOWN HERE.

What a horrible place must this world appear when regarded according to our ideas from an insect's point of view. The air infested with huge flying hungry dragons, whose gaping and snapping mouths are ever intent upon swallowing the innocent creatures for whom, according to the insect, if he were like us, a properly constructed world ought to be exclusively adapted. The solid earth continually shaken by the approaching tread of hideous giants—moving mountains—that crush out precious lives at every footstep, an occasional draught of the blood of these monsters, stolen at life-risk, affording but poor compensation for such fatal persecution.

Let us hope that the little victims are less like ourselves

than the doings of ants and bees might lead us to suppose ; that their mental anxieties are not proportionate to the optical vigilance indicated by the four thousand eye-lenses of the common house-fly, the seventeen thousand of the cabbage butterfly, and the wide-awake dragon-fly, or the twenty-five thousand possessed by certain species of still more vigilant beetles.

Each of these little eyes has its own cornea, its lens, and a curious six-sided, transparent prism, at the back of which is a special retina spreading out from a branch of the main optic nerve, which, in the cockchafer and some other creatures, is half as large as the brain. If each of these lenses forms a separate picture of each object rather than a single mosaic picture, as some anatomists suppose, what an awful army of cruel giants must the cockchafer behold when he is captured by a schoolboy !

The insect must see a whole world of wonders of which we know little or nothing. True, we have microscopes, with which we can see one thing at a time if carefully laid upon the stage ; but what is the finest instrument that Ross can produce compared to that with twenty-five thousand object-glasses, all of them probably achromatic, and each one a living instrument with its own nerve branch supplying a separate sensation ? To creatures thus endowed with microscopic vision, a cloud of sandy dust must appear like an avalanche of massive rock fragments, and everything else proportionally monstrous.

One of the many delusions engendered by our human self-conceit and habit of considering the world as only such as we know it from our human point of view, is that of supposing human intelligence to be the only kind of intelligence in existence. The fact is, that what we call the lower animals have special intelligence of their own as far transcending our intelligence as our peculiar reasoning intelligence exceeds theirs. We are as incapable of following the track of a friend by the smell of his footsteps as a dog is of writing a metaphysical treatise.

So with insects. They are probably acquainted with a whole world of physical facts of which we are utterly ignorant. Our auditory apparatus supplies us with a knowledge of sounds. What are these sounds? They are vibrations of matter which are capable of producing corresponding or sympathetic vibrations of the drums of our ears or the bones of our skull. When we carefully examine the subject, and count the number of vibrations that produce our world of sounds of varying pitch, we find that the human ear can only respond to a limited range of such vibrations. If they exceed three thousand per second, the sound becomes too shrill for average people to hear it, though some exceptional ears can take up pulsations or waves that succeed each other more rapidly than this.

Reasoning from the analogy of stretched strings and membranes, and of air vibrating in tubes, etc., we are justified in concluding that the smaller the drum or tube the higher will be the note it produces when agitated, and the smaller and the more rapid the aerial wave to which it will respond. The drums of insect ears, and the tubes, etc., connected with them, are so minute that their world of sounds probably begins where ours ceases; that what appears to us as a continuous sound is to them a series of separated blows, just as vibrations of ten or twelve per second appear separated to us. We begin to hear such vibrations as continuous sounds when they amount to about thirty per second. The insect's continuous sound probably begins beyond three thousand. The blue-bottle may thus enjoy a whole world of exquisite music of which we know nothing.

There is another very suggestive peculiarity in the auditory apparatus of insects. Its structure and position are something between those of an ear and of an eye. Careful examination of the head of one of our domestic companions—the common cockroach or black-beetle—will reveal two round white points somewhat higher than the base of the long outer antennæ, and a little nearer to the middle line of the head. These white

projecting spots are formed by the outer transparent membrane of a bag or ball filled with fluid, which ball or bag rests inside another cavity in the head. It resembles our own eye in having this external transparent tough membrane which corresponds to the cornea, which, like the cornea, is backed by the fluid in the ear-ball corresponding to our eye-ball, and the back of this ear-ball appears to receive the outspreadings of a nerve, just as the back of our eye is lined with the outspread of the optic nerve forming the retina. There does not appear to be in this or other insects a tightly stretched membrane which, like the membrane of our ear-drum, is fitted to take up bodily air-waves and vibrate responsively to them. But it is evidently adapted to receive and concentrate some kind of vibration or motion or tremor.

What kind of motion can this be? What kind of perception does this curious organ supply? To answer these questions we must travel beyond the strict limits of scientific induction and enter the fairyland of scientific imagination. We may wander here in safety, provided we always remember where we are, and keep a true course guided by the compass-needle of demonstrable facts.

I have said that the cornea-like membrane of the insect's ear-bag does not appear capable of responding to *bodily* air-waves. This adjective is important, because there are vibratory movements of matter that are not bodily but molecular. An analogy may help to make this distinction intelligible. I may take a long string of beads and shake it into wave-like movements, the waves being formed by the movements of the whole string. We may now conceive another kind of movement or vibration by supposing one bead to receive a blow pushing it forward, this push to be communicated to the next, then to the third, and so on, producing a minute running tremor passing from end to end. This kind of action may be rendered visible by laying a number of billiard balls or marbles in line and bowling an outside ball against the end one of the

row. The impulse will be rapidly and invisibly transmitted all along the line, and the outer ball will respond by starting forward.

Heat, light, and electricity are mysterious internal movements of what we call matter (some say "ether," which is but a name for imaginary matter). These internal movements are as invisible as those of the intermediate billiard balls; but if there be a line of molecules acting thus, and the terminal one strikes an organ of sense fitted to receive its motion, some sort of perception may follow. When such movements of certain frequency and amplitude strike our organs of vision, the sensation of light is produced. When others of greater amplitude and smaller frequency strike the terminal outspread of our common sensory nerves, the sensation of heat results. The difference between the frequency and amplitude of the heat waves and the light waves is but small, or, strictly speaking, there is no actual line of separation lying between them; they run directly into each other. When a piece of metal is gradually heated, it is first "black-hot"; this is while the waves or molecular tremblings are of a certain amplitude and frequency; as the frequency increases, and amplitude diminishes (or, to borrow from musical terms, as the pitch rises), the metal becomes dull red-hot; greater rapidity, cherry red; greater still, bright red; then yellow-hot and white-hot; the luminosity growing as the rapidity of molecular vibration increases.

There is no such gradation between the most rapid undulations or tremblings that produce our sensation of sound and the slowest of those which give rise to our sensations of gentlest warmth. There is a huge gap between them, wide enough to include another world or several other worlds of motion, all lying between our world of sounds and our world of heat and light, and there is no good reason whatever for supposing that matter is incapable of such intermediate activity, or that such activity may not give rise to intermediate

sensations, provided there are organs for taking up and sensifying (if I may coin a desirable word) these movements.

As already stated, the limit of audible tremors is three to four thousand per second, but the smallest number of tremors that we can perceive as heat is between three and four millions of millions per second. The number of waves producing red light is estimated at four hundred and seventy-four millions of millions per second; and for the production of violet light, six hundred and ninety-nine millions of millions. These are the received conclusions of our best mathematicians, which I repeat on their authority. Allowing, however, a very large margin of possible error, the world of possible sensations lying between those produced by a few thousands of waves and any number of millions is of enormous width.

In such a world of intermediate activities the insect probably lives, with a sense of vision revealing to him more than our microscopes show to us, and with his minute eye-like ear-bag sensifying material movements that lie between our world of sounds and our other far-distant worlds of heat and light.

There is yet another indication of some sort of intermediate sensation possessed by insects. Many of them are not only endowed with the thousands of lenses of their compound eyes, but have in addition several curious organs that have been designated "ocelli" and "stemmata." These are generally placed at the top of the head, the thousand-fold eyes being at the sides. They are very much like the auditory organs above described—so much so that in consulting different authorities for special information on the subject I have fallen into some confusion, from which I can only escape by supposing that the organ which one anatomist describes as the ocelli of certain insects is regarded as the auditory apparatus when examined in another insect by another anatomist. All this indicates a sort of continuity of sensation connecting the sounds of the insect world with the objects of their vision.

But these ocular ears or auditory eyes of the insect are not

his only advantages over us. He has another sensory organ to which, with all our boasted intellect, we can claim nothing that is comparable, unless it be our olfactory nerve. The possibility of this I will presently discuss.

I refer to the *antennæ* which are the most characteristic of insect organs, and wonderfully developed in some, as may be seen by examining the plumes of the crested gnat. Everybody who has carefully watched the doings of insects must have observed the curiously investigative movements of the *antennæ*, which are ever on the alert peering and prying to right and left and upwards and downwards. Huber, who devoted his life to the study of bees and ants, concluded that these insects converse with each other by movements of the *antennæ*, and he has given to the signs thus produced the name of "antennal language." They certainly do communicate information or give orders by some means; and when they stop for that purpose, they face each other and execute peculiar wavings of these organs that are highly suggestive of the movements of the old semaphore telegraph arms.

The most generally received opinion is that these *antennæ* are very delicate organs of touch, but some recent experiments made by Gustav Hausen indicate that they are organs of smelling or of some similar power of distinguishing objects at a distance. Flies deprived of their *antennæ* ceased to display any interest in tainted meat that had previously proved very attractive. Other insects similarly treated appear to become indifferent to odors generally. He shows that the development of the *antennæ* in different species corresponds to the power of smelling which they seem to possess.

I am sorely tempted to add another argument to those brought forward by Hausen, viz., that our own olfactory nerves, and those of all our near mammalian relations, are curiously like a pair of *antennæ*.

There are two elements in a nervous structure—the gray and the white; the gray or ganglionic portion is supposed to

be the center or seat of nervous power, and the white medullary or fibrous portion merely the conductor of nervous energy.

The nerves of the other senses have their ganglia seated internally, and the bundles of tubular white threads spread outwards therefrom, but not so with the olfactory nervous apparatus. There are two horn-like projections thrust forward from the base of the brain with white or medullary stems that terminate outwardly or anteriorly in ganglionic bulbs resting upon what I may call the roof of the nose, and throwing out fibers that are composed, rather paradoxically, of more gray matter than white. In some quadrupeds with great power of smell, these two nerves extend so far forward as to protrude beyond the front of the hemispheres of the brain, with bulbous terminations relatively very much larger than those of man.

They thus appear like veritable antennæ. In some of our best works on anatomy of the brain (Solly, for example) a series of comparative pictures of the brains of different animals is shown, extending from man to the cod-fish. As we proceed downwards, the horn-like projection of the olfactory nerves beyond the central hemispheres goes on extending more and more, and the relative magnitude of the terminal ganglia or olfactory lobes increases in similar order.

We have only to omit the nasal bones and nostrils, to continue this forward extrusion of the olfactory nerves and their bulbs and branches, to coat them with suitable sheaths provided with muscles for mobility, and we have the antennæ of insects. I submit this view of the comparative anatomy of these organs as my own speculation, to be taken for what it is worth.

There is no doubt that the antennæ of these creatures are connected by nerve-stalks with the anterior part of their supràesophageal ganglia, i. e. the nervous centers corresponding to our brain.

But what kind and degree of power must such olfactory organs possess? The dog has, relatively to the rest of his brain, a much greater development of the olfactory nerves and ganglia than man has. His powers of smell are so much greater than ours that we find it difficult to conceive the possibility of what we actually see him do. As an example I may describe an experiment I made upon a bloodhound of the famous Cuban breed. He belonged to a friend whose house is situated on an eminence commanding an extensive view. I started from the garden and wandered about a mile away, crossed several fields by sinuous courses, climbing over stiles and jumping ditches, always keeping the house in view; I then returned by quite a different track. The bloodhound was set upon the beginning of my track. I watched him from a window galloping rapidly, and following all its windings without the least halting or hesitation. It was as clear to his nose as a graveled path or a luminous streak would be to our eyes. On his return I went down to him, and without approaching nearer than five or six yards he recognized me as the object of his search, proving this by circling round me, baying deeply and savagely though harmlessly, as he always kept at about the same distance.

If the difference of development between the human and canine internal antennæ produces all this difference of function, what a gulf there may be between our powers of perceiving material emanations and those possessed by insects! If my anatomical hypothesis is correct, some insects have protruding nasal organs or out-thrust olfactory nerves as long as all the rest of their bodies. The power of movement of these in all directions affords the means of sensory communication over a corresponding range, instead of being limited merely to the direction of the nostril openings. In some insects, such as the plumed gnat, the antennæ do not appear to be thus movable, but this want of mobility is more than compensated by the multitude of branchings of these

wonderful organs whereby they are simultaneously exposed in every direction. This structure is analagous to the fixed but multiplied eyes of insects, which, by seeing all around at once, compensate for the want of that mobility possessed by others that have but a single eyeball mounted on a flexible and mobile stalk ; that of the spider, for example.

Such an extension of such a sensory function is equivalent to living in another world of which we have no knowledge and can form no definite conception. We, by our senses of touch and vision, know the shapes and colors of objects, and by our very rudimentary olfactory organs form crude ideas of their chemistry or composition, through the medium of their material emanations ; but the huge exaggeration of this power in the insect should supply him with instinctive perceptive powers of chemical analysis, a direct acquaintance with the inner molecular constitution of matter far clearer and deeper than we are able to obtain by all the refinements of laboratory analysis or the hypothetical formulating of molecular mathematicians. Add this to the other world of sensations producible by the vibratory movements of matter lying between those perceptible by our organs of hearing and vision, then strain your imagination to its cracking point, and you will still fail to picture the wonderland in which the smallest of our fellow-creatures may be living, moving, and having their being.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS, in *Belgravia*.

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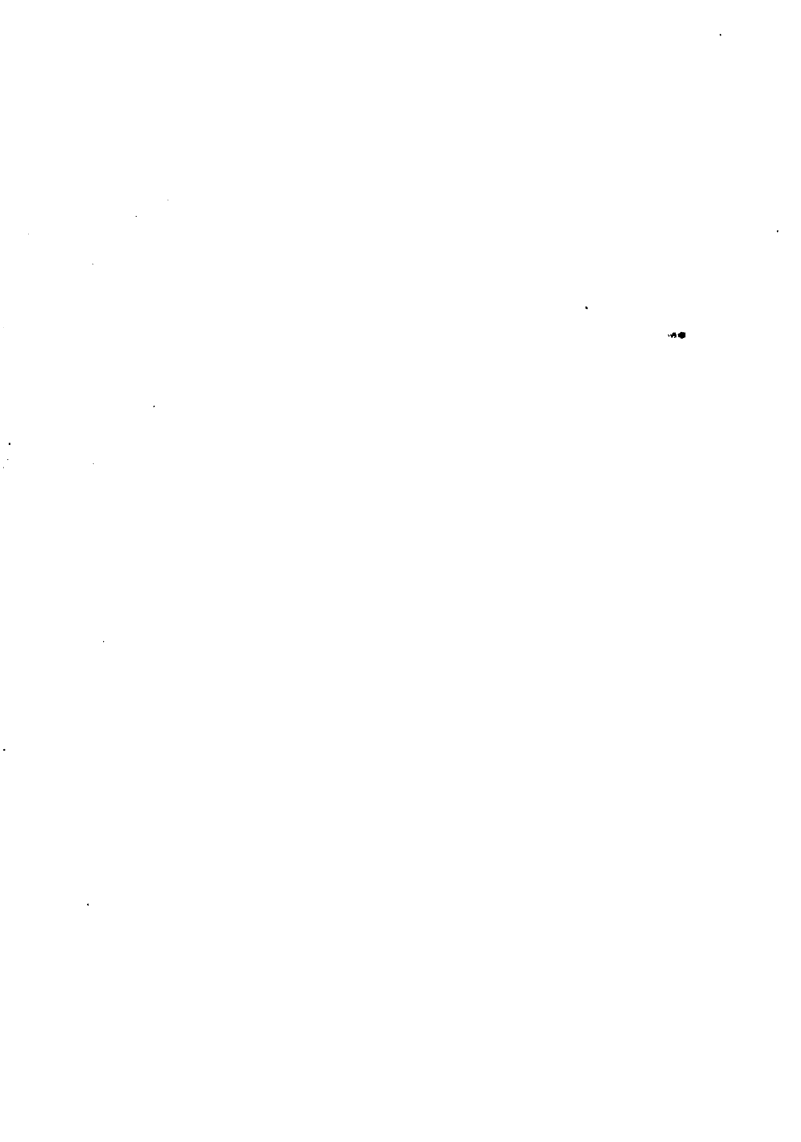
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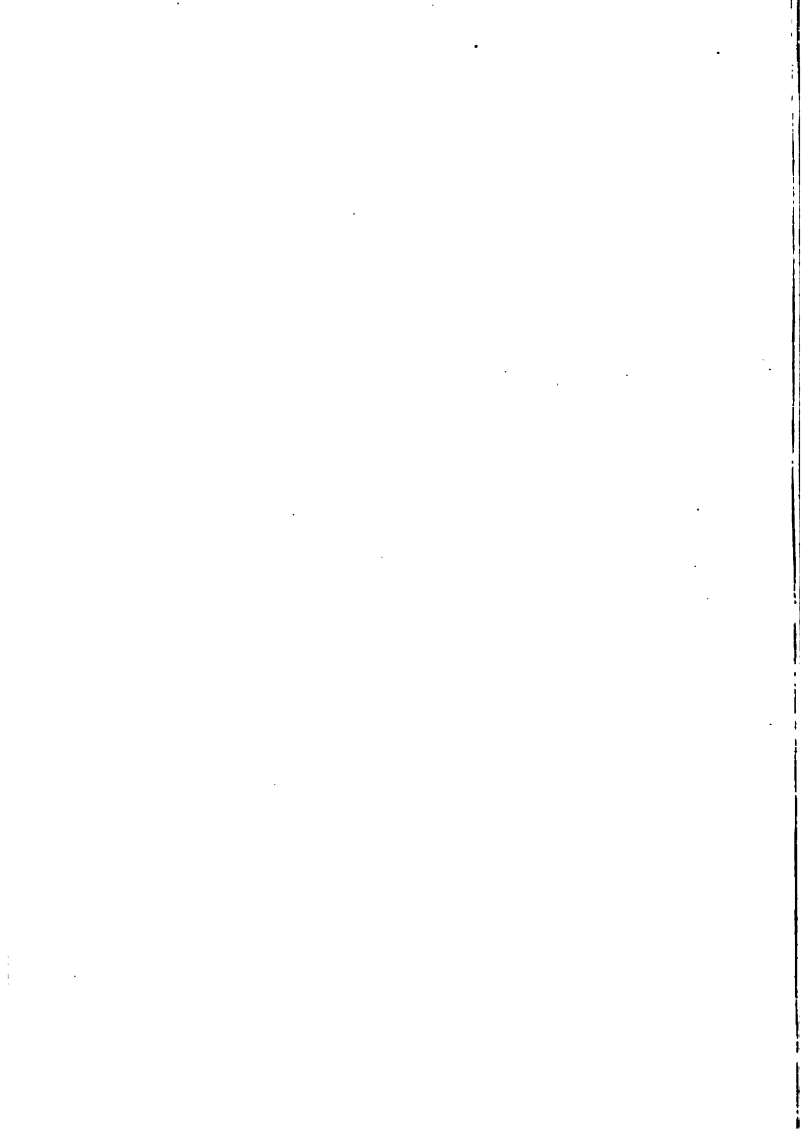
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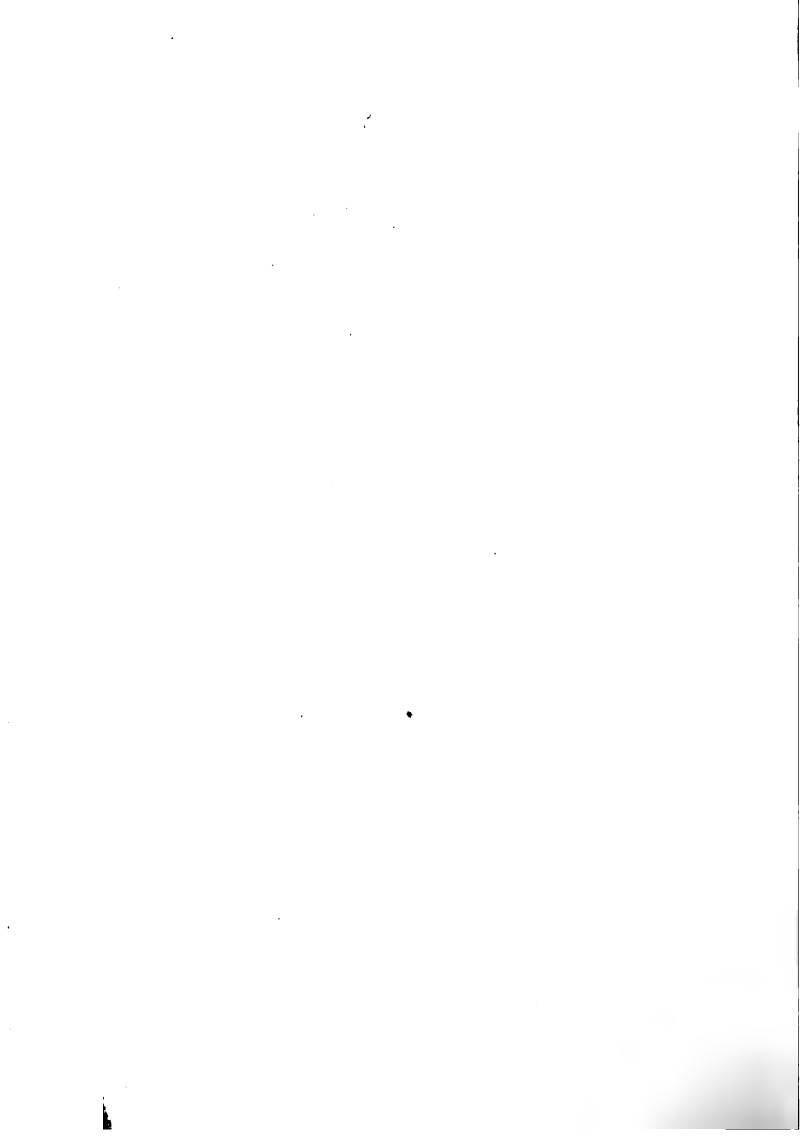
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